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LADY CHARLOTTE
SCHREIBER'S
JOURNALS



CONFIDENCES OF A COLLECTOR OF CERAMICS
AND ANTIQUES : EDITED BY MONTAGUE GUEST



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LADY CHARLOTTE SCHREIBER'S JOURNALS



ANTIQUE PERSIAN GLASS.

Rosewater Sprinkler of Old Enamelled Persian Glass, fitted with Ormolu Stopper. The Goblets are of the same curious workmanship and decoration. (From the Countess of Bessborough's Collection)

**:: LADY CHARLOTTE ::
SCHREIBER'S JOURNALS
CONFIDENCES OF A COLLECTOR OF
CERAMICS & ANTIQUES THROUGHOUT
BRITAIN FRANCE HOLLAND BELGIUM
SPAIN PORTUGAL TURKEY AUSTRIA &
GERMANY FROM THE YEAR 1869 TO 1885
EDITED BY HER SON MONTAGUE J. GUEST
WITH ANNOTATIONS BY EGAN MEW
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DECEMBER 1876 TO AUGUST 1877

CANFORD: MOTCOMBE: ORTON: UFFINGTON: STAMFORD:
PETERBOROUGH: HOLDENBY: PORT ELIOT: PLYMOUTH

Dec. 28th, 1876. We stayed in London at Garland's Hotel until Saturday the 23rd of December, when we went to Canford for the Christmas holidays, and there remained until Monday, Jan. 8th, when we proceeded to Motcombe for two nights, spending the time there most agreeably with Lady Westminster and my future daughter-in-law. Only the Mansels were there with us.

On Wednesday, 11th, we returned to London, but went on the next day to Orton, where we had intended to stay a week. Friday, visited Peterborough and its shops.

Saturday, 13th. Planned a little excursion to Boston for the day, as we had never seen the Church there; and we were actually not only in the train, but our carriage was in motion, when a servant ran up with a note from Felicia, at the same time telling me that my brother Lindsey was dangerously ill. A friendly guard stopped the train for us, we got out, found another train bound for Stamford, into which we stepped, and within an hour we were at Uffington. Truly, l'homme propose! We who thought ourselves safely on the road to Boston, were now suddenly called in quite a different direction. On reaching Uffington, we received the worst possible report of "My Lord". They had quite given him over, and said that he had but a few hours to

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live. However, he suddenly rallied, and before many days were over was pretty well and about again. In this precarious state of things, of course, we remained where we were. C.S. went back to Orton to fetch our luggage, and we stayed on at Uffington till Monday, 29th. Various expeditions to Stamford, and some small purchases there. Also one day we went over to Peterborough to see some things that were to be sold in the neighbouring village of Paston, a pretty picturesque old place. Our next move was to Holdenby, where the principal incidents of our visit were, that on Wednesday we "assisted" at a Penny Reading under my Katharine's management, and on Thursday, Feby. 1, went over to see the china at Althorp. Alterations are going on there, and the Spencers are living at another place of theirs hard by—Harleston. We had seen Lady Spencer at Lady Clifden's on the day after our reaching Holdenby. On the 2nd we were once more in London, and for the next week were extremely busy about the packing, cataloguing, etc., some things we were sending in for sale at Christie's on the 20th. Also arranging a few lots to go down to Canford, where Luff was to have a great sale in the month of March.

Feb. 10th. Joined Ivor at Canford. He had been in Ireland since we parted in January, having gone there with the Duke of Marlborough at his entering on his Viceroyalty, and also having entertained the Viceroyal party at Muckross on Killarney, which he has taken for a twelvemonth on account of the shooting. We found Ivor alone at Canford, with the exception of Lord Beaumont, who stayed only some three days. [He was afterwards Duke of Roxburghe, father of present holder of the title.] We now busied ourselves in earnest with Luff's sale. It was a long business—some 400 lots (including a very few of ours, which were the only good things among them). Ivor suddenly resolved to sell all his old

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NOTES CERAMIC

oak, and to put it into the sale, so there was plenty of work to be done and we did not get away until Wednesday (Feb. 21st) on which day we went on to Port Eliot. A quiet party there. Lord St. Germans a great invalid, but driving out daily, and delighting in being read to. I drove with him most days and read to him constantly—sometimes as much as four hours in one day. We made one excursion into Plymouth without much result, and C.S. left me alone at Port Eliot from Thursday to Saturday (March 3rd), when he went to Penzance to see his sister.

MARCH 1877

MOTCOMBE : SHAFTESBURY : SALISBURY : FOLKESTONE AND
TO HOLLAND : GHENT : ANTWERP : THE HAGUE : GOUDA :
AMSTERDAM : AND BACK TO UFFINGTON

5th. Left Port Eliot for Canford, where Ivor and Cornelia already were, having come down to look after the matters of the sale. (I ought to have noticed a narrow escape that Constance [the Hon. Mrs. Eliot] and I had of our lives on the last day of the previous month, from restive horses. Mercifully C.S. was riding near the carriage, and we were got out in time, but the carriage was kicked to pieces.)

7th. To Motcombe. C.S. and I went early in the afternoon and found a large assembly, including most of my children, looking at the wedding presents. The Duke of Westminster, the Leighs, Ivor, Cornelia, and ourselves formed the party staying at the house: the rest came over from Fonthill and Fifehead.

8th. My dear Merthyr and Theodora Grosvenor were married, to my great content. We had bright cold weather; everything was magnificently arranged and went off beautifully. After the breakfast they departed for Canford to spend a short honeymoon, and all the party dispersed. We proceeded to Salisbury, where we put up at the White Hart Inn. But before

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leaving Motcombe we walked with Lord Leigh into Shaftesbury to see the extraordinary decorations and other preparations which had been made to greet the young couple in their progress.

9th. In the morning we took the train, and went again to Canford (Luff's house) to assist in the arrangement of the oak, returning in the evening to Salisbury.

10th. Once more to-day we were there again for some three hours, putting what finishing touches we could. Got back to Salisbury in time to take a 5 o'clock train to London, where we spent the next week, making preparations for another short trip abroad, etc. Meanwhile Luff's sale proceeded from the 12th to the 17th, inclusive. From the accounts received I fear it was a very bad one for him (and most of our things were bought in), but Ivor's oak sold splendidly. I regret some of it, especially the bed I got (years ago) from Fotheringay, and was said to have been that used by Mary Queen of Scots, during her captivity there. But they know best what furniture they like. On the 17th we ran down to Uffington for one night to see my brother, who has had another illness, and is now confined to his bed. I fear it is the beginning of the end, but he has no pain, and is happy and cheerful.

18th. Returned to town by an eight o'clock train in the evening, arriving before midnight, and were up again,

19th, soon after five, to start on our long-looked-forward-to little trip to Holland. A thick fog as we left London by the 7.40. train from Charing Cross, but the sun shone brightly when we got to Folkestone, and we are having a still and lovely passage. I write this hasty record on board the Ostend Steamer. The tide, however, having been against us we did not get in so soon as we expected, and had but just time to take a basin of soup at the buffet, when our train was off for Ghent, passing through dear old Bruges with a loving glance at its Belfroi; reached Ghent at 4.30, and employed an hour and a

half in going through the shops, where we picked up some six good pieces of blue and white. After this, we took the "train direct" to Antwerp—a tedious line full of stoppages, and ending in an uncovered station and a ferry, but luckily for us the weather continued fine—and got to the Hôtel St. Antoine by nine. Dined, washed up the china, and so to bed.

20th. Called at half-past six. A glorious view of the Cathedral from our windows. Breakfast at eight, and out to Eva Krug's before nine, to deposit our purchases with her. She was away. C.S. had forgotten his keys, so there was some delay, as he had to return to fetch them, and it was rather a scramble to get to the station in time for the 10.25. for Rotterdam. Our train was a slow one, and the journey was not amusing, as it was a thoroughly wet day, and poor Belgium and Holland seemed drowned in floods. However, we got to Rotterdam at the appointed time; took our maid and luggage to the Hollandsche Spoor, and then walked out into the town. We were out thus from about two o'clock to near six, when the train left for The Hague. It rained hard all the while, but we were repaid by meeting with several good pieces of blue and white. Van der Pluyne's shop *seemed* full of nothing else, but when it came to be examined much the greater part of the stock proved to be damaged. Nevertheless we made a selection, and spent £5. 10. with him. At Hartog's we found two nice little teapots. Van Minton had a few pieces—very fine indeed, but prohibitory prices, so we bought nothing of him. We had called at Kryser's as we first went on our quest. He was out and his wife was exorbitant, but on our way back to the station we saw Kryser himself and invested with him to the amount of £5. Thus laden we proceeded to The Hague. Paulez' Hotel was very full; we cannot have our old apartments, but are put in a large room (the only vacant one they have) on the ground floor.

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The china washed and chronicled, and a good dinner despatched : now to bed.

21st. Went to Gouda by the 9.45. train, returning about half-past twelve, having good success with both Cohen and Pavoordt. On our return we visited most of The Hague shops: Tennyssen, Isaacson, Sarlin, and Hauja, and made a few purchases at them all. It had been pretty fine in the morning at Gouda, but at The Hague it rained all the afternoon. Tennyssen's is now the great shop for blue and white Oriental and Delft, but it is ruinously dear. On coming in we found a telegram to tell me that my poor brother, Lindsey, died this morning; so we hurry home. We must take our purchases over to Amsterdam to-morrow to leave them to be packed, then we shall set out at once, and get back as quickly as weather will permit.

22nd. Still earlier to-day. We went to Amsterdam by the 9. train, returning by the 4.10. We took with us all our goods for Van Houtum to pack, and made extensive purchases with him and Speyer and Kalb, and Ganz and Blitz. It was a very active day. At this period, our favourite hunting-ground, Holland, appeared particularly fruitful; many of the pieces now bought had, however, been marked down some time before and were only now captured. Fortunately very bright, but cold. On our return we found letters and a telegram from Felicia, who says the funeral will be on Saturday, which seems very soon, but we start off early to-morrow, and by travelling all night, hope to reach Uffington in time. C.S. has now gone to see the Bischops. We are charged by Lady Westminster with some of the wedding cake for the Queen of Holland, and as we have now no opportunity of taking it to her Palace ourselves, we are going to leave it with them to be delivered.

23rd. After three hours' sleep I woke up at three, and watched till five when it was time for us to get up and prepare

for our journey. C.S. had failed to see the Bisschops after all, on the previous night, so he rushed off, while I dressed, to the Palace this morning, and left there the cake with a note of explanation, which I wrote to the Lady-in-Waiting. We got off from The Hague by the 8.25. train. It was cold, but bright: there was a thin layer of sleet or hail in the shade. On board the steamer which still plies to take one across from Rotterdam to the station opposite. Old Kryser came and met us with some Delft plaques and other things, some of which we bought. We reached Antwerp soon after one, and there remained upwards of three hours, filling up the time by visits to the shops, where we found a few things, and one to Eva Krug, with whom we had deposited some of our investments for her to pack for England. By 4.45. we were "en route" again, changing carriages at Mechlin, where we remained long enough for me to get a basin of soup. Thence to the Packet side at Ostend. Started thence immediately and had a good passage. At the beginning of the "trajet" the sea was still as glass (indeed all the afternoon had been lovely, and at Antwerp the sun had shone like summer), but before we reached Dover the wind had freshened, and it was slightly rough. However, all was propitious. We took, it is true, $4\frac{1}{2}$ hours for the passage, but we arrived in time (and with an hour to spare) for the 2 A.M. train from Dover, which brought us to Cannon Street by four o'clock. Here we took a cab and drove across to the King's Cross station, leaving the maid to pick up some mourning dress I had in town, and to follow by a later train. The Great Northern went at 5.15, and soon after 7 we were at Tallington. There was no carriage to meet us there, but there was a nice little dogcart, which took us and all our luggage, and we were at Uffington by eight: never was there a more rapid and prosperous journey.

25th. So mercifully we were in time for the funeral, which

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took place at 12. Merthyr, Monty, and Arthur [Arthur Guest, Lady Charlotte's fourth son, who died 17th July 1898, three years after his mother], Esmé Gordon, Richard Du Cane, and Cecil Alderson attended. Bertie and his boy walked first, then I and C.S., the rest following with all the tenants, villagers, etc. All was most becomingly arranged and conducted. They had rather tried to persuade me *not* to follow, as no other woman did so. But as his only sister I could not forbear paying him this last tribute of respect and love. Huntly was, at the last moment, prevented attending. What could have hindered Ivor I am at a loss to imagine. Mary Huntly sent flowers, and we had primroses and violets to throw into the grave ere it was closed. The feeling shown by all for his memory was very touching. We cannot regret him, though it seems so sad that he should be no longer amongst us with all his little innocent, childlike ways, he was always so kind and affectionate to everybody. It was a curious state of existence to have lasted 62 years—what a romance I might write on the incidents connected with it.

* * * * *

After all this we stayed at Uffington till Monday the 2nd of April, having remained for the Easter Sacrament and Sunday there. Felicia, meanwhile, had gone to Southampton for change of air, and medical advice for her youngest child.

APRIL 1877

2nd. We went on to Orton, remaining there till Friday (6th), when we took Norwich on our way back to town. Enid and Henry had arrived that same evening from Madrid. That day week they went on to his new Ambassadorial post at Constantinople, and in the interim I had the happiness of seeing much of them.

1877

NOTES CERAMIC

Tuesday, 17th. The Sykes gave up our house, and we were incessantly occupied for another fortnight in preparing it for Sir William and Lady Welby, who took it from us.

MAY 1877

BRUSSELS : TOURNAI : VALENCIENNES : PARIS : DIJON :
AMBÉRIEU : TURIN : MILAN

May 1st. Lady Westminster, Merthyr, and Theodora came up to town on Wednesday (2nd) and I went to Court to present my new daughter-in-law on Thursday (3rd). There remained many small matters to be attended to, but on

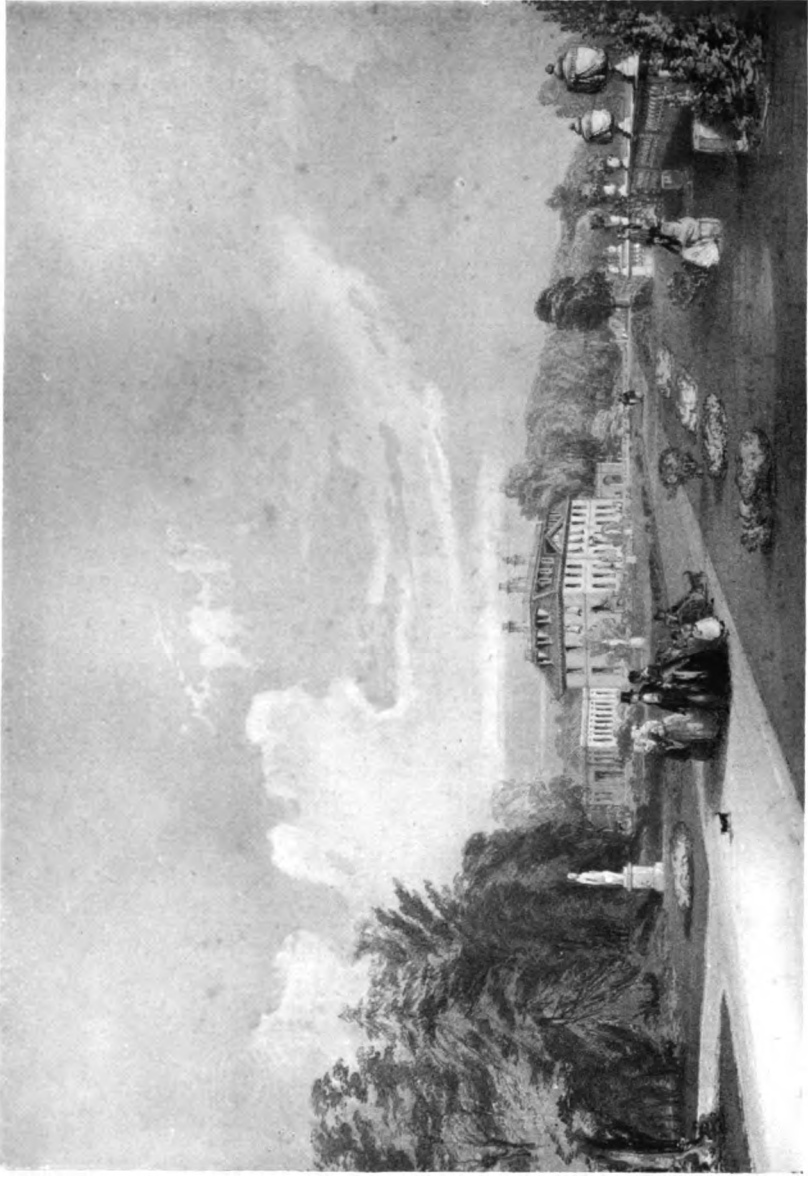
Monday, 14th, we started again for the Continent. We left by the 7.30. train as usual from Charing Cross, and came on to Brussels at once, where we arrived before six; a heavy sky, rain during the passage, and again during the night, which has a depressing influence at this time of year, when we hope for sunshine. I am not altogether well; but I long for the South, and feel great faith in the influence of its brightness. Nevertheless I cannot repress a certain sadness at going away and the thought of being so long distant from all my children. The feeling is so much stronger than usual that I am sure it is due to weakened health.

15th. Got up early. Went out and spent the whole day in visiting *all* the curiosity shops—made several purchases, for the Collection—2 teajars, which we happened to meet with in different shops, forming a pair, and one very fine bowl for which we gave Slaes a very high price—£6.—but it is out of the common. The morning opened brightly, and we hoped to have had at last a summer's day, but rain soon came on, and continued more or less till evening. Since dinner we have been out again, as far as Volant's, who was not at home. In

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passing one of the private houses with gardens in the Boulevard Leopold, we were surprised to hear a nightingale singing most deliciously. Several people were stopping to listen, and they said that nightingales were not uncommon in Brussels. How can that be? The town is thought detestable to-day. Great part of this quartier is in demolition, and the rain and mud make it unpleasant walking. I should have thought that the noise of the workmen would have put to flight any number of nightingales. I am sorry to say that I observed in crossing the Place, that the old building opposite the Town Hall is demolished and the statues of Horn and Egmont removed.

16th. Left Brussels by the 7.42 train this morning for Tournai, where we arrived soon after nine, bag and baggage. We have often gone over there from Brussels for the day but now took up our quarters there for the night—Hôtel de l'Impératrice. A bright morning; the weather much improved. While breakfast was getting ready we went to Mme. Détail's—but found nothing. After breakfast to Pourbaix, who also had nothing; the same at Duprez'. The principal object of our present visit to Tournai was to inspect the Porcelain Manufactories, and to see what is really made at them. Mr. Barton of Stamford had told us that an old Derby workman of his acquaintance (Samuel Keys by name) was the modeller at M. Peternick's works, so we went and inquired for him, and he showed us over every department. M. Peternick makes nothing but pottery, and that of the most uninviting description. His most prized pieces are a kind of spurious Majolica, badly coloured, and worse designed. It was painful to think that poor Mr. Keys was spending his life in perpetuating and inventing these horrors; they are even worse than the productions of Caldas, of which we saw the display in 1875. There are several Englishmen employed in the Works, among them



UFFINGTON HOUSE; THE HOME OF THE EARLS OF LINDSEY AND THE BIRTHPLACE OF LADY CHARLOTTE. THE FINE OLD MANSION WAS BURNT DOWN A FEW YEARS AFTER LADY CHARLOTTE'S DEATH
The Countess of Hesselborough's Collection

one Fredk. Miles (with a wife and three sons, all employed there). He had been a small potter himself, and had failed, but now the family are earning £5 a week, and when they have saved enough they intend to return to England, and set up for themselves again. The native people earn very little, many not more 9 fr. a week. Poor Mr. Keys, a hearty old man of 72 or 73, had also been unsuccessful in business, which occasioned his taking employment there. He had also worked for Blashfield of Stamford, where he became acquainted with Barton. He knew Uffington well and asked after my poor brother. It was a curious meeting in this strange land; but I wish all the productions he assists in turning out (and of which thousands are sent to all parts of the world) had not been so utterly opposed to everything like good taste. After this we went on to Mr. Bock's large establishment. There the faience was much better—services in blue and white (quiet), mostly pottery, but some in coarse china, after the well-known patterns. We asked if they made any figures, and were shown into a small room full of groups, etc., in biscuit, done from the old models, which they still possess. Also a quantity of pure white vases of the old Sèvres forms, which go to Paris and are there decorated by the dealers, and are sold for fine genuine "vieux" Sèvres. We have thus accounted for the deceptions as to old Sèvres and old Tournai biscuit groups, but we have seen no traces of forgeries of Worcester. N.B. The Bocks do not use any mark for their pottery or porcelain. They do not decorate their wares, and use no gold on any of them. This inquiry has been of great interest to me. We came back for dinner, looking in at St. Quintin's on our way, and since dinner have strolled out, looking at the Cathedral within and without and calling at the railway to ascertain our train to-morrow. There are some charming old buildings besides the ancient bridge in this town; next this Hotel a curious,

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rather fine façade to a house dated 1638, surmounted by an effigy of St. Martin dividing his cloak.

17th. We got up early to catch an 8 o'clock train to Valenciennes, and, by a confusion of the clocks, were unduly hurried off with a curtailed breakfast, after which we waited some twenty minutes at the station before the starting of the train. The view of Tournai as we left it was most beautiful. The morning was fine, though it turned to rain before we reached Valenciennes. Various changes on the road, and a douane at Anzin, near Vieux Condé—how many memories that name revives! Having deposited our luggage, engaged our rooms, etc., at the Hôtel du Commerce, we explored the town of Valenciennes, which presented nothing very interesting. There remain some old houses, and some columns in the Cathedral: this last, however has been much modernised in restoration. Next we walked down to the station again, and proceeded to St. Amand, in the neighbourhood of which are M. Bettignie's Works. His family were the original proprietors of the Tournai in its palmy days, some century since. They have been at St. Amand some 60 years. Pourbaix had given us a note to him, and, having walked up to his "fabrique" in a pouring rain, he received us very politely, and showed us everything without reserve. First he took us to see his rooms full of finished pottery and porcelain; the latter consists of white pieces, "pâte tendre" copied from the old Sèvres, which he told us was bought by dealers in Paris to be there painted (and marked with X) and duly sold as old. Some of the forms are very fine indeed, and most of them are exact copies of old Sèvres. Among them were a few figures and groups, and we were especially interested in spying out two hexagonal covers, which could only have been made for imitation of Worcester vases, and many oviform vases, etc., which are evidently made to imitate Worcester and Chelsea. All he could tell us was

that they all went to Paris "to be decorated and sold as old". They colour very little at St. Amand, and that only the pieces for common use. They make blue and white porcelain of the patterns of the old Tournai; also a quantity of every sort of ware; some 12 thousand plates daily, as he told us. After we had seen the "show" room, we went over the whole works, which are on a great scale and beautifully arranged, employing some 400 people, and all worked by machinery. It was very satisfactory thus to have traced the origin of the Worcester forgeries. M. Bettignie told me they got some clay from England, china clay from St. Austell, other from Pyke of Wareham, bringing it to Dunkirk, and thence by canal; he had tried Poole clay which he said was very good, but the cargoes were not of uniform quality. He told us that the principal difference between his body and the English was that he used soda, and the English phosphate of lime. On leaving the Works, we went, notwithstanding the rain, into the town of St. Amand, which is conspicuous for a fine "tour", rather chirurgueresque (of the Spanish period, and bearing date 1633). It formed the entrance to a Church now in ruins, said to have been destroyed during the troubles of the last century (1793?). Near it is a small Town Hall, apparently about the same date, and rather pretty. Had to wait some time at the station before the train started to take us back to Valenciennes, where we got back in time for table d'hôte—pretty good. After dinner C.S. went out and bought some prints in a little shop we found near the Place, and before leaving the next morning we got a good bronze doré, by Haller, of Leopold II. at the same place.

18th. Our train left about ten, and got to Paris about 6, but we made several halts on the road. We made one long stop at Somain, of which we availed ourselves to walk about the town. It seems entirely a mining place of about 6000 inhabitants, but utterly uninteresting. We spent $1\frac{1}{2}$ hours at

Douai—a fine City; walked through a pretty promenade, with chestnut-trees now in bloom, and a flower market, by the long chief street till we reached the “Mairie”, which is a grand building, and had been added to at the back with great judgment. In the “carré” opposite the Church of St. Pierre (which is anything but beautiful), we found the only curiosity shop of the town, kept by a Mme. Mailliez. She had but little in the ceramic line, but we were rather tempted by a looking glass, tortoise-shell and metal work. On arriving at Paris, we fell in with Belard, landlord of the Hôtel St. Romain, 9 Rue St. Roch, at the station. His house is very full, but we found a small apartment in it, which suits us admirably, though it has no Salon. No sooner arrived than our “chasse” commenced. We bought a fine set of six Venetian knives and forks, of Chapuis, at 3 frs. apiece, and brought away (from Woenitz’s) some Mennecey handles we had bespoken at our last trip. It was past eight when we got some dinner, having taken also a little stroll in the Tuileries Gardens, now in full beauty, with the horse-chestnuts and lilacs. But the trees do not seem to me so fine and luxuriant as of old. I think many must have perished in the time of the Commune. Dined at the old Café—not so good as in the winter. In the evening called to see my sister [Lady Huntly, half-sister of Lady Charlotte], who, with her daughters Evy and Gracie, is staying at the Bristol. [The lady here called Evy is now Countess of Ancaster and Gracie now the Countess of Lonsdale.]

19th. Went to fetch our letters, of which we received a mass; and then called, by appointment, to fetch Mary [Lady Huntly] and the others for an expedition to the Quai Voltaire. We showed them all the shops, and especially the collection of fine Oriental at Malinet’s. When they went home to luncheon we pursued our search, but fruitlessly in that quarter of the town. We had a cab and visited the

Oppenheims, Fournier, Flaudin, Chaumont, etc.: found some very good Oriental at the first place. Flaudin has some good Wedgwood, but too dear. Again dined at the old Café; but it is quite changed and we give it up,

20th. Wrote letters in the morning. C.S. went to the Poste, and found that a telegram waited us there. They would not give it to him, however, owing to some inaccuracy in the address, until they had seen our passport. So he had to come back and fetch it "to be presented at three". It was an unpleasant state of suspense till we got it, for we knew not what news it might contain, or whether it might not be a recall home. This was not so bad, however, as the night between Santarem and Lisbon, last January twelvemonth, for then the uncertainty was more protracted, and the distance longer from home. When we got the telegram it was quite unimportant—only an address. Went on to Church—walked back—rain almost all day, and very dark, cold weather,

21st. Out soon after ten; spent all the day in the shops, beginning with old Metayer's over the water. Near him, in the Rue Mazarine, we found a curious old man, Degournay, in whose miscellaneous store we met with several things, and *might* have met with *anything*. After noon on this side of the water, through the Rue de Provence, Châteaudun, etc., but many of the shops were shut, as it was Whit Monday. Bought Mme. Flaudin's two Wedgwood plaques of Louis XVI. and Marie Antoinette for £19.—an outrageous sum, but they are very fine. She got them in Italy from the family to whom Louis XVI. had presented them. The Marie Antoinette has "I.B. NINI. 177" impressed under the bust, which shows that Wedgwood modelled from Nini's portrait. Dined at Champeaux' at eight, and in the evening called in to see my sister.

22nd. Wrote letters the first part of the day. Out about one. After calling for letters, we took our few purchases of

polychrome Oriental, etc., to show to Fournier, who declared them all very fine. On our return took them to show them to Mary. She and her party accompanied us in the afternoon to Oppenheim's. (I am sorry to say Ivor declines his fine vase.) After we parted with them we went to Sichel's, where I thought many of the things were second rate, but was greatly delighted with two polychrome vases, *black* ground, for which he asks £400. They are immensely handsome, and I do not think them dear. Then through the Boulevard Haussmann, Place Beauvau, and Mme. Chaumont's. We drove about in a cab all day, the weather being very cold, and the rain nearly incessant. Again dined at Champeaux'.

23rd. Went out early, and, crossing the Tuileries Gardens, hunted for some hours on the opposite of the river. Bought a fine piece of black and green (but damaged) at Duvauchel's, some old glass lustres at Pallinel's, and on the Quai saw some reproductions of old prints in the Boucher and Fragonard line, which I thought might prove very useful to our decorators on china. Came back to take a glass of wine at three, and then set out again (on foot) for the rest of the day. To the Post, to Oppenheim's, thence to the Faubourg St. Martin, where he had given us the address (No. 75) of M. A. Lehujeur, to see the reproductions of ancient soft paste china. The principal was out when we called, but one of the employés took us into the showroom. He told us that the objects are bought in the white state, glazed, from Bettignie of St. Amand. For the most part they require five more firings to complete them; viz., two for the ground colour, two for the painted subject, and one for the gold. He himself was only employed on the grounds. The decoration of the panels, etc., in subjects, nearly all done by men, was executed at their own houses. The furnaces were on the premises where we were. We saw a vast number of copies of Sèvres, which were very pretty, but could not deceive any



**POWDERED BLUE TRIPLE GOURD-SHAPED BOTTLE OF THE KANG-HE PERIOD
1662 TO 1722, THE BLUE GROUND COVERED WITH A DELICATE DESIGN IN
GOLD ; THE RESERVES DECORATED WITH BRILLIANTLY ENAMELLED
FLOWERS AND BIRDS**
Lord Wimborne's Collection

amateur, I should think. A few imitations of English—plates, cups and saucers, vases, etc., with blue grounds, painted (very well) in Worcester birds, marked with a gold anchor and *called* Chelsea. Only one specimen, attempting the fish-scale ground, was not a successful one; the others *might* deceive the unwary, but owing to the gilding chiefly, certainly not a connoisseur, more especially as the style and the mark were at variance. The best “contrefaçons” were those of old Tournai, which were decidedly very successful. Having examined everything at our leisure, and asked all the questions we wished, we went on to the bookseller, M. Aubeut, Rue Château d’Eau 25, to buy the *Compilateur Universel*, with which I am delighted, and which I hope may come to be of use. Having, after this, hunted the Boulevard Beaumarchais, without any success, we returned by the Rue St. Antoine and the Rivoli, arriving just after eight—for dinner at home. I don’t know how many hours I was on foot to-day, but not tired; I am wonderfully better since I came out—indeed, quite strong again.

24th. After fetching our letters we drove up to Montmartre. Had a long talk with old Osmont, of whom we only bought a medal of Gustavus Adolphus. He tantalised us by telling us of fine bits of Chelsea he had found at Marseilles, and sold for a trifle. Leaving him we walked through the Montmartre district without any success. Then made one or two purchases in the Rue Châteaudun at Chaumont’s; at Liotard’s bought a fine Delft plaque, and then went home. It was past six, but we took a cab, called at Fournier’s for his opinion on the black and green, which we bought yesterday, and which he thinks very fine, though, for Paris, worthless, as being imperfect. Then deposited this piece, and some Chantilly plates (bought of him) with Oppenheim, for packing. On my way home called for a moment to

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see my sister. Dined at Belard's. In the evening prepared our goods for transport to Oppenheim's, to be packed. I omitted in yesterday's journal to mention that after leaving Aubert's we called in the Boulevard du Temple (No. 35), and there, "au quatrième", found that M. Pavillet whom we had been seeking ever since we heard of him years ago, in Brittany. He travels constantly, and supplies the shops; we hope he may be instrumental in getting us some good things: we are to go again and see him.

25th. Waked at six, and got up to write here, and prepare for to-morrow's journey. Out soon after breakfast, and drove about most of the day; time being short for all we had to do. Pavillet failed to keep his appointment with us, but later in the day he followed us to our Hotel: however, we got nothing through him. Went again to Osmont's to look at some curious boards for the game of Loto, done in Vernis Martin, of a date too recent for us (and furthermore too expensive—£25 for the twelve), but interesting for their exquisite finish. Took all our purchases to Oppenheim's for packing. Walked through the Rue Lafayette, without finding anything. Dined at home, and in the evening wrote out catalogues to send home. So ended our visit to Paris.

26th. Giving up a plan we had formed of going into Italy by Strasbourg, Munich, and the Ampezzo Pass, we travelled to-day by the Southern Route, leaving Paris at 6.30 and reaching Dijon between two and three. We had a lovely day, which was an agreeable change after all the rain. The City looked beautiful as we drove to the station. How pretty some of the views are about Meudon, Fontainebleau, Tonnerre, etc. At Dijon remained till six, and drove about the town, which looked dull and deserted, where we visited the shops and found nothing, where we looked into the Cathedral, and where, I am sorry to own, I was very cross. We dined at the buffet table

d'hôte, and then went on to Ambérieu, arriving between 10 and 11. Here we found a primitive little Inn, at which we slept.

27th. Up again the next morning at a very early hour, and went on by an express at half-past seven. Again most perfect weather. Ambérieu is situated amidst picturesque mountains. All the road through Culoz, by the Lac de Bourget, Aix-les-Bains, Chambéry, is most beautiful, till we come to the great Mont Cenis tunnel, and after the tunnel I think it is more beautiful still—Susa and its Roccia Melone, San Ambrogio, and the Sagra de San Michele, etc. We reached Turin between 6 and 7, and rejoiced in having such sunshine for the charming journey. Hôtel de l'Europe. A nice airy situation. We had good rooms (high up) looking out on the Palazzo Madama. Wrote letters to England in the evening.

28th. We had only just come from our Hotel when we met Marquis d'Azeglio, who very kindly took charge of us, and walked about with us nearly all day, showing us where lived some of the "Antiquarios", and taking us to the Museo Civico, where we spent a most agreeable hour. He had presented the town with his fine collection of Italian Pottery and Porcelain, and has arranged it for them beautifully. His Eglomisé Glass is also lent on view in another apartment. He took us to see his rooms—a charming suite—in the Fine Art Club, near the Hôtel Feder, which he recommends us to go to next time. After table d'hôte we took an open carriage, and drove about the environs, beginning with the Public Gardens and by the Valentine Palace—from seven till half-past eight. Very pleasant.

29th. We had intended to proceed on our way to-day, but put off our journey to go with Mons. d'Azeglio to see the Palace: it well repaid us. Went into the Black Chapel of the

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Sudario—curious staircase “of the Scissors”—fine cabinet work by Piffetti in some of the small rooms—magnificent Oriental vases in one apartment—exquisite specimens in the Armoury—altogether much to instruct and admire. After this we walked alone to some dealers, and made a few purchases. After dinner C.S. went out alone to purchase some lovely Louis XV. frames, which he had seen in one of the shops.

30th. Up early. Left Turin at 9.15. Reached Milan by 1. Heavy rain most of the way and no view of the Alps. Passed through Vercelli and Novara. Put up at the Hôtel Reale where we were eight years ago, in Bruschetti's time—very good. C.S. and I spent the afternoon in looking through the curiosity shops, Baslini, Bertini, but did not find anything. We had a long walk—fortunately but little rain, but dull heavy weather. I read after dinner, and did not go out again. Remember the moss-roses.

31st. The Hotel-keeper insisted on showing us his antiquities, and we had the opportunity of seeing the living-rooms of the recent Viscontis, whose Palace this was—a fine suite. We then strolled out to the Cathedral, which fills one with more and more wonder every time one sees it. Then we took an open carriage. Went to St. Ambrogio, which I think one of the most interesting places in the world: stayed there a long time. To St. Eustorgio's—fine Cinquecento monuments. We could not get near to the tomb of Peter Martyr, that wicked persecutor, but it seemed a wonderful work of art. Drove about, visiting some curiosity shops: one kept by Cassani, Piazza di Magenta, contained some very good furniture. Milan is quite deficient in everything in our line of collecting. The day warm, dull, but very pleasant. A short drive in the evening to the gardens, but we did not get out till late, and had a dull and unsatisfactory driver.

JUNE 1877

CERTOSA : PAVIA : BERGAMO : BRESCIA : VERONA : VENICE :
 PADUA : BURANO : MURANO : TRIESTE : VIENNA : SALZBURG :
 AUGSBURG : NÜRNBERG : PRAGUE

June 1st. Left by the 9.15. train for the Certosa. Walked to the Monastery. Ocelli, our Landlord, had given us a note to the Chief, and he sent a Monk round with us, who gave us plenty of time. It would be endless to try and describe the delight which we derived from all the beautiful specimens of Cinquecento art here revealed to us. Perhaps the objects I should most wish to remember were the tombs, viz. Gian Galeazzo Visconti's, Ludovico Sforza's and his wife's, the marble sculptures to the left as you face the high altar, and the wonderful Cloisters with their fine terra-cotta work. I feel most intensely the superiority of the brick architecture of Lombardy to that of Germany—see Lübeck and my remarks, 17th July last year. *Here* the symmetry and ornamentation added to the rich colouring give the highest tone to the buildings of this construction. Walked back to the railway, by which, at half-past one, we went on to Pavia, a charming quaint old town. We got an open carriage and drove about till five. San Michele glorious, with its early Lombard grotesques without, and its fine construction within. The outside of the Duomo very good. The brick interior has a bald effect. The tomb of St. Augustine, however, is magnificent, and repays a visit to the town. We went to several other Churches, some with charming terra-cotta decoration; drove past the melancholy Castello, with its two massive old Towers; and went round the ramparts to get a good view of the City, over the covered Ponte of the Ticino, etc., but could not make our driver understand that we wanted to visit the Church where Lanfranc, so interesting to our history, was buried. The tall,

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apparently unmeaning towers, of which four rise from the centre of the town, are a new and most picturesque feature. The weather had been warm, but not too sunny, in the morning. During most of our stay in Pavia it rained—a hot heavy rain—which did not prevent our driving with the carriage open. From the ramparts heard the cuckoo, the only time this year. Fine rainbow, and at last the rain cleared off, but to return most violently as we returned (after dining at the Croce Bianca) by the railway. Altogether a most delightful day's excursion.

2nd. Very fine, drove about to the shops, found several good ones (especially a jeweller's, Conti, 24 Via Uffici) full of desirable things. They have taste, and little knowledge, one might make great "trouvailles" there. Went to the Church of S. Maurizio to see the Luinis. Found the Brera shut for repairs. Spent what time remained to us at the Duomo, and went by the 6.15. train to Bergamo. We arrived at 7. Having established ourselves at the Inn (Italia), went out till dark with a guide to see the curiosity shops, full of good furniture, etc.

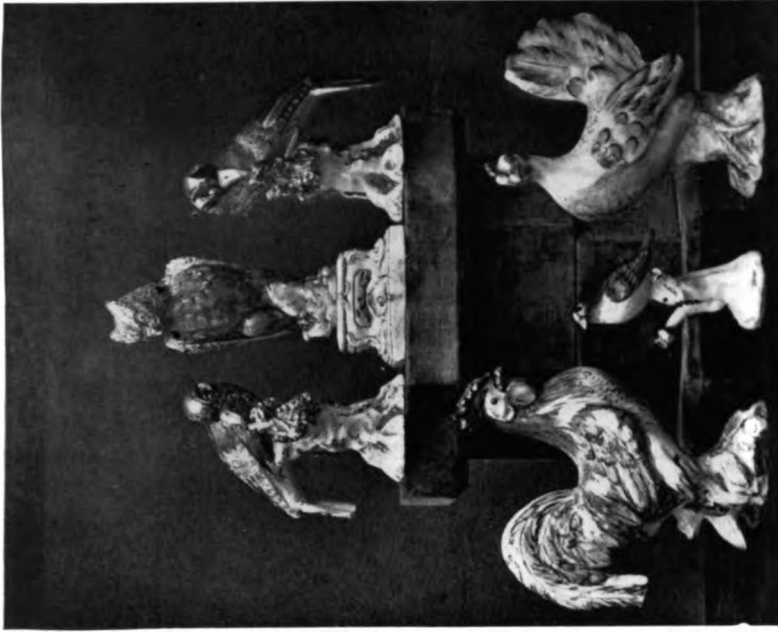
Sunday, 3rd. This was a most delightful day, bright sun and hot with a pleasant, light air. We set out about 11. to walk to the upper town. It was very hot, but so agreeable that I should have enjoyed it beyond measure but for the incessant gabble of a wretched commissionaire, who spoke execrable French, and could not be got to keep silence for two minutes together. On our way up the hill we turned into a Church, where they were celebrating a grand instrumental and vocal service in honour of the Pope, whose Jubilee it was. He has been a Bishop fifty years. The views all the way were very beautiful. We could even see the Cathedral of Milan on the distant horizon. From the upper town, we began to scale the hill, where formerly stood the Citadel, and where the view was still more extensive, including that to the mountains

at the back. When we came down again, we rested awhile in the Piazza outside one of the Cafés, where a drunken man came and accosted us during our slight "refreshing". We then examined all the beauties of the Piazza; the Broletto, with its quaint arches and capitols; the Sta. Maria with its fine north and south porches; the inimitable chapel of Colleone. We admired the Lombard remains of the two first-named buildings, and all the delicate workmanship of the tombs—that of Colleone himself, of his daughter Medea, and of a Bishop Longhi in the Sta. Maria. The large tapestry at the west end of the Church is in most wonderful preservation, the colours as fresh as if it were just completed. Some venerable priests were chaunting a service—very much out of tune—so we could not examine the choir. We went into the Cathedral, and then bent our steps towards the Borgo de Sta. Caterina (passing the remains of the Gothic Monastery of St. Agostino), and so to the Museo Carrara, where we spent an hour among the pictures, especially noticing those of Moroni, and one (a sacred piece) by Previtali. It was past six when we got back to our Hotel after a long day's walk. To remember, a little scene we looked into as we went up the hill, a youth playing the Carillon in the Bell tower of the suburb Canale—at the top near the Castle, we went into a very small Church, where a priest was holding a relic for the peasants to kiss. All the walls rich with snapdragons, red and white in fullest flower; caged nightingale singing to and answering the unimprisoned. After dinner I sat at home and wrote, being too sleepy to go out and hear the music and see the illuminations, which were being held in honour of the Pope.

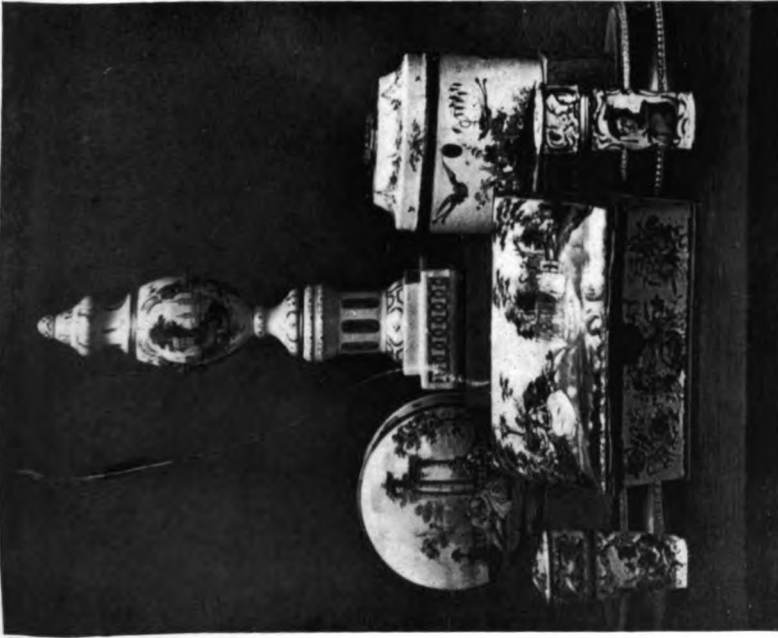
4th. After breakfast went to one of the antiquaries, Moro. Then took a carriage and drove to the upper town to see some pictures for sale at a private house. I was glad of this opportunity to go into an Italian interior. The pictures seemed

good, or at least respectable, but the little ornaments, etc., in the rooms were in the vilest taste—modern French “quincaillerie”. The house itself palatial, and with such a view over the plain! Having tried to find some other antiquaries, we went back to the church of Sta. Maria, and there took our time to examine the beautiful Cinquecento work of the seats in the Choir, which, though less curious, is more to our taste than the Intarsiatura. We only got back to our Inn in time to take the omnibus to the station, and so we were not able to call again at Moro's about a dinner service of “Herculaneum”, by which we had been somewhat tempted. Bergamo is glorious. But I do not like the Inn, where I felt every moment they were trying to make an imposition. Left by the 2.18. train, and in 50 minutes were at Brescia. Took a guide forthwith to the curiosity shops, where we only found one grand transfer-printed Wedgwood dish for 10 francs. After this we drove about the town for an hour, passing the Loggia, the Piazza del Duomo with its interesting round Duomo Vecchio, the old Broletto. Returning about half-past seven we dined very pleasantly “al fresco” in the Inn yard, and fed the cats and pigeons. Hôtel d'Italia—very good.

5th. After breakfast took a carriage. Went to see the old Duomo, the Miracoli, the Venetian-like interior of which delighted me, as also the altar-piece by Moretto, St. Afra, the Museo Civico (enclosing the temple of Hercules and the fine antique bronze figure of Fame). Drove about generally, and made purchase of a few cups at Coen's: also spent some time at the Pinacoteca. Brescia possesses many interesting objects, and I have no doubt is full of fine pictures, but it is less picturesque than Bergamo. I do not seem to care about it so much as I ought. We left it by the afternoon train, and reached Verona before six—a hot journey but a very beautiful one, passing the Lago di Garda, etc. Put up at a large,



SOME OLD CHELSEA BIRDS SHOWING SOMETHING OF THE MEISSEN
INFLUENCE
The Scriber Collection



A GROUP OF THE BEAUTIFUL BATTERSEA ENAMELS FOR EXAMPLE
OF WHICH LADY CHARLOTTE SOUGHT ALL OVER THE CONTINENT

expensive, but good Hotel—Torre di Londra. Table d'hôte, after which we drove about for an hour.

6th. Up at six, breakfast at eight, out at ten. First to the Church of Sta. Anastasia, of glorious Gothic with delicate Renaissance Monuments. Then to my special favourite, San Zenone, which we thoroughly enjoyed, first studying every part of it quietly by ourselves, and then summoning the Sacristan to let us into the Crypt and Cloisters. We lingered long in these two churches. Sought out the dealers, and found them very poorly supplied. Then we came in to rest and write for a couple of hours, and at four went out again. Strolled through the Piazza dei Signori, surrounded with picturesque and interesting buildings, to the delicious tombs of the Scaligeri. Then by a shady street to the Arena, where we sat some time. The Itinerant Playhouse still occupies its place in the centre, and before we left it had treated us to an Overture. Certainly my impression of this wonderful place is more and more confirmed: this is my third visit. After table d'hôte we drove. Went to the gardens of the Palazzo Giusti: a grand sunset behind the hills. This is indeed a charming spot, and we spent some time in it. They gave me flowers—sweet-scented orange blossoms. We drove along the Tyrol road some little way, returning by the Garibaldi Bridge.

7th. Spent the morning amid some of the other beautiful things of Verona, which to my mind is the "pick" of the whole earth (after Venice) for domestic architecture. To the Cathedral; to St. Eufemia, where we could see nothing because a service was going on; to the Picture Gallery; and to the most interesting church of San Fermo. The exterior is a wonderful specimen of brick ornamentation. What we admired most inside were the wooden roof and the pulpit. Before finishing our course, we went to see the interesting picture of the reception of the Venetian Doge and grandees of the Veronese envoys

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(1505) in the venerable Palazzo del Consiglio. But to me all Verona is a dream of beauty—its gates—its amphitheatre—its churches—its tombs—its palaces—its gardens—its surrounding mountains—its rivers! On every side some fresh feature to delight the eye, and to recall the past. Looked in at Pegrassi's workshop: he is not doing much. [This was a sculptor in stone; he made a fine chimney-piece for the garden Entrance Hall at Canford and a fine staircase at Kingston Lacy, seat of Wimborne Bankes, Esq.] We had to leave Verona to-day and proceeded to Venice, arriving before eight. We found rooms ready for us at the Pension Suisse, which is much modernised and enlarged since we stayed there eight years ago. The old man (Giacomo Fenile) is dead. His son has rebuilt the place and reformed the cuisine, but he has arranged the house so that it holds too many people, and when we arrived there was a crowd of English that detracted from its agreeableness.

Tuesday, 19th. We have now been in Venice nearly a fortnight, and each day has been so like its predecessor, so free from incident, and has glided away so uneventfully, that I have not found occasion to make one entry here. At first the heat was intense (as, indeed, we learnt that it was all over Europe). We spent most of our days in the Gondola, courting every attempt at a breeze. We went to see no sights, but sometimes lounged in the Piazza and its Cafés. Once we went over to the public gardens, and one evening to the Lido, where we were amused by a rustic concert. This state of things continued till Wednesday (13th), when a violent storm of thunder and lightning supervened and cleared the air a little. On the following evening there was another stormlet, and since that the Sirocco has departed, and the weather has been perfectly delightful. On Sunday evening (17th) we went again to the gardens to enjoy the delicious scent of the lime-trees, now in full flower (see July 16 last year at Lübeck). We have

managed at one time or other to look in to the curiosity shops—some 13 or 14 in number—but to very little purpose. Yesterday (Monday, 18th) we called at the Salviati Establishment and made acquaintance with the Director, Mr. Castellani, who promises to accompany us one day to Murano. In these few lines I think I have summed up the record of our life since we came to Venice. We have looked in at dear old St. Mark's, we spent an hour on Sunday at the Belle Arti, we have explored a *little* in the alleys, we have daily seen the *Times* (lent us by Mr. Malcolm), we have read the few books that we have with us, we have slept a good deal and lived as much as possible on the water. Of course, our first point, the day after our arrival, was to go and see Enid's [Lady Layard, who still lives a considerable part of the year there, surrounded by the large collection of fine pictures collected by her late husband] pretty house (the Cà. Capello) on the Grand Canal, which is embellished by many of Henry's fine pictures, and by many of the works of art I remember at their official house at Madrid. A letter from Enid (written from Therapia) was here to greet me when I got here. I hear also regularly from Ivor—his "Sunday letters"—thank God, all well. In the above enumeration I omitted a pleasant visit to the Correr on Saturday.

Wednesday, 20th. Got up early, and went on an excursion to Padua, taking the 8.35. train, and arriving again at Venice at 7.45. in the evening—the weather rather warmer. Favenza had given us the names of the few curiosity dealers there, and we commenced our day's work by taking an open carriage and going to see them. They have miserably little, and we only made two purchases. Bassani showed us some wonderfully fine Venetian point at corresponding prices, and we called on our old friend, the great draper, Barzillai, of whom I so cheaply bought my fine Venetian flounce 8 years ago. The old man

has closed his shop, and lives at ease upstairs. He had a few pieces of china, etc., left, but nothing in our way. He remembered me at once, though it is so long since we were last at Padua. The shops being soon done, we spent the rest of our time among the fine things of the City. First to St. Antonio's, where C.S. lingered long at his Cinquecento shrine; and Orazio Marinali's marble Angel looked to me as beautiful as it had done some eight or nine and thirty years ago; I could not resist stooping down and kissing its fair cheek, and thinking of my dear Monty, with whom it is always associated in my mind. We went to the Palazzo della Raggione, to Sta. Giustina's (through the Prato della Valle), to the Museo, where there is (besides the remembered bacile of Venetian china) a very fine Terraglia dish (red ground with figures in white—the hair slightly tinted with yellow, the Virgin's dress with blue), which they told us was of old Paduan manufacture. This particular specimen was taken from over the gate of the Fabrique (near Sta. Lucia?). The name upon it is "Nicolelo". Having taken a hasty luncheon at the Hotel, we set out again on foot. Visited the Arena Chapel, and spent some time with the Giotto's. At a jeweller's (Angeli) saw a book on Venetian Lace, purporting to be 300 years old, for which 2 Naps. were asked—qy. if a reprint. For the last hour, before returning to the station, we again took a carriage. Went to the Duomo to see the Baptistery. After Giotto's frescoes the execution of these seemed hard and coarse; but the conception is grand, and quite in his manner. We got back to our Hotel at Venice by eight.

22nd. We met our old friend, Mr. Ffrench, at the Guggenheims [the well-known dealers in antiques], also Lady Donoughmore. We went to Besarel's, and bought a finely carved frame, as a present for Rosamond Churchill. [Now Lady de Ramsey. The present was probably a wedding gift.]

In the evening went to the "Giardino Publico". Sat there awhile and read our History of Venice.

23rd. Out all day. Concluded the transaction of the frame with Besarel, and took it to Salviati's to be forwarded. At Clerli's, near the Pont du Dai, made several small purchases, among them a very pretty mother-of-pearl "étui".

24th. Waked at 5. by the storm, which raged incessantly for two hours, and was the most magnificent thing I ever saw. Lay in bed, watching its effects on the opposite Sta. Maria della Salute. The thunder quite appalling, but I have not heard that it did any damage—deluges of rain, which filled our gondola lying beneath the windows, so that it was hardly fit for us to go in, when we had done breakfast. We were too late to go to our church, so we went about a little when the rain ceased, and lingered a long time in St. Mark's. It was this day 700 years ago that the celebrated scene took place in its vestibule between Pope Alexander and Frederick Barbarossa. (Would not Pius IX. like to repeat it with Victor Emmanuel—the modern Attila, as he terms him?) "The brass is gone, the porphyry remains." With what interest I went and stood on the spot! Every one else seems to have forgotten the anniversary. Wrote letters in the afternoon. After dinner, after posting our letters, went by the Canareggio to the open, and so under the railway bridge back by the station and the whole length of the Grand Canal—full moon—very grand—a delicious evening.

25th. At nine Sgr. Castellani with his assistant, young Edwin O'Rourke, came to fetch us, and took us to Murano to see the Glass Works. They showed us the process, and I stood by while they made one or two objects for me. At the Museo of the Municipio, I had a rich treat, and saw again some of the beautiful specimens of Miotti's manufacture, which

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I had so much admired eight years ago. Our old friend, the Abbé Zanetti, joined our party and went with us there. The expedition was a very pleasant one, the weather fresh and perfect—the views, over the gardens and across the sea to the mountains, quite exquisite. Got back about one. Made a little tour before dinner, and again in the evening, calling first at Favenza's, where, encouraged by what we had seen this morning, we invested in a mirror, framed in old Miotti glass. Had an agreeable visit from Mr. Rawdon Brown when we returned from Murano.

26th. A most agreeable day. Went first to the Carpaccios in the church of S. Giorgio dei Schiavoni, then to San Giovanni e Paolo, where we spent a long time thoroughly enjoying the beautiful monuments; lastly, to the Sta. Maria Formosa, to see the grand Sta. Barbara of Palma Vecchio. I know nothing of pictures, but I can take pleasure in this, and in the quaint old Carpaccios. After dinner again on the water. An artist staying here, a "speckled enthusiast", got us to show Favenza some modern rubbish he had bought, for an opinion. Then we went, as usual, towards the Adriatic.

27th. At Salviati's, Favenza's, etc. Took young "Edwin" to the latter to look at an old mirror with Latimo frame, which we had bought of him, and which is very good. Letter from Ivor—all well. In the gondola in the evening.

28th. To-day at the Ducal Palace, which we hope to visit again.

29th. A letter from Enid, inviting us to go at once to them at Constantinople. It was a great temptation, but for various reasons we determined that it was best to decline, and I wrote her a long letter to that effect accordingly. Among other things we remembered that the crossing of the Danube by the Russians had taken place since the date of her letter; besides this, we had made other plans, and so we did not

accept. To-day we were at St. Mark's, the crypt and the treasury—the former most beautiful and interesting, the latter full of charming pieces; among them a curious specimen (mounted in metal, possibly gold), which they told us was a piece of china imitating turquoise—it was in the form of a dish or platter. It was, moreover, said to have been a present from Persia to the Doge (qy. Ciogna in 1585). I should have much liked to examine it, but, of course, it could not be unlocked. One of the reliquaries I particularly admired, gold, domed work, said to have been made in imitation of St. Sophia's.

30th. We got up early, and while at breakfast we had a visit from Mr. Rawdon Brown. He was the bearer of a telegram from Henry Layard, telling us not to come to Constantinople: evidently the state of things there is not so comfortable as when Enid wrote—her letter was dated the 19th. We had already settled not to go there, so it made no change in our plans; but I am sorry to see by this fact that they are in a state of some uneasiness. At nine we got into our gondola and went to fetch young O'Rourke, who accompanied us to Torcello. Visited the Correr on our way—delightful weather—not too hot. I appreciated the fine early Mosaic of the West End more than I did eight years ago. Magnificent masses of clematis in white profusion, and rich pomegranate blossoms, of which I brought away a handful. Took Burano on our way from Torcello. Visited Enid's lace school there, and saw the women at work. We inquired after the tailor and his wife who had treated us so hospitably when we were last at Burano. They had removed to Venice—and the twins were dead. From Burano to Murano, where the church of San Donato interested us, as one of the oldest and most perfect things we have seen in or near Venice. The inscription in the pavement, MXL. Stopped at the curiosity shop, but

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found nothing. It was altogether a charming little excursion. In the evening we walked out, having had the gondola out all day. Went over the Rialto, etc.

JULY 1877

VENICE

Sunday, July 1st. To church. In the afternoon to the Lido, where we left the gondola, and walked across to the shore overlooking the Adriatic, and lingered there some time. Another very pleasant little episode: on our return a visit from Cortelazzo, who had heard of our being in Venice. Arranged with him to meet him at Vicenza on Tuesday.

3rd. This we did accordingly, taking the early train and arriving about half-past 10. Cortelazzo met us at the station, and first took us to a Palace belonging to a Countess, who has two fine services of Venetian china, and fine Dresden groups—for which she wants an enormous price, but we could not learn the exact sum; they are to let us know. It was showery but we persevered. Went to the Churches—Sta. Corona to see the Montagna, and Bellini's Baptism in Jordan—to the Palladian Theatre, to the Museum. On our way to the latter place I spied, under the arcade, a full-sized hare of white earthenware, forming a tureen, and on leaving it, set off alone and was found standing "vis-à-vis" my prize, to C.S.'s infinite amusement. We walked about the Piazza dei Signori. Visited the jewellers' shops, and the shop of another old dealer not far off, but without any result, except that in going to the latter we came unexpectedly upon the Casa Pigafetta, with its delicate carvings, and its legend, "Il n'est point de rose sans épines", which is quite a little gem, and pleased me more than all I saw at Vicenza. Having taken some lemonade at a café, we rejoined Cortelazzo in his own

house (looking in at the Duomo on the way). He showed us several specimens of his art, and described his plan for his own tomb, which is to have sculptured on it a likeness of himself in his workman's dress, showing a piece just executed to Henry Layard, who is to stand with his hand resting on Cortelazzo's shoulder. Whether is to be added, as an inscription, the couplet which I saw written up in his studio,

"Si c'è un Dio
"Layard è il mio",

did not appear! Having no children, he spends his money in dogs and horses—drives four ponies. Before we returned to the train, we went up the arcade of the Monte Berico, but there was such heavy rain, and such an obscure atmosphere, that we could not get a satisfactory view. Gasparoni, of whom we bought formerly, had nothing to show.

4th. Cortelazzo came to Venice. We sent our gondola to meet him, and then accompanied him to the Piazza, where was being exhibited the suit of inlaid armour which he has made for the Count Papadopoli. A charming visit to the Arsenal, where we saw innumerable objects of interest—model of the "Bucentoro", etc. Col. Tilling, to whom we had a letter, took us round the collection, and showed us everything. We afterwards went with him into the Arsenal itself. The old columns on which the sheds are supported might have been there before the time of Dante—one of them bore a date of the early part of the 15th century. Cortelazzo was to have joined us in the afternoon, but could not: however, he dined with us at table d'hôte.

5th. To the churches of the Redentore, and the Maria della Salute. In the Sacristy of the former, three fine works of Giov. Bellini. In the afternoon we went with Cortelazzo to try and see the collection Querini Stampaglia, but found it closed. Returning we stopped at Morchio's, and bought 24

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Nove cups and saucers, which have been under offer to us for some time for 800 lire, but which we ultimately got for 400. We took of him also some plates of old Venetian ware with caricature subjects of the twelve months.

6th. Went over to Treviso for the day—a very pleasant excursion. Saw the celebrated Giorgione at the Monte de Pietà, where there is a fine old room, the walls and ceiling (in rafters) painted as of old, and parts of the former decorated with ancient gilt leather. Went to the three principal churches, viz. the Duomo, Sta. Maria, and S. Nicolo. In the first of these is a celebrated Titian—the Annunciation. We made a very unsuccessful “chasse” after objects for purchase, being only rewarded by one Castelli plate. The great dealer of the place had nothing, except some Saxe and Vienna cups and saucers, for which he asked an absurd price. Hearing there was still a manufactory at Treviso, we visited it and found them making only the commonest sorts of domestic ware. However, they showed us a few pieces of their old productions—all of a creamy white, similar to Leeds ware. Of these, two were very large compositions, two were statuettes of Hercules—about 18 to 24 inches high, and somewhat artistic. We brought away one of their cream ware inkstands, as a specimen, very elaborately, but not gracefully, made, in six pieces—price only two lire. The name of the proprietor is, as of old, Giovanni Andrea. We saw a *china* cup of the taste of the Empire, badly painted in birds, and signed “G. A. F. F. Treviso”. It was too bad to purchase. The name of the factory is Porto Basso. We had a pleasant drive round the town before departing, and were pleased with the old gate at the Ponte Tomaso, bearing the Arms and date of the Doge L. Loredano.

7th. Not many events. We paid a visit to make acquaintance with Mme. Marcello, a great friend of Enid's, and, like her, interested in the Lace School at Burano; indeed, I

believe they not only founded it, but support it between them. Took our recent purchases to Favenza for packing. Called to see Castellani. In the evening, as usual, we went out in the gondola towards the sea, and I read our little *Sketches of Venetian History* to C.S. till it was dark. We often read before we are up in the morning, as we do not come down to breakfast before ten.

8th. Church. Rain and thunder as we returned. Again in the afternoon we ventured out once more, but only as far as the Querini Stampaglia, which, again, we found closed. After our dinner we had torrents of rain, and a regular thunderstorm. I omitted that on Monday we spent a long time at the Frari with great satisfaction. I had forgotten to note the pretty sight of the Princess Margherita's arrival on Monday evening. We went on the water to see the demonstration, and happened to be at the bend of the canal near the Foscari when she passed, so that we saw her well—at least C.S. did, I being very much too short-sighted to realise anything but the general "coup d'œil". All the gondolas (which swam upon the water), with their gay colours and uniforms, had a very brilliant effect. We walked afterwards on the Piazza for a little while to hear the band play.

9th. We had intended to make a trip to Chioggia but the threatening weather of the previous night made us give it up. We need not, however, have done so, for the day proved beautifully fine and only a little cooler for the night's storm. After going to the post, we came in and wrote letters. Later in the day we went to the Madonna dell' Orto, a charming church, full of fine things—especially a group of five saints by Cima da Conegliano. Rowed about in the Giudecca in the evening.

10th. Shops in the morning. Mme. Marcello came to see us in the afternoon, and after that we paid a visit to Mr. Rawdon Brown, who amused us with a long story of his recovery of the

(buried) memorial of Mowbray, Duke of Norfolk, which he sent to Mr. Howard of Corby, and of which he has a facsimile in his apartments. We had arranged to leave Venice on Thursday; but the weather is so delicious, and we find life so pleasant here, that we have deferred our departure for a day or two.

11th. We spent the morning at the Belle Arti, whence besides *all* the Carpaccios, I would like to carry off 12 pictures, viz. (in the first room) Titian's Assumption of the Virgin, Tintoretto's St. Mark saving the Slave; (in the small room) Giovanni Bellini's Supper at Emmaus, Cima's group with Tobit and the Angel; (in the next room)—besides the St. Ursulas and the Sick man cured, with view of the old Rialto—Gentile Bellini's Procession in St. Mark's Square, and his recovery of the Cross; (in the large room) St. Mark's ring and the Fisherman, by Paris Bordone, Pordonone's group of Saints, comprising the portrait of Dante, Bonifaccio's Supper of the Rich man, Lazarus, etc., Titian's Presentation of the Virgin in the Temple, and Paul Veronese's Holy Family, with the lovely Baptist as a child, together with a large picture of the Saviour at supper in the house of Levi (which occupies the end of the Carpaccio room). If I could have these—and a few others, perhaps, from other sources—*possibly*, I should be content; but “*crescit amor!*” In the afternoon we went into Morchio's, and found a nice little English telescope with instruments—both pretty and cheap.

12th. Called to see Mme. Marcello, Lady Donoughmore, and others. [Lady Donoughmore was the wife of the 5th Earl of Donoughmore.] In the afternoon we had a pleasant ramble in the by-ways on the other side of the Rialto, and found out some very quaint bits of architecture, etc. Our search for curiosities was rewarded by a good “St. James's Beauty and St. Giles's Beauty”, which we found exposed in the street, and

are sought after in London. [Such a pair were recently sold in the late Mr. Montague Guest's sale for a large sum.]

13th. We have written for Pegrassi to come and meet us, for Ivor's fine mantelpiece (which he made for him) requires a hood to it, and we saw one at the Ducal Palace, which was the very thing wanted, and about which we had written to Ivor accordingly. At Ivor's request, therefore, we got Pegrassi to come from Verona to confer with us upon it. He went with us to the Ducal Palace. The mantelpiece in question is one bearing the Arms of the Barberigos—1485 to 1505—and the hood is very simple, being only ornamented with the Coat of Arms and the Ducal Beretta. Pegrassi took a sketch of it, and is to communicate with Ivor on the subject. I am glad that our delayed journey has enabled us to see about this little matter. Being at the Ducal Palace, we prolonged our stay there, and looked well at all the pictures with their deep historical interest, and at the fine Cinquecento work of the Scala d'Oro, etc. Thence to the Church, where we again visited the Sacristy, where I am more and more convinced that nothing but conventional Mosaics on a gold ground will do for the decoration of the Hall at Canford. In the afternoon we went to the church of St. Sebastian to see the Paul Veroneses—the light was not good.

14th. We did not go to see any sights; lounged on the canal (towards the sea), and read the *Times*. These little "promenades" are very pleasant; we have them most mornings, and in the evening, after dinner, we go out again into the open, and I read to C.S. the little History of Venice. All these are cheerful memories. This evening, however, we went into the Canal of the Giudecca to see the preparations that were being made for the fête of the Redentore. All we saw was the long bridge of boats, which spanned the canal opposite the church, and a crowd of people walking to and fro on the bank

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—all quite of the lower orders. We were told that it was the custom of the wealthy inhabitants to go out at night on this occasion, to take their suppers in their gondolas at midnight, and then to proceed to the Lido and remain there to see the sun rise. What they may have done in the present instance I cannot say. We were home by nine, and then the sky had begun to be lighted up by flashes, which presently deepened into a most violent thunderstorm, which reached its height about 11. to 12. o'clock, and was most magnificent to behold. It lighted up, grandly, all the scene to the public gardens and the Lido, as it gradually worked its way to the sea.

Sunday, 15th. The church services are over for the season, so we went only on the canal for awhile this morning, and in the afternoon I have been writing, and C.S. packing up. An account of Rosamond Churchill's wedding in the *Times* (Friday's), which we got to-day. [Lady Rosamond, second daughter of the 7th Duke of Marlborough and sister of Lady Wimborne and the late Lord Randolph Churchill, married the 2nd Lord de Ramsey.] Yesterday a call from Lady Westbury. [The wife of the 2nd Baron Westbury.] It is settled that we leave this beautiful place to-morrow, after a visit of $5\frac{1}{2}$ weeks. A last evening's loitering on the Lagune after dinner this evening.

16th. Up rather earlier than usual this morning to prepare for the journey: notes to write, etc. We went for the last time to Mr. Malcolm's for the *Times*, and then betook ourselves to the Lagune to read it in peace. Met M. Castellani near our Hotel, and said good-bye to him. Called once more to see if old Morchio had anything fresh for us. Took money for our journey from the Cambista at the corner of the Piazza, and went to take leave of St. Mark's, which I shall most probably never see again! Venice has been a dream and a joy to me from childhood—I only wish it had not been so wicked.

We came back to our Hotel for an early dinner at three, and left it *just* in time for the train at 4.50. Waiting for the Hotel boat to take our luggage nearly made us late, but we just saved it. Our route lay through a lovely country—Conegliano, Pordenone (with its beautiful Campanile of moulded brick), and Udine. At that point it grew too dark to see any more, but the lights looked very pretty as we came into Trieste. Arrived about midnight—slept at the Hôtel “de la Ville”, which is on the Quai.

17th. After breakfast we took a carriage. Drove to the only curiosity shop in the town, which is in the Catherina St., and which has in it nothing but rubbish. The dealer's brother, (Barzillai) showed us a crystal goblet, for which he wanted £700 or £1000. I need not say we declined it. Drove up to the Cathedral, whence the view over the Adriatic is very beautiful. Greatly interested by the Cathedral, which appears to have been made by the junction of two churches—a street having run between them. The present shape exhibits that of an ancient Basilica. The Apse to the North Aisle has a fine Mosaic, of very early date—the figure of the Virgin in the centre being, I believe, a subsequent interpolation. The corresponding Mosaic in the South Aisle could not be seen, being under repair. Close to the Cathedral are columns of an ancient temple “in situ”. At a little distance farther down the hill, we found the Museum of objects found here and at Aquileia. In the lower town we went to the Civil Museum, which is a newly formed collection of *comparatively* recent objects. The Director very politely took us over it, and showed us everything. There was yet another museum, he told us, but we had not time to visit it. In the afternoon we had a charming drive to Miramar, the gardens of which are very skilfully arranged, and reminded me a little of Cintra. We went all over the house, full of memorials, and very melancholy. Poor people!

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How could they leave this quiet happiness for an Imperial Crown amid barbarians? But such is ambition! [An allusion to the younger brother of Francis Joseph of Austria, who became Maximilian of Mexico in 1864. He bravely held to his post, and was betrayed and shot in 1867. The Empress, daughter of Leopold I. of Belgium, lost her reason.]

18th. We left Trieste by a train before 7 o'clock. I had expected *nothing* at Trieste, knowing it was a modern-built town. But I came away delighted with it for its position. Took my last look at the Adriatic as we went. It was stifling hot when we started but we soon came in for a little thunderstorm, after which it was not only cool, but on the heights almost cold. Again I was agreeably disappointed. I had expected nothing from the journey—and went through some glorious scenery. The Simmerung Pass is grand beyond description, and so we reached Vienna soon after nine, but our first experiences were not favourable. We had difficulties about a conveyance, and at last were taken to a large flaring place, called the “Grand Hôtel”, where they put me into a lift, and insisted upon it that I should be very comfortable “au troisième”. It was a horrid, American-looking house, and we were very glad to make our escape from it, and to find comfortable rooms at the “Erzherzog Charles”, in which we got installed about midnight.

19th. Vienna—quite cool. We spent most of the day in ransacking the shops, but found very little to repay us—a pretty Chelsea box at Frey's, and some odds and ends at Laist's. Pick has a good shop, but the best man in the trade at Vienna is Eggar in the Opperring. He had some lovely Chelsea boxes, but much too dear for us, ranging from £15. to £30. He told us what was the best worth seeing in the City, and got us tickets for the Treasury, where we went the next,

20th, morning. Unluckily we did not know the time at



A BEAUTIFUL GROUP OF THE EARLY WORK OF ST. CLOUD: THE FIGURES ARE PLAYING UPON A LYRE AND A MANIOLIN.
THE MOUNTED PIECES ON EACH SIDE ARE NO DOUBT PARTS OF A TOILET SET FROM THE SAME FACTORY

Lord Wimborne's Collection,

which it closed, so we only managed to get an hour there, but *that* hour repaid a journey to Vienna, not only on account of their workmanship, but of the historical interest of many of their pieces. We were also unlucky about the Ambras Museum, where we did not get nearly as much time as we could have wished.

21st. The pictures in the Belvedere; and the remainder of the shops, which were quite barren.

22nd. Again to the Belvedere for a last glance. Then we drove over to Schönbrunn, very pleasantly walked there for an hour, and then returned. Spent a long time in the Cathedral in the afternoon—fine West door (12th century)—all the rest much later, but very handsome—tomb of Frederic III. (1409) in south Aisle, with sculptures and rich emblazoning. After dinner we took a very long walk, making the circuit of the inner city.

23rd. Left Vienna by the early train, without any regret: it is a large uninteresting City of vast spaces and huge edifices, which are not pretty or of good historical date. I have no sympathy with it, nor has it anything in its situation to redeem it. The building mania seems very strong here, numbers of new streets being in progress. Lovely journey to Salzburg, which we reached by three. Pretty view of Schönbrunn as we passed it. Hôtel de l'Europe—very good. We got a small one-horse carriage, and drove about the town. I think the position of Salzburg and its mountains is the most beautiful thing I ever saw. Looked over the Museum—a wonderful medley of objects—chiefly 17th century—with some good Gothic pieces, and some Roman remains found in the district: for a small country town very praiseworthy.

24th. Not very well this morning. We doubted whether it might not be better to prolong our stay here for one day: but the heat is so intense that we have decided on going away

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this afternoon. I ought not to forget how pleasant it had been sitting on the terrace of the Hotel the previous evening after dinner, looking over towards the Maria Plain, whence they say we *ought* to have gone to see the mountain view. But we were hot and tired, and so about three o'clock we left Salzburg, passing through a beautiful lake and mountain country to Munich, and arriving there in the evening. We had nearly an accident by the brake of one of the carriages becoming loose, but C.S. and other passengers shouted and waved handkerchiefs and caught the attention of the employés, and we stopped in time. Hôtel Vier Jahreszeiten, just opposite Drey's, where C.S. went the first thing the next morning.

25th. The shop full of good things, but dear, and only little to tempt us. We went to the Museum and spent there a long time. It was a very great treat. On the whole I consider it the best arranged Museum I know, and very comprehensive. In the afternoon we took a carriage and went the round of the shops, but besides the three in the Maximilian St. (Drey's, Heilbronner's, and Helburg's) there are none at all worth visiting—indeed, several mentioned in the address book “n'existent pas”. The extreme heat of yesterday had turned to rain, and the air was cool, but afterwards it cleared up and we strolled out. Went over the bridge and into the suburb. C.S. gathered me a bunch of lime blossoms. A curious instance of the difference of climate—at Venice they were in fullest bloom on the 17th of last month, and by the following Sunday (24th) they were over.

26th. Drey had got us admission to the Schatzkammer of the Palace Chapel, and thither we went directly after breakfast. It contains some very fine things indeed—Early Church goldsmith's work, and plate and enamels done for Wilhelm V. of Bavaria (1595–1626), whose beautiful specimens of Venetian glass had so delighted us in the Museum. These pieces consist

of 2 large dishes (one with a female portrait in colours, one with his Armorial Bearings), and a large Vase and Cover, and two jugs—these three last also decorated with his Arms. They are the finest Venetian glass I ever saw or dreamt of. The gold work and enamel on the Châsses, etc., of this Wilhelm V. seen in the Chapel are still more wonderful. From the Chapel we went to the Pinacoteca, and I stayed there till it closed—the Luini (Sta. Catarina), Peruginos, one Leonardo da Vinci, the Raphael, Titian of Charles V., Ghirlandajo, Garofalo, most to be remembered. We stopped awhile before a little head (a St. Christopher) of Memling's—a perfect likeness of my little grandchild Henry—and so the time glided away, till, having got some money at the Bank, we went to complete our small purchases. They included 13 very curious and interesting plates, transfer printed with subjects from Æsop's fables, like those on the Liverpool tiles, and marked Wedgwood. These we found at Heilbronner's. They are very curious and interesting; I never saw anything like them. After table d'hôte at six, we got into the omnibus which took us to the train, and were at Augsburg in little more than an hour.

27th. The Drei Mohren, where we put up, is a magnificent, modern edifice, with marble and parquet floors, and covered court with fountains. How it can pay in this quiet, provincial town is a mystery. The celebrated chimney-piece in which the Fugger destroyed Charles V.'s bond is shown, removed into a gallery. We spent the day walking about the charming old town. Went to the few small dealers that exist, and made some trifling purchases. Visited the Museum, which is locally interesting, and spent the rest of our time till table d'hôte between the Cathedral and the Fugger church, St. Ulrich: the Cathedral, a nice Cloister, full of monuments, and many other things which gave us pleasure, especially the

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old bronze gates; and the crypt. St. Ulrich contains a beautiful, alabaster monument of John Fugger, in fine Renaissance taste, with grille, etc. All the Church is interesting, with numerous Fugger tombs, and the whole building very characteristic. The East end of early 1600 work very gay, and good of its time—the ironwork gates (in perspective) also of the same time. After dinner we left Augsburg by the train, and went on to Nürnberg. Midnight struck just after we arrived.

28th. First to the Trödel Markt, where C.S. found an iron box which delighted him. Then to Pickert's, where we stayed a very long time looking over his enormous stock: but we did not find much to buy. Took a carriage and drove about, searching other shops, of which the names were in the Directory; most of them no longer existed, those that remained were of no importance. Only one man, Probst, ought to be remembered; he collects for various Museums, but at the moment had nothing to suit us. Table d'hôte being at one, we did not join it, but dined alone in the evening.

29th. Up early, and out as soon as our breakfast was over. Paid a visit to the Gewerbe Museum, which is much on the scale of most small country-town institutions of the kind—useful, but not very rich. It contains a large display of modern productions. We got back to our Hotel in time for the English service, which is held here every Sunday, and, together with the clergyman's family, formed the entire congregation. He read well—no sermon. After this we walked as quickly as we could to the German Museum—a magnificent collection of the deepest interest, which is placed in one of the old, disused churches and its cloisters. We had only time to see a small portion of it, as at one o'clock (an hour after we entered) it closed. The pictures from the Rathhaus have recently been moved thither, including the (so-called) Albert

Dürers of Charlemagne and Sigismund. To-day we took the early table d'hôte dinner, and afterwards went to the Laurenzkirche (where we found service going on), and thence to St. Sebald's, to see the Peter Vischer shrine, not forgetting the "goose fountain" by the way. After this we took a carriage, and having been told that we ought to see the Rosenau drove there accordingly, and were, I must say, somewhat disappointed at finding ourselves in a sort of second-rate tea garden. There was a military band, but we did not stay long. Went to the Castle, and were charmed with the view—old Hall, Chapel—went through all the rooms, where the only things remarkable are the good old Nürnberg stoves. Remember that Queen Cunegunda's tree was a lime-tree. It was only just going out of flower. From this delightful visit to the Castle, we proceeded to the picturesque burial ground, and found Albert Dürer's grave. This completed our busy day's work. We went back to the Hotel, took some coffee, and went early to bed to prepare for an early start next morning. I am sorry to say that in some places they are pulling down some of the old walls. This will destroy the character of the place.

30th. From 8 A.M. to 9 P.M. in the train—a long journey through a rather uninteresting country, but we did it very comfortably, having, by chance, a carriage to ourselves nearly all the way: so I sat and read, and slept, and looked about me, at my ease. But C.S. did not like the journey, for which I was sorry, as he had undertaken it for my particular pleasure. I was very anxious to see Prague again. A very long drive in the omnibus from the station to our Hotel, "The Black Horse".

31st. Tried to find out some curiosity shops, but the only one deserving the name is Meyer's, where we bought a pretty little Mennecey étui. It appears that Frey of Vienna is constantly here picking up everything that is at all worth having. We just missed him at our Hotel. The weather had suddenly

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turned hot again, but I found it very pleasant. We drove about to see the town. Looked in at the Teyn Church, where they show John Huss's pulpit, and Tycho Brahe's tomb. The building old, but not fine. Then to the Jews' Synagogue—very old and very dirty—in a crowded part of the town, and near to the equally crowded Jewish Cemetery, where they point to gravestones of the 7th century, on which the inscriptions are as fresh as if they had been done yesterday. Continuing our tour of the town, we stopped at a pretty little public garden, and walked about there awhile. Then we drove to the Fort, and walked upon the ramparts, and enjoyed some magnificent views over the Moldau, and to the Hradschin and adjoining hills. Very fine indeed, and very delightful, though very hot. Dined about five: afterwards strolled out: but presently took a carriage again and drove for an hour, across the stone bridge, and back by the suspension bridge. The former has disappointed me. My recollection of it was more favourable, and now I hate its rococo, 18th century statues; but the view from it is very nice. Prague is a very fine town—vast—and its spaces grand—its architecture very bad, but better than Vienna, Munich and Berlin—some of its old gates and towers most picturesque indeed. To-day I found letters awaiting me at the Post Office. One of them from Ivor announces Cornelia's confinement of a little girl on the 21st., my 32nd grandchild.

AUGUST 1877

HRADSCHIN : AUSSIG : DRESDEN : HANOVER : OSTEND

August 1st. Up early, and by nine o'clock off to Hradschin. We first went over the Cathedral, where are several fine monuments, especially that to Ferdinand I., his wife, and son Maximilian. The chapel of St. Wenceslaus is the most curious thing I ever saw: the walls inlaid, as it were,

with polished stones and marbles in a gold setting with frescoes interspersed—a new style of art, or rather, a very antique one, but very effective. We saw the treasure in the Sacristy, which contains some very fine pieces of extremely early date, said to have been collected and placed there by Charles IV. in the middle of the 14th century. Besides works in silver and gold, the Cathedral is rich in vestments of every age. We were told that the Capuchins also had a very fine treasure, so we hurried there to the upper part of the town, as it closed at 11., and were just in time to see it. The objects it contains are very good, and grand in their way; some of them are laden with diamonds, etc.—but they do not date further back than 200 years, and are not to be compared in beauty and rarity with the things we saw at the Cathedral. Again we hurried back, regardless of the heat, to see the interior of the Palace. They show the council chamber, where Fabricius, etc., were thrown out of the window, and the guide gravely pointed to a picture of Philip IV. of Spain, assuring us it was the likeness of one of the sufferers. While we were in this suite of rooms, a very tall woman came in, to whom great deference appeared to be paid. They told us she was the Grand Duchess of Baden (Emperor William's daughter), who was being shown over the antiquities, like ourselves. The Banqueting Hall and the Ballrooms, apparently of the time of Maria Theresa, are two of the finest rooms I ever saw. As we drove away from Hradschin, we got a picturesque view of its many towers, which grouped beautifully as we turned in descending the hill. Had time to see the Museum before it closed at one—rich in prehistoric remains—Flint and Bronze ages—and a few memorials of Huss and other Hungarian worthies—strong in natural history—curious scene with the Custodian who showed us over it, and who seems to be a rabid Slav, protesting against Bohemia being considered German. We came

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back to our Hotel soon after one. Found the Grand Duchess (if such she were) dining with her suite, at a table in the public room while table d'hôte was going on. We dined "à part" much later, but did not go out any more, occupying the afternoon with letter-writing. I enjoyed my short stay at Prague very much: it has given me a new set of mind-pictures.

2nd. Very little sleep and up again at 5 in the morning. There had been a thunderstorm overnight, and now the day opened with rain, and it became suddenly cool, not to say cold. Went by the train to Aussig (walking to the station, which is very near the Hotel). At Aussig we left the train, and proceeded by steamer down the Elbe to Dresden. The voyage lasted from 11. o'clock to 7, being longer than usual in consequence of a tremendous landslip, which had taken place near the Bastei, which obliged all the boat's crew and cargo to disembark at that point, and bestow themselves in another steamer on the other side of the obstruction. The weather hitherto had been very pleasant, not sunny, but fine, with subdued lights, which suited well the lovely scenery. But just as we set out on this little "trajet" on foot, the rain supervened, and came down right heavily. Nevertheless our transshipment was made with little inconvenience, and less delay than might have been expected. The rain soon cleared off again, and our passage past Pirna, Pilnitz (where the King's boats grouped prettily in front of his Palace), and the Dresden suburbs was delightful. As we entered we saw the fair, which is being held on the river's bank for the shooting at a mark—the tents decked with flags and all gay colours—the whole scene most lively—reminded me of Teniers' large picture in the Vienna gallery of the congratulations of one of the Archdukes on his success at a similar contest at Brussels some 200 years ago. Certainly Dresden never looked to me so beautiful as it did to-night. It



CHARLES II
A CONTEMPORARY PORTRAIT IN SILK NEEDLEWORK
The Countess of Bessborough's Collection



CHARLES EDWARD STUART
A MINIATURE OF THE TIME OF THE SCOTTISH RISING
The Countess of Bessborough's Collection

ought always to be approached for the first time from the river. Got a light supper and went to bed—the food on board the steamer had been uneatable. We had very agreeable “*compagnons de voyage*”—a German merchant settled at Manchester, who did all he could to help us with our luggage, etc.—a man and his wife returning from Carlsbad, who had never seen Dresden before, and were enchanted—good gentlefolk.

3rd. The day's first visit was to the Porcelain Museum, which has been transferred from the Japanische Palace to a building in the Royal enclosure in the town, and is approached by a good Cinquecento gateway. We spent two hours at the Museum, the arrangement of which is wonderful, and were quite enraptured. It is pleasant to us to feel that we have many specimens like those which occupy a place of honour here. The Oriental part of the collection far outshines the Dresden, though the specimens of animal life in the latter are perfectly marvellous. I cannot express my admiration of all that in those two hours I saw. Called at some of the shops, and made a few purchases at Salomons'. Table d'hôte before 5: after it we walked out till dark, looked in at some more shops and found a few trifles.

4th. First to Weiss's, then to the Grüne Gewölbe—another pleasant two hours—then to the Elfs, where we bought some nice Oriental trays, etc. Then to Salomons' to bring away our yesterday's purchases, returning in good time for table d'hôte. Wretched weather, and much rain—no breakfasts in the garden and Pilsner beer luncheons this year! (I must remember the chimes at Salzburg the evening we were there—at six—playing the Minuet de la Cour—in Mozart's own town. I must also remember the great effect of the Lilienstein and the Königstein, as we passed between

them on Thursday. The Sperlins is one of the most characteristic rocks on the river-side and remarkable amidst all this grand scenery). This writing was succeeded by a wretched night. C.S.'s cold has suddenly become worse; it oppressed his throat, and prevented his sleeping, so that we were both very tired and did not enjoy watching the dawn. I got up early, and as soon as any one was about, sent for a doctor, who came (Sunday), in the form of Dr. Faust, about nine o'clock. He found C.S. very poorly with threatenings of bronchitis, for which he ordered preventions. Of course I did not leave him all day except for a few minutes to snatch a hasty dinner. He kept in bed, and by the evening was already much relieved. At night he got some sleep, and so did I, for I was feeling rather worn.

6th. C.S. much better, so I went out after breakfast with my maid from 11. to 2. Visited the Historische Museum, which astonished me by the beauty of the armour and the way it is arranged. It seems to me only second to that I saw (now some years ago) at Madrid. Being anxious to make Dr. Grässe's acquaintance, I went to the Grüne Gewölbe, and waited there until he came in, when I introduced myself, and made an engagement to meet him the following day at the Porcelain Museum. This being arranged, and having still an hour before me, I went and spent that hour among the Porcelain. It was very nice to be there, but I missed my own dear companion very much. It seems as if we do not fully understand or enter into anything unless we see it together. Looked in at Mme. Elf's on my way back. Returned and told him all my adventures, and remained with him (except for my short dinner) the rest of the day. Thank God he improved rapidly, and this morning,

7th, was so much better that Dr. Faust allowed him to go out as usual. The weather too had changed, and became once

more quite hot. By 11. we were at the gallery, where Dr. Grässe presently joined us, and we spent a very pleasant hour with him, discussing many points and obtaining much useful information on Oriental specimens: curiously enough, on Dresden china he is less strong. When we had parted with him, we descended to the Historical Museum, with which C.S. was, I think, even more delighted than myself, and I enjoyed this second view of it much more than I did the first; we came away only when it was closed at 2. The weather was so warm that we ventured upon a little drive before the table d'hôte dinner, and went to some shops, but only found a set of buttons, and a beautiful Tassie of Cromwell. We had intended by this time to be on the Rhine, but this little illness has thrown us back three days and made a change in our plans. Dresden is one vast treasure-house, and I shall look forward, if life be spared, to visiting it again. I was almost sorry not to have been able this time to go to the Brühl Terrace, on to the Grosse Garten, or to visit the Vogel Shooting, in front of which we had passed in the steamer on Thursday. We have not been able to go to the Picture Gallery.

8th. I found all of a sudden yesterday afternoon, that in our interview with Dr. Grässe at the Museum I had taken out my note-case and left it on one of the china cases, so I hurried back there the first thing this morning to reclaim it, which I did. It contained nothing but cards and my passport (which we are never asked for), but I was glad to have it back again. We left Dresden between 11. and 12. o'clock—C.S. much better—the weather hot, but it presently turned to rain (with thunder), which lasted all the rest of the day. We went no farther than Leipzig, hoping we might possibly find some Fries with the printsellers there. One of them (Drugulin) was absent, but the other (Boerner) had two splendid examples, both of them of subjects we already possess: they were very

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dear (£5 each), and we observed that they cost as much in London, to which Boerner replied, "No wonder, for from London they come". We visited the two or three curiosity shops, which had but little in them. One of them, however, possessed a turquoise Battersea ink-stand, with which, but for the price (£22. 10), I should have been sorely tempted. Dined "à part", this table d'hôte being early. A good Hotel—Hauffe's.

9th. Up betimes and off to Hanover, through a dull, flat country. Arrived about one o'clock, and went from the station into the town—some half-hour's distance—taking up our quarters at the Hôtel de Russie (as we thought) for the night. Scarcely, however, had we settled ourselves, and planned a trip over to Herrenhausen, when we discovered that the best train by which we could travel was one that started at 4 P.M. So, as Hanover offered no particular attraction to us (and the only curiosity shop, Seligmann's, was closed on account of his absence), we made a sudden change of plan, hurried to a banker's to get a fresh supply of money, and then packed up hastily and returned to the station. We got off comfortably by this 4 o'clock train, and did not regret having missed our expedition, as there presently came down deluges of rain, which would have prevented our doing anything so rash as driving into the country. Our train was an express, and brought us to Cologne about 9. Part of the way it went at a fearful pace, and we rocked horribly, but arrived all right. Through a most interesting and picturesque country, Minden, Düsseldorf, etc.—full of collieries, ironworks. Hôtel Disch. Supped and went to bed early. I don't think we shall go to that Hotel again, they tease one to buy wine and cigars and tickets and Eau de Cologne.

10th. Looked in at all the curiosity shops. None of them had anything except Bourgeois. His shop is really most

excellently furnished, but his prices are simply outrageous. We got our letters at the Post Office, and then drove about the town, passing the fine old Romanesque churches, the old market, etc., making a little *détour* in the suburbs, and crossing and recrossing the bridge to get the general view. Dined after 4, and went on by a 6. o'clock train to Aachen—a lovely evening—Hôtel Grand Monarque.

11th. At old Florsheim's (see the 1st August last year) we met with a charming little toothpick case, decorated with a Wedgwood plaque, and we found two Wedgwood and Bentley heads (black) at Mercham's. Beyond this the shops presented nothing worth our notice. Before returning to our Hotel, we strolled into the dear old Cathedral—the burial-place of the ancestor of Charlemagne—and a little after 1. left Aachen again by an express train which landed us at Brussels about $\frac{1}{2}$ past 5, the first part of the route, up to Liége, through exquisite scenery. There had been rain most of the day, at Verviers it came down in right earnest. It had, however, cleared off a little before we reached Brussels, and as soon as we had selected our rooms at the Hôtel Mengelle, we started off on foot to Volant's, where C.S. remembered to have seen an Oriental earthenware figure of curious form and rich glaze and decoration. Its only misfortune was that the head was compromised! What we had observed at Dresden made him attach much value to this figure, and he was greatly delighted to find it still unsold. Having secured it we returned for a late dinner to the Hotel.

12th. Went out for a short time after breakfast this morning, and were driven in by the rain. We went early to bed, and were off again by the first train for Ostend next morning.

13th. There had been a gale the previous day, but we were favoured with a beautiful passage, and arrived in London at

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Garland's Hotel before 7. Found all my belongings had left town except Ivor and Cornelia, with whom we went and sat after dinner.

15th. We resumed possession of our home, and went into residence at Langham House on the day following, after an absence from it of 15 months. It was very pleasant to be at home again and amongst all our ceramic and other treasures.



A FINELY DECORATED OLD LEATHER SCREEN OF THE TYPE WHICH LADY CHARLOTTE SOUGHT IN VARIOUS PARTS OF EUROPE, IN FRONT OF WHICH WILL BE SEEN THREE LARGE COLOURED CHINESE JARS AND COVERS BRILLIANTLY DECORATED IN VARIOUS ENAMELS AND SURMOUNTED BY THE SACRED KYLIN
Lord Wimborne's Collection

NOTES CERAMIC

NOVEMBER 1877 TO FEBRUARY 1878

PARIS : BOURGES : TOURS : POITIERS : BORDEAUX : BAYONNE :
SAN SEBASTIAN : BURGOS : VALLADOLID : AVILA : MADRID

Nov. 1877.

8th. Left London by the railway, leaving Charing Cross at 8.50. A.M. There had been something like a storm on the Tuesday evening, so we decided not to start till Thursday—and it was most fortunate that we did so. We had a most brilliant day for our journey—took the tidal boat at Folkestone and had one of the most lovely passages I ever remember—it was quite warm, and I sat on deck basking in the sun and actually enjoying the voyage, which is a great deal for me to say. Bertie went with us. He had spent the previous two days with us in town to be ready for the journey. Kent had looked very beautiful as we passed through it in the morning—the weather was equally bright during the rest of our route. We got into Paris before 7 A.M. and within an hour were at our Hôtel St. Romain, as usual.

9th. The weather colder and some wind, but still fine for the time of year. We took an open carriage and drove about to show Bertie the ruins resulting from the Commune—they are rebuilding the Hôtel de Ville. Paid visits to Pavillet, Fournier and Oppenheim, but bought nothing. Having made this grand tour by the Rue de Rivoli, through the old Place des Tournelles, and along the principal Boulevards, we drove to

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the Champ de Mars to see the buildings in course of erection for the intended exhibition of next year—they are perfectly stupendous; we returned by the Champ de Mars; altogether a most agreeable drive—the City strikes one as more wonderful and more beautiful every time one sees it, but it looks very inanimate at the present moment—came in at half-past four and wrote letters.

10th. Again a lovely day—we made an expedition to Chartres, which was most enjoyable. Leaving Paris by the train at 9.30. we went first to Rambouillet—passing through a very interesting district, Sèvres, Versailles, Saint Cyr, Port Royal, Maintenon, Epernon, etc., names recalling many stirring periods of French history! The view over the City, in the clear bright morning light, very beautiful! We had not much more than half an hour to stay at Rambouillet, but it was quite long enough to get a peep at the old Castle; we luckily found a little carriage to drive into the town. The Château being occupied by the Duc de la Trémouille we could not be admitted into the interior, but we got good views from the gardens. Francis I. is said to have died in one of the rooms of the fine old round tower. A very picturesque market going on in the “Place”. Having taken the train again we reached Chartres about 12.30. and went at once to the Cathedral, where we spent a couple of hours. Perpendicular termination to S.W. tower—exquisite north and south portals—general style First Pointed—three glorious rose windows—visited the crypt and saw, of course, both black Virgins! Later in the day went to find out our Inn (the Duc de Chartres) and then we took a walk round the Boulevards till we came to the Porte St. Guillaume, a fine old specimen of the old military defences—and not far from which we spied a wonderful old staircase tower constructed of wood, enriched by some interesting carvings, among them the Salamander of Francis I. We asked leave

to examine it, and were pleased to find it was one of the regular sights of the town, from which I hope it is likely to be preserved; it is called "L'Escalier de la Reine Berthe"—but why they could not tell me—it is of the end of the 15th century. After this we returned to the Cathedral to see the "Treasure", which consisted of the Sacra Camisia or Virgin's Veil—said to have been given by Charles le Chauve, and placed in a modern reliquary; all the fine old plate was lost at the Revolution. We made a *détour* by the Seminary (in the morning we had gone to the Bishop's Palace, where the Hall is decorated with a curious collection of portraits in panels, sacred, mythological and profane) and got back to the Hotel at dusk; dined at 6—a very good and cheap table d'hôte—and returned to Paris by a 7.30 train arriving at 10. Altogether a very agreeable day. Bertie had been very anxious to see Rambouillet because a Rambouillet had married one of the Layards.

11th. At the English Church. Being rather early, we took a little turn round the Elysée before going into the Chapel. It was a bright morning but rather cold; arranged to go over to St. Denis in the afternoon. Took a train at 3, which landed us there in about a quarter of an hour—got back to Paris about half-past six; we barely caught our train through some mistake about a carriage—and we must remember another time to avoid Sunday for such an expedition. There was a crowd in the Abbey, and the last party for the day was going the round of the Monuments when we arrived—we had to join them, and could see and hear but little. However, I was glad of the glimpse I got, and shall hope to visit the place more satisfactorily another time. With the edifice itself I was delighted—the lightness is wonderful—it looks like a palace of glass. How sad that the windows should have been robbed of all their ancient glory! A strong wind had risen before we left

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St. Denis, and rain came on. We are to leave this early to-morrow.'

12th. We made for a train that we thought was to start at 9.30.—we were misinformed—it started at 9.5. Fortunately we were in such good time that we were able to proceed by it. We went by Orleans and Vierzon (change carriages at both places) to Bourges, which we reached at half-past three (passed Juvisy and Montlhéry of ancient memories; the former reminding us of our triumphant entry in the market-cart into Versailles on the 1st of June, 1871). As soon as we had selected our rooms at the Inn (Hôtel de France) we walked out. It had been a very wet morning, but now the weather cleared. It became quite fine and we had a glorious sunset with very fine lights. Went to the house of Jacques Cœur (now the Hôtel de Ville) the most curious, beautiful and interesting specimen of domestic architecture that I ever saw. We had time to go over it before it became too dark, and we went over all the portions of it that are shown:—the Chapel and the rooms with the fine chimney-pieces. We looked into the courtyard of the Maison de Cujas and then found our way to the Cathedral—but by that time we could not see much, and so we returned to our Inn.

13th. Engaged a carriage and drove about Bourges for some three or four hours in great contentment—the weather lovely. First to the Cathedral; fine beyond description—five rich porches to the West front—no transept—the old glass wonderful: in the Crypt effigy of Jean, Duc de Berri and others. We walked round by the South side, where they are repairing the beautiful Romanesque portal, and so through the gardens of the Bishop's Palace, taking the carriage near the gate removed from St. Ursin's. Next we went to the Lycée (formerly Charles VII.'s Palace—beautiful façade in the court—life-sized figures (domestic) introduced into it, as in the front

of Jacques Cœur's house; after this to the Maison Lallement with its Tourelle, staircase, and exquisite little chapel. We went into two of the Churches—St. Pierre, where we sought vainly for the tomb of Jeanne la Bienheureuse; and Notre Dame, where there is a delicately carved tazza (Cinquecento) used for holding holy water, with the inscription, "Tout se passe, et rien ne dure, Ne ferme chose, tant soit dure. 1507". Spent some time in the Museum, which is very creditable for a provincial town, and then drove about to see various exteriors and to get a general view of the place from a suburb. Came back in time to join the railway train at two o'clock, reaching Tours about half-past six. Near Bourges are houses built in the rock, as near Saumur. Table d'hôte was going on in the long room; we dined at a small side table and spent the evening comfortably in the salon de lecture, which we had most of the time to ourselves.

14th. There was a thick fog or mist in the early morning. This presently cleared off and we had a most lovely day. We walked to the Cathedral, which, though interesting, and possessing some good glass, is far from giving the same pleasure as Chartres and Bourges and St. Denis. Two weddings ("petits mariages de bourgeois" as the Sacristan expressed it) were going on when we were there. We looked into the Cloisters, which are of late date, and wretchedly dilapidated. Visited the charming house built by Jean Xaincoings, temp. Charles VII., and the house of Anne of Brittany, which is very curious, with the ropes as decorations and mouldings. We ascended the 92 steps in the tourelle and were rewarded by a good view over the City, including the Tour de Charlemagne and that of St. Martin existing from the old Cathedral. There is a very good fountain in the market-place with the devices of Louis and Anne (their two children have a tomb in the Cathedral). It might with advantage be copied for the garden at Canford.

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We made a circuit of the town after we had seen the principal objects within it, along the banks of the Loire. It was very pleasant but Tours does not interest me as do many other places. I felt the same when I came to it 8 years ago. We left about 3. and got to Poitiers about 6; an immense table d'hôte; we were put at a side table laid for four, and the waitress announced that Monsieur le Général (of the Division) was to occupy the fourth place, but he did not make his appearance. In the evening we sat in a warm salle de lecture. The cooking had been very bad, from which more than one of us suffered, but, after a good night, we were all right the next morning. (The supposed field of battle between Abd-er-Rahman and Charles Martel is at St. Maure on the road from Tours to Poitiers.)

15th. A most delightful morning we had! We took a carriage and drove about this most delightful Poitiers. When we had passed it in October 1875, we made a resolution to visit it on the first opportunity; we were fully repaid for doing so; our only drawback to-day was a thick mist which prevented our getting any very extended view. Our first point was the Salle des Pas Perdus, with its remarkable fireplaces, staircases and music gallery, occupying one end of it. The balustrade would make a fitting design for the exterior of Canford. Thence we walked round to look at the old Palace of Charles VII., richly decorated; then to the "Prévôté", now devoted to educational purposes—very curious. There must be a fine view from it which the mist hid from our eyes. The most beautiful object in the whole town is the West front of Notre Dame, entirely covered with Romanesque ornamentations. We went into the church. Good circular Apsidal chapels—all simple, but very excellent. We went after this to St. Jean de Montierneuf (of the same date and containing a tomb of Count William of Aquitaine), to St. Radegonde, with sarcophagus in

a kind of crypt under the choir, to St. Hilaire (whose tomb is arranged in a similar manner), and to the Cathedral (St. Pierre) which was founded by Henry II. of England and is remarkable for the domical roofing of the bays of the nave similar to that of the Hospice of St. Jean founded by him at Angers. The most curious thing in Poitiers is the Temple de St. Jean—evidently a Baptistery and of the most ancient construction, with what we should call, in England, Saxon arches. It is said to be the oldest building in France. After driving round by the Blossac gardens and looking at the scanty remains of the Roman Amphitheatre we finished our morning's diversions by a visit to the Musée, which is now transferred to the handsome modern Hôtel de Ville. The Musée is in course of arrangement; we were admitted to it by favour of the Directors, who were busily engaged at the task, but I fear their knowledge is somewhat defective as they insisted upon it that two Wedgwood medallion portraits of black basalt were made of "fer de Berlin". Left Poitiers at 2 o'clock by the express for Bordeaux. At Angoulême we left the carriage to get a biscuit at the buffet and were astonished at the appearance of two old Dowlais friends, Martin and Menelaus, who were on their way to Bilbao to look after the iron mines there, which Ivor owns. We made Menelaus come in and talk with us the rest of our way to Bordeaux. Put up at the Hôtel des Princes et de la Paix—pretty good but rather extortionate.

16th. The fog or mist (which had cleared up and left the clearest sky and the most golden sunset, yesterday, over the level lands) returned this morning. However, we went out as Bertie wanted to see the town. First on foot to the Cathedral; then to Mme. Soyer's. The old lady was absent and her husband dead. There did not seem to be anything of the slightest interest in the shop; after this we returned to the Place and got a carriage, which we had opened for us. We

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drove about to see the town. First along the Quai, then by the Jardin des Plantes; then to the Museum, where the best things we saw were two early Christian sarcophagi, with very rich and beautiful carving. After this to the Church of St. Michel, and then to that of St. Croix, whose fine Romanesque front is the most interesting thing in Bordeaux. Two grand old gates, however, still remain, one of them the entrance to the Palace where the Governor lived in the English times (now pulled down).

17th. I did not go out in the morning but sat writing in my room till time for a hasty luncheon before leaving at 2. A slow train which took us 6 hours to reach Bayonne; did not get to the Hotel till 9. Hôtel St. Etienne, where we were before—coffee and to bed.

Sunday, 18th. Went to the Protestant Church, where we expected an English service, but we found an old gentlemen expounding the Scriptures in French, introducing some singing and finishing with a very good extemporary prayer. There was not a very large attendance. They said the Protestants numbered about 200 at Bayonne. In the afternoon we took a carriage and drove to see Lord Howden's Villa, and the cemetery of the Coldstream Guards. [Lord Howden had been our Minister in Madrid and had built himself a château near Bayonne. He called it Castle Caradoc.] We then drove over to Biarritz. Met Lord and Lady Elcho on the beach [the present Earl of Wemyss, who was born in 1818, and became the 9th Earl in 1883. He married, first, the second daughter of the Earl of Lichfield]; got back for a late dinner. In the morning after church we had gone to the Cathedral, and explored the Cloisters, and had walked about the ramparts.

19th. Left Bayonne by the train a little before 1. All the morning had been taken up at the Banker's and money-changer's, so we saw nothing more of the town before starting.



SWANSEA AND NANTGARW PORCELAIN.

No. 1.—An elaborate example of Nantgarw, with impressed "Nantgarw, C.W." No. 2.—A Swansea example, with the name impressed and a trademark. No. 3.—A Nantgarw Plate, showing a deep blue ground and the Chinese style of decoration, long so popular in the XVIII. Century. No. 4.—Characteristic example of Tray of Nantgarw. (From the *Schwartz Collection*.)

In some 3 hours were at San Sebastian, in Spain, having passed through that interesting historical district of the Ile des Faisans, Bidassoa, St. Jean de Luz, etc. It was a mild and melancholy-feeling afternoon. There was no sun, but it was very warm. We walked along the beach for some way. I had no idea that San Sebastian was such a beautiful place. The old Castle overlooking the bay on one side, on the other an eminence crowned by a ruined fort, and between both, the Island with its Lighthouse. I could but think of the scene enacted so short a time ago when Enid helped Serrano [the famous Spanish statesman and Regent of Spain; at one time the lover of Queen Isabella II. and hated by her husband Francisco de Assisi. He belonged to some of the many inefficient and corrupt Ministries that rose and fell before Isabella departed from Spain in 1868] to escape, and his life was saved by his accompanying them down to this place; where they got him put on board a ship. It was an anxious time for her; she walked arm in arm with him from the railway station to the water's edge, and after she had seen him safe on board she had the horror of hearing that the authorities had insisted on searching the vessel, in which case he was certain to be found and most probably sacrificed—but Henry said that all the goods that had been shipped done were so under his sanction and liable to no duty, and all ended well. We walked through the old town and the Plaza; looked into the Cathedral, which was only dimly lighted by candles. Dined at table d'hôte. Bertie not very well; early to bed. Our hotel (the Londres) was extremely comfortable, but I was waked about 3 by a violent storm and by a persecution by mosquitoes (which made me a sad object) and I did not get asleep afterwards.

20th. We had to be up early to go on by the train at $\frac{1}{4}$ past 8. It then poured with rain and we had rain during

all the first part of our journey and through the grand Pyrenean mountains. I think I never felt so hopelessly depressed as I did during these first few hours of Spanish travel, but the oppression wore off by degrees, and in the evening the sun came out and set most splendidly; there was a beautiful rainbow. Reached Burgos at $\frac{1}{2}$ past 5. Hôtel Rafaela—very good and comfortable, much to my surprise, for I remember that the Inn at Burgos when we were last there was most wretched. But then we put up at the "Norte". We arrived in time for the table d'hôte dinner.

21st. Walked out after breakfast. First, of course, to the Cathedral, where we spent a long time; went into the Constable's Chapel, and then saw the beautiful treasure in silver and gold, including a cross by d'Arfe; went into the Cloisters and the Sacristies and were shown the box which the Cid pledged to the Jews with nothing but stones within it; and visited several of the Chapels. I think the Cathedral impressed me more than last time, though I am more than ever struck with the incongruity of the Renaissance additions and interpolations, beautiful as they are. In the afternoon we took a carriage and drove first to the Cartuja; delighted with the effigies of John II., his wife and their son Alfonso, erected by Isabella of Castile, John's daughter; the work on these tombs surpassed anything I ever saw (we were here at our last visit)—only 3 poor monks remain of all the confraternity. We went into their court and looked into one of their cells; after this to Las Huelgas. The principal part of the church is reserved to the nuns and no one has the permission to go into it; when we got there it so happened that the nuns were all at prayers and we were allowed to see them through a grating; there is much that is curious about Las Huelgas, but it pleased me less than the Cartuja (de Miraflores). Santiago, with the movable arm wherewith Kings were knighted

—the machinery is now set fast—the small hamlet or group of houses in which Las Huelgas is placed, presents a sad picture of misery, and all around is dilapidated; of course we could not see any of the tombs of the Kings as they are in the part assigned to the nuns. Returning to the town we drove up to the site of the Cid's house and walked in the cemetery above it—remarked the tomb of an old woman who died lately, aged 108. Note: one of the loveliest sunsets imaginable seen from this spot; the day had been mild and sunny. An English gentleman whom we met at the table d'hôte last evening accompanied us on this drive. When we returned from it we walked a little about the town till dinner-time.

22nd. Again to the Cathedral, of which we wished to take a last look, and where we went into the Chapel of the Presentation. Tried to get into the Church of St. Nicolas, but it was shut; went on to that of St. Esteban; entrance through the Cloister. Very pretty grouping standing in the Nave and looking north-west. A good view of its fine west doorway and rose window as you mount towards the Castle, to the summit of which we afterwards made our way. We were rewarded by a fine view but were not allowed to go into the enclosure of the Castle itself as we had not the Governor's order. As we came down we observed a low wall, recently built, made up of fragments of richly carved stones, evidently the débris of some church or Palace. After our walk up to the Castle we found out the church of San Gil, with which we were extremely pleased. The iron pulpit was quite worthy of having been engraved by Street. Looked into the ruins and some desecrated portions of an old convent, now turned into a military store. We finished our long walk by a visit to the Town Hall to see the chair of St. Calvo and the bones of the Cid and his Ximena; and by the nearer inspection of the interesting old gateway, Santa Maria, dressed up by Charles V.

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with his own effigy and those of Burgos worthies. In the course of our walk we had looked at some old houses, and tried to find that mentioned by Murray as of the 10th century, the Casa del Conde Villariego in the Calle de los Avellanos, but I fear it is pulled down and a new dwelling built on its site. The most interesting and beautiful of the palaces we saw, the Casa del Cordon (a Friar Palace) is now inhabited by the Captain-General. The day bright but colder. We dined at 4 and went on by a 6 o'clock train to Valladolid. Bertie so poorly this morning that we doubted whether to return home. Our Hotel at Valladolid was Del Siglo. I was surprised at the accommodation here and at Burgos, where it was so wretched a short time ago.

23rd. We took a guide and went out to explore. He first took us into the church of San Lorenzo, where I failed to see anything to admire; then to those of San Michel and Juliano, where we found nothing remarkable except two sacristies decorated with rows of reliquaries all of bad date, and of rude manufacture. We tried to get into San Benito, but it is now used as a barrack store and we could not be admitted. Delighted with the rich flamboyant façade of San Pablo (the upper part poorer, in flat Renaissance, but the tout ensemble very grand) and the entrance to San Gregorio. Went, there, into the Patio, which I well remember from last time, beautiful colonnade and upper arcade with carvings, arms. And very fine ceilings in some of the apartments, now used as a school. With some difficulty we got into the Church of San Pablo; fine interior but much marred by the heavy western choir. As the time was now getting on we proceeded from this place to the Museum (in the old Collegio de Santa Cruz), which shuts early. We were taken through the usual dreary round of wretched daubs called pictures, and staring Saints and Pasos till we came to the fine Sillerias of Berruguete (bought

from San Benito) and the magnificent bronze doré figures of the Duc de Lerma and his wife. Having looked into the Patio of the Universidad, we went into the Cathedral, which is a vast mountain of uninteresting masonry: we tried, but in vain, to obtain a sight of d'Arfe's Custodia. Most charming are the two Campaniles of Santa Maria and St. Martin—Romanesque: their interiors have been sadly mutilated, but in the former church there still remain, on the south side, two beautiful 15th century retablos. Gondomar, Raleigh's fatal enemy, is buried in one of the Valladolid churches, I forget in which. Having finished the sights we made an attempt to find some curiosities, but we did not succeed. The man who last time had a Cinquecento jewel had nothing now, and the only curiosity shop could not be seen because the owner was out. After Bertie went in to rest, we roamed about a little through the Rastro, where has been lately erected a bad statue of Cervantes, and the Plaza Mayor, which before we returned for dinner was crowded with loungers in the arcades.

24th. Slept till 2, then roused and awaited 4 o'clock, when we got up. Our train left at $\frac{1}{2}$ past 6 o'clock. It was 1 when we got to Avila, passing through Medina del Campo, which seems a very curious old place, and from its associations with Isabella and Juana la Loca most interesting. It was a very pleasant journey; we dined very well at the buffet before walking up to the Hotel at Avila, having sent our baggage on before us by the omnibus. Our old friend, Smith, the Englishman, has left the Hotel and gone to Bilbao, consequently it is not nearly so nicely kept, but we did very well, and the hostess was fat and good-tempered—indeed most accommodating. We spent our afternoon out of doors. First we visited the Cathedral. The façade late but very good, the interior very early and most charming—curious construction on the Apse. Two exquisite metal pulpits (non gilt): we had the great good

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fortune to be shown a magnificent custodia by d'Arfe—signed 1507. Took a walk round the whole circuit of the town outside the walls. It was a lovely evening and we had a gorgeous sunset. The table d'hôte not very attractive.

25th. Another day at Avila, which is more and more delightful the more one sees of it—San Pedro—Romanesque, very good—the Cloisters of the Cathedral—San Vicente with beautiful tomb of the Saint and curious representation of his martyrdom with those of the two saintesses. San Andres, a little farther from the walls—thence across the granite-strewn declivity to San Tomas. We were fortunate in arriving there just before the church was opened (at 2) for the monks' service, which they celebrated in the Coro Alto, while we feasted our eyes on the exquisite monumental effigy of Isabella's young son, Don Juan, whose early death changed the destinies of Spain and of the world. His two attendants and the husband of the female one (Juan Velasquez, who caused the four to be made) have monuments in the north part of the church. After this we came in to some luncheon and then went out again to explore; saw some of the old houses; among them that of the former Condes de Polentinos, now a military seminary (where we were shown over the military museum by a polite Spanish officer, rather to our disgust, as we were losing precious daylight), and that which bears the legend, "Donde una puerta si cierra, otra se abre". ("Where one door closes, another opens.") Did not go in till dusk. Table d'hôte far from agreeable. One end of the table occupied by a noisy party, who sat drinking, singing and smoking till 10. o'clock.

26th. A day always sad to me [the death of Sir J. John Guest, M.P., to whom Lady Charlotte had then been married twenty years, during which time ten children were born to them.]—a quarter of a century ago I was left a widow. We did not leave Avila till the train at $\frac{1}{2}$ past 1. Before

we went, C.S. and I walked into the Cathedral and studied the monument of Bishop Tostado, by Berruguete, at the back of the choir. We could not get up to the fine retablo over the High Altar, curious for its flamboyant decoration and almost Renaissance setting. As we were returning to the Hotel, Bertie met us, with our new acquaintance of Burgos, whose name we find to be Myers, and they told us that they had gained access to a nobleman's house, restored and kept up in the olden style. They took us to see it; the Patio is very good, with one of the uncouth Toros in the centre; the rooms are pretty, decked with appropriate furniture and some tapestry, and from the defending tower, which we mounted, the view was glorious. I could not make out from the servants the name of the owner. We hurried back to take the omnibus to the station. It was scarcely more than five o'clock and still quite light when we reached the Escorial. The journey was singularly agreeable, for the air was quite clear and the views over plain and mountain, lighted up by the winter sun, most beautiful. The omnibus took Bertie, maid and luggage up to the town; we walked, and on reaching the village had an animated scene with the natives before we ascertained that the "Miranda" was the best, if not the only, Hotel. We found it, contrary to our expectations, most comfortable. Dinner and bed.

27th. As soon as the sights were open we were afoot, accompanied by a most intelligent guide (Louis Adrian) who spoke very tolerable French. We went through the usual routine—first the Palace of Charles III., then that of Philip II., then the church, the Pantheon, the Coro, the Sacristy and the Library. I seemed to remember all as if I had seen it six days instead of six years ago. On this second visit I was more particularly struck with the Goya Tapestries, the bronze doré effigies of Charles V. and Philip and their families, the needlework on some of the Vestments, and the illuminated Manuscripts.

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Philip II.'s bedroom in which he died has been slightly altered—a print like one we have has been removed; it may have been placed there after his time, otherwise all seems as heretofore. Henry and Enid accompanied a party to the Pantheon some years ago, and the tomb of Charles V. was opened; Palmeroli made a sketch of the hero's remains, I have a photograph of it. Having seen, thoroughly, all that is shown of the church we went through the garden to the Casita del Principe—a pretty little cottage-sized villa, with very elaborate ceilings resembling Vienna china in decoration. The Buen Retiro plaques which cover the walls of one of the rooms were of great interest to us, as amongst them we found four which were duplicates of those which we possess, and which we bought in Paris immediately after our last visit to this place—they were sold to us as “Wedgwood”, we bought them under the strong impression of their being Buen Retiro, and it was a great pleasure to us to have our judgment confirmed by finding the very duplicates in this place. [These are illustrated here.] We returned to our Inn for an early dinner and then went back to the train in the same order that we came, and at $\frac{1}{2}$ past 5 left for Madrid, arriving there at $\frac{1}{2}$ past 7. We went to the Hôtel de los Embajadores, where we have small but very convenient rooms. It seemed a great change after having been the three previous visits so happily entertained by Henry and Enid.

28th. At the Embassy. The first thing was to get our letters. I got one from Ivor and one from Enid—thank God, all well. I had a wretched dream about her that last night at Avila, which impressed me so much as to make me hysterical—a thing which I believe never happened to me before, but as Chaucer says, “Lo what a great thing is affection. Men may die of imagination so deep may impression betake”. C.S. and Bertie went for a walk and at the Palace found a grand

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reception going on in honour of the young King's birthday. [Alfonso XII., the father of the present King and son of Isabella II.] C.S. came back to fetch me, and we stood for some time under the archway of the Palace watching the different groups that went in and out, in their brilliant costumes, to do their homage. Later in the afternoon we walked to the Prado, which was less gay than usual; the whole of Madrid is, however, looking very pretty, and like the rest of the country has assumed a most flourishing aspect since we were here last.

29th. We went out early and spent most of the day visiting the curiosity shops, which have become very grand and splendid since we were last here, but we saw very little to reward our pains and worth putting into our collection. Braccio has some good tables and Urnas, and we got two pieces of glass; strolled down to Rastro.

30th. Called on Mme. Riaño and paid her a long visit, then went through the few remaining curiosity shops in that neighbourhood, and then, after a hearty luncheon in the Puerta del Sol, went to the Embassy to return Lady Walsham's visit—she was out. [The wife of Sir John Walsham, Secretary to the Legation at Madrid, 1875-8.] Got home before ten.

DECEMBER 1877

MADRID: GUADALAJARA: SARAGOSSA: LERIDA: BARCELONA:
TARRAGONA: CASTELLON DE LA PLANA: VALENCIA: JATIVA:
TARRAGONA: ALICANTE

December 1st. We did not go out before 1. o'clock, when we went to the picture gallery and spent there upwards of two hours—the sun had come out meanwhile. The copying artist Grau was at the Musée and accompanied us in our survey. All the principal works I seem to remember as if I had only seen them yesterday—it is five years since we were here last. On leaving the Musée we took a long walk to the Calle

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Serrano to find one Miro, of whom we formerly bought antiquities; he was absent, but we saw his wife, who told us he had given up the trade.

2nd. Went to service at the Embassy—a very good sermon. Old Col. Fitch held the plate, but he did not recognise us so we took no notice; his mania is to take everybody up to the cemetery, whither we had no wish to go, so we thought it safer to pass on. In the afternoon we walked to the Buen Retiro gardens, and spent there a most agreeable time; found people skating in an upper part of the Park and a band of music. Fine view over the country towards Toledo; as the evening drew on there was a threatening of rain; however, it passed off.

3rd. Walked out early and went to the Archæological Museum, where we stayed till it closed at 3. Wonderful collection of coins, and many very interesting objects, especially those of the Moorish period. Dined with the Walshams at the Embassy; met the Riaños, Mr. Hare, and Mr. Malone; a pleasant evening. It seemed very curious to see the place where we spent so many pleasant days, now that Henry and Enid have left it.

4th. The Armoury and the Stables; with the former more delighted than ever. At the Stables we saw all the decorative harness; the carriage in which Juana la Loca is said to have driven about with the dead body of her husband is withdrawn from the show, but I believe it was an equipage of a much later date; the King's horse was being saddled for him as we went through the stables. We paid some visits in the afternoon, but only found Mrs. Hunt at home. Fine weather but cold.

5th. Up before the day and took the train at 7 for Toledo, which we did not reach till $\frac{1}{2}$ past 10. It was one of the most brilliant sunrises I ever saw, and the day remained beautifully clear till midday, when it became somewhat clouded over. The omnibus took us into the town, and at the Hotel we got a

very bad guide to take us to the "sights" of the town; we had seen most of them more than once before, but it was pleasant to see them again. We went first to see the principal Moorish and Jewish antiquities—to the Casa de Mesa, the Maria la Blanca, the Synagogue of Levi, and the Taller del Moro. In the first of these there is now a theatre—it is for sale; we also went to the late Gothic church de los Reyes; we were there when Cole ordered facsimiles to be made of one of the doorways in the cloisters. Having stopped at the Hotel for a hurried luncheon it was nearly $\frac{1}{2}$ past three before we sallied forth, and by the time we got to the Cathedral, service was going on, so we could not go into the Coro; we were particularly anxious to see the Silleria, as Robinson has just published a letter in the *Times* to say that the carvings representing the fall of Granada have been very wantonly mutilated. We went into the two large Chapels at the East end, St. Ildefonso and the other, and saw the tomb of Alvarez de Luna and his wife. Walked on to the Hospital of Santa Cruz, and the little Mosque now called Cristo de la Luz, which was the most beautiful and complete thing we had seen all day. Then we hurried back to the Cathedral, hoping the service would be over and that we might get into the Coro, but we found all closed for the day—after this disappointment we walked down to the station and returned by a 5 o'clock train to Madrid. The visit had been a hurried one and not *altogether* satisfactory.

6th. Called on the Riaños and got from them some renseignements for our journey; also left with them some of the trifles we had picked up in Spain. In the afternoon C.S. and I accompanied Cavalelli to some of the dealers we had not yet found out, and we bought two very pretty pairs of buckles and wrist ornaments at one of them, of which, to my great disgust, my pocket was picked on my way home. Called at the Conde

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de Valencia's and at the Embassy, but found no one at home. This evening we have been packing up and preparing for a very early start to-morrow. The weather lovely, more like spring than winter, but we hear of snow at the Escorial.

7th. Left Madrid at 7. As usual a hurried start, and a bad night for me in anticipation of it, as I always have to wake everybody else, and so am on the watch most of the night. A heavy mist for the first part of the way, which cleared off before we got to Guadalajara; however, the day not brilliant, but it was mild and we were only too glad that it did not rain. We put up at the only little Inn in the place, the Fonda del Norte or del Moro. There they did their best to make us comfortable. The beds were clean and the food very good, but the town is in such a wretched condition in its sanitary arrangements that the smells were everywhere rather trying. The good woman of the house gave us excellent partridges and trout and sweetmeats, and we were glad to breakfast soon after we arrived. Then we went to see the sights of the place. I had long wished to see the Duke of Infantado's Palace, which is full of associations: Cardinal Mendoza, who died there; Francis I., who lived there and was treated to the sight of a grand tournament from its windows; and Philip II., who spent there his honeymoon with Elizabeth de Valois. It is sad that the French did so much to injure it, but much still remains to testify in its favour towards its former splendours. The Patio is well known and the ceilings are magnificent. I think I most admired a small one that had been lately discovered in a part of the Palace now used as a species of Literary Society. It is more pure and severe in style than the grand stalactite ceiling of the long saloon, where, however, the figures in the cornice are simply marvellous. Went on the balcony overlooking the gardens, and indeed examined every part. The ceiling in the long saloon has in

part given way and is propped—they say it is in course of being repaired, but I saw no signs of it. We walked about the town all the afternoon till dark. C.S. had found out that there was a Professor in the town who spoke English, French, and German. He went to inquire for him, and found him with a young Englishman who is studying Spanish. He comes from Wolverhampton, is named Walker, and learns Spanish in the interest of his father's business with the Philippine Islands—who is an ironmaster. Poor youth, he is condemned to stay a twelvemonth in this wretched place. I felt quite sorry for him. He came and accompanied us during our walk. Through the kindness of the Professor (Don Tomas) we got access to the "Pantheon" of the Duke's family. All the Urnas remain in the same state of ruin as they were left by the French. The Pantheon is an evident imitation of that of the Escorial. The Castle where it is situated commands a good view. We went into the church of Santa Maria, where there is nothing remarkable but the horse-shoe arches of the West and South entrances. Saw the Patio of the Institute, not remarkable. The thing which, after the Palace, interested me most, was the remains of St. Miguel: surely it is Moorish, and the cornice with crosses is an addition, probably made when the church was converted to Christian worship (as the inscription says) in 1540(?) Its Cloisters mentioned by Street no longer exist. We could not learn what had become of the tomb of Doña A. de Mendoza, said by Murray to be in the Musée. Dined at 6. Some agreeable people there from Barcelona.

8th. Went on to Saragossa; a long day's journey, but through an interesting country. The weather perfectly lovely; we enjoyed it very much. Siguenza stands finely, and we had a good view of it from the railway, regretting that we could not stop to visit it. Medinaceli very picturesque on the

hill. A very bad dinner at the buffet at Calatayud. Reached Saragossa at about 9. Hôtel Cuatro Naciones—good.

9th. Remained all day at Saragossa; after breakfast went into La Seo (the old Cathedral), where the only thing I cared for was the North-East wall and turret, moulded brick and azulejos—the brick architecture of this town is very remarkable and very beautiful—also the Torre Nueva, the Campanile of San Pablo, and another. Likewise the charming Patios, that built by the merchant Laporta (with date 1550), and one in the Calle de Espoz y Mina. (We could not find one mentioned by Murray as being in the Calle Santiago.) At one o'clock we got into a carriage and drove about the town and neighbourhood. Went first to see the fine view of the city from the adjacent eminence; it is very imposing and backed by mountains in the distance, some of them tipped with snow. Santa Fé in the opposite direction stood out finely.

10th. Off by train at 7, reaching Lerida at 2—a wet day and a dull stupid country, the only striking points being the raised Castle of Monzon. By the time we got to Lerida C.S. was so poorly with his cold that nous autres had to attend to the luggage and there was a delay of nearly an hour before we could get it and proceed to the Hotel (Fonda de España)—*most* comfortable and very nice rooms. C.S. went to bed early in the afternoon; I sat with him; Bertie took a long ramble alone; weather not good.

11th. Not up very early. C.S. felt sufficiently well to prosecute his journey, being indeed anxious to get to the better climate and more civilised town of Barcelona. Meanwhile Bertie and I set out to see the place after breakfast. We got the Governor's order and taking with us a guide, went to see the old Cathedral now used as a Barracks. It is quite one of the finest things I have met with in Spain and it is very sad that it should be so misused. Its position and the view from

it perfectly magnificent. We were rather hurried and I did not manage to see the South doors, for which I was very sorry. As we walked back through the town we looked into San Lorenzo, which it was almost too dark to see, and passed the old Lonja with its decorative façade (the Patio is painted and plastered in the style of a modern gin-palace). The church of San Juan is demolished. We hastened back to our Hotel, and found we need not have done so as there were nearly two hours to spare. Took luncheon and left Lerida about 2., reaching Barcelona in the evening. Rather a dull journey, as much of it was in the dark. Sorry to pass Manresa without stopping to see it—but it might be made an expedition from Barcelona.

12th. One of the loveliest of all lovely days; quite warm; C.S. much better; we went out after breakfast and stayed out most of the day. The Poste Restante was shut when we first went there; lounged in the Promenade overlooking the sea and basked in the sunshine. It suddenly occurred to us that it was to-day that Giovanni, the maître d'hôtel, was to set out in one of the Marseilles boats with the goods he had been packing up at Madrid and is to take to Constantinople for Henry. So we went in search of him and found him at the Consul's Office, just starting. He has 137 cases of their furniture, etc., with him, and expects to be a fortnight before he reaches his destination. We looked into the only curiosity (or rather rubbish) shop of the town in the Calle Ancha, and walked through the Plateria without result. After 4. returned to the Post Office and got our letters—all well, thank God, up to the 7th. Heard from Ivor and Constance.

13th. C.S. not so well and the day less fine and genial, so he has not been out and I have sat with him, working, writing, and reading, all the morning. I am not sorry to have a day of quiet rest, but cannot help feeling very anxious. This climate is considered very mild (witness the open-air flowers that fill

the market) and that is in his favour. After this went to post letters and found one from Ivor to C.S. dated the 8th and with good accounts of all—no further events that day.

14th. C.S. still very poorly; again he did not leave the house; it rained all the morning. In the afternoon I went out a little with Bertie, who wanted a glass for his watch; and we walked a little about the town, passing some of the old buildings and looking into the Cloisters of the Cathedral, which I so well remember seven years ago. An anxious day for me and always an anniversary.

15th. A brilliant morning; hot sun and cold air, for the wind came from the North-East, where snow had fallen yesterday in the mountains. C.S. went out a little; we walked near the Port, but he soon found it too trying and he came in. He sent me to the Consul's to inquire the name of the Doctor in case he should get worse and require one.

I found Mr. Pratt in and had a long talk with him: then I returned and sat with C.S. the rest of the day. The short walk he had taken had, mercifully, done him good, though I expected it would have given him fresh cold. Bertie, meanwhile, has each day taken long walks about the city.

16th. When we were here seven years ago there was English Church Service here; now it is given up. The Consul told me that a Wesleyan has a Service which is well attended, but I forgot to ask him when it was. The day being quite lovely, warm and genial, and C.S. being, thank God, much better, we walked out together in the morning; scaled the heights of Montjuich, enjoying as we went the beautiful view over the Mediterranean. On reaching the fortress we sent in our cards and were admitted. An officer came and very politely accompanied us to the top of the building, whence the views all round are most magnificent. Watched the Valencia steamer enter the harbour; the wind had got up a little on a sudden,

and the sails of the little boats and vessels added to the picturesqueness of the prospect. It was a very agreeable expedition, and we were right glad to be out together again. Since our return C.S. has been out to read the papers at the Club. He is introduced there by Mr. Guinness, whom we had met at table d'hôte; an agreeable Irishman who has set up paper mills at Lerida.

17th. We went out after breakfast; made an appointment to meet the jeweller, Carreras, at his house in the afternoon to see his antiquities, and then went on to the Cathedral, with which C.S. is as much delighted as I am. Found our way into the disused church of Santa Agata, which is now converted into a Museum of ancient sculptures and remains brought from Roman ruins and from desecrated monasteries. (Note a head of Augustus Cæsar finely carved.) From this to the Casa Consistorial, much modernised, but having still a good Patio, with rich decoration and grand old Hall, much spoiled, but still possessing its columns and arches. They were drawing for a Lottery in it when we were there. After this we hurried to keep our appointment with Señor Carreras, and were rather surprised to find the splendour in which he lived. The staircase marble—a large suite of apartments beautifully furnished—a smoking-room fitted up in the Moorish style—a salon de danse decorated with wall paintings à la Boucher—and a Terrace, oh, such a Terrace! for his flowers—add to this that there was a bathroom, and that his kitchen was cased in tiles, above, below, around—and I have described a place fit for an English nobleman to live in. We were charmed at such signs of prosperity, and think it augurs well for the future of Barcelona that its tradesmen are able to inhabit such quarters. Building is going on actively in all directions, and most of the houses seem to be of as good description as that inhabited by Señor Carreras. As to his “antiquities”, they were of the

most insignificant kind, but they looked very pretty arranged in shelves in a division of his bookcase, under glass. We have not seen a vestige of anything old and good in any of the shops; except *one* ear-ring—the pair had been spoilt by an English lady who had insisted upon buying the fellow to it, otherwise we might have invested as it was characteristic of the art of the district. On leaving our new friend (Calle Mendez Nuñez) Bertie took us a long walk, along the Paseo de Gracia, and past the new University—so through a number of streets new to us till we came to the Hospital (evidently built late in the 15th century), and we ended our day's wanderings by visiting a Club in the Calle del Olmo. The object of this Institution has been to collect and chronicle fragments of ancient art; the design was very meritorious—the result shows how little there was in this locality worth preserving.

18th. We lingered about the Cathedral this morning, and then had a rich treat in examining the Cloisters, stairs and other portions of the "Audiencia", which is quite one of the most interesting circular buildings I know. We took a carriage after midday and went to St. Pablo's; the officer on guard was very polite and readily took us to see the old cloisters—or Patio as they are now called; for the buildings attached to the church are now used as Barracks—the arches of the Cloister most remarkable and quite Moorish in character. After this we tried to get into some other churches, but they were shut, so we contented ourselves with going to look at the fine old Hall which still exists at the Lonja, and then drove to the Park. Then we returned to the Cathedral, where Bertie realised his fondest hope of seeing the mummified remains of St. Oldegar at the back of the altar in the chapel dedicated to that imaginary saint; we also stayed some time in the Coro, examining its elaborate stalls and the inscriptions of the



ONE OF THREE JARS OF FAMILLE NOIR 25 INCHES IN HEIGHT. APART FROM THE RESERVES CONTAINING THE COATS OF ARMS THE BODIES OF THE PIECES ARE COVERED WITH BRILLIANT ENAMELLED DESIGNS OF FLOWERS AND ORNAMENTS
Lord Wimborne's Collection

Knights of the Golden Fleece, put up when Charles V. held a Chapter of the Order there in 1519; our Henry VIII. was of course among the number.

19th. Not off very early, and our whole morning was taken up in getting money from our Banker, in having our French and English money changed, and in making a visit to the Consul, Mr. Pratt, to take leave and to thank him for his attentions—he has been lending us the *Times* newspaper since we have been here. After this we again made vain attempts to get into some of the churches, so giving that up for the present we took a carriage and drove to the upper part of the City under the mountains. After we had got some way beyond the Paseo de Gracia, the road becomes so bad that our horse could hardly proceed and we were obliged to get out and walk. As good luck would have it, we happened in our explorations to come to a garden in which the owner and his men were working; they invited us in and from this place we got a grand view over the city. One of the gardeners brought the keys and took us to the rough ground above the garden, whence the prospect was truly magnificent—I think the finest I ever saw—Montjuich—the town itself with its Cathedral and the tower of Sta. Maria del Mar—the harbour—the Vega—the vast Mediterranean—and it *was* such a splendid evening! so still, so sunny, so bright; I think this little scramble to the heights above the garden was about the pleasantest incident of our stay at Barcelona. I had no idea from my last visit (seven years ago) that Barcelona could have been such an exquisitely lovely place; we are to leave it very early to-morrow morning—at 5 o'clock—so we do not propose to go through the ceremony of getting into bed—being very sleepy, however, I mean to lie down for a few hours.

20th. Up, according to arrangements, and at the train at 5 o'clock—beautiful moonlight, so bright as to light up the

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country—the moon was up long after the dawn, and we had a lovely sunrise. Fine views of Montserrat, recalling our expedition thither in 1870. Reached Tarragona before 9., and while the luggage was sent on the omnibus we walked up by a short cut to the Hotel. Went to the Cathedral while breakfast was preparing. Interior very fine and retablo formed of rich marbles. But my great delight is the Cloisters, which I so well remember on our former visit, of the most exquisite Romanesque style—late as introducing the dog-tooth ornament, but most beautiful. The south door as well as the west façade very good. After breakfast and soon after midday we took a carriage and drove to the Aqueduct, where we walked and explored for some time; then drove round the walls of the town and on to the so-called Scipio Monument. A large party was gathered there at its base, consisting of a young priest and his school-boys, who were singing very prettily—some of the youths were amusing themselves by climbing to the top of the building. It was altogether a very picturesque scene, the blue Mediterranean below us and all the scenery so lovely. We were out with our open carriage three hours; there was a little wind in going but it was delicious coming back. Returned to the town, we spent some time at the rich Museum of Roman Antiquities, and then stayed till dark at the Cathedral and in the Cloisters. Our Hotel, the Europa, most excellent. Tried, after dinner, to find a man with antiquities, but he only possessed antique specimens of the larger kind, all of which he had lent to the Museum—nothing in our line.

21st. Left Tarragona at 9.30 for Castellon de la Plana.

22nd. C.S. went out before breakfast and found for me a pretty little regalo of old Spanish enamel and filigree. At 11. we went on by train—such a lovely day—hot sun and no wind, but I committed the imprudence of sitting opposite the open

window in the train, for which I paid afterwards. The whole journey charming, the first part of it through the richest orange-groves laden with fruit. Here and there palm-trees; about a station out of Castellon was one very picturesque group—a palm-tree beside a church with a mosque-like dome—would have made me a very pretty sketch. We got to Valencia soon after 2, but before we could get to the Post Office (3 o'clock) it was closed for the delivery of letters. Walked about a little and called to see our old friend, Mr. Dart, the Consul.

23rd. Got up feeling ill—struggled through it the rest of the day, but getting worse towards night. Managed, however, a letter to Ivor, and a drive of a couple of hours in the afternoon in a covered carriage to see the walks and the town gates, etc.

24th. Feeling still worse, I did not venture out to-day, and spent most of the time asleep—it was evidently a violent chill. C.S. went to some curiosity shops with Mr. Dart, but found nothing.

Christmas Day. A little better. In the afternoon C.S. took me for a short walk in the gardens. Enjoyed the bright sunshine—did me good—but these two or three days were of great wretchedness and depression—the first time I ever felt ill abroad.

26th. Got a carriage and drove to curiosity shops which we had managed to discover, and of which I had a list in my address book—all very good-natured in sending us from one to another and giving us renseignements; a charming artist, who does tableaux de genre, showed us several good things of his for sale, but none that suited us. In the afternoon we went to the Cathedral, which, of course, has been entirely spoilt by being modernised. The Cimborio is, however, remarkable, and the north door is fine—still more beautiful and much older (apparently) is that on the south: remember the Miguelete—

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when I was here last I ascended it with Mr. Dart, for the view. Street's book has taught us to look for the Altar frontal; I summoned courage to address a priest in my best Spanish as we went through the aisle, but he said it was not possible to see that. However, he turned us over to a sacristan, who showed us all the church plate, comprising a few very fine things, monstrances and reliquaries, and then took us to the grand old Chapter-house, the architecture of which remains untouched: in an inner apartment were two frontals—and among them the two said to have been brought from St. Paul's in London, temp. Henry VIII.—they are of about that date or perhaps a little earlier and are probably the most beautiful pieces of needlework in existence—subject, the Passion and Crucifixion—all this was a grand treat.

27th. Curiosity shops: at my old friend (of 1870) Settier's, we got a beautiful little silver box of artistic 16th century filigree, and at Vicenti's a dear little Chelsea head with diamond eyes, for a pin. Settier had a very large Oriental dish well enamelled, but he wanted too much for it; also he had some fine objects in Spanish filigree; however, we did not care to invest in them. Called to say good-bye to Mr. Dart, and went to look at a most interesting cabinet having ivory plaques engraved with subjects from the history of Charles V., his figure seated on a throne, supported by the pillars, "plus ultra", and surrounded by his tributaries, on the centre panel, the ivory columns decorated with exquisite arabesques—price asked, £250. Went into the grand old Lonja with its twisted columns and quaint Patio—15th century doorways with Ogee canopies and striking outer arcading—heads recalling those at Hampton Court. At about 3. we got into one of the American tram-carriages and went down to the Port, Villanueva del Grao, where most extensive works are still in progress. We walked to the very end of the Mole. Wonderful sunset

and after-effects; the roseate hues in the east reminded me of Vienna two years ago; got back soon after 5. This little walk round this beautiful harbour did me much good, and I may say from this point I have been quite well again—but at the time the attack was severe.

28th. Having lain down till morning, we were up again betimes and left Valencia about $\frac{1}{3}$ past 6., arriving at Jativa about 9.—a beautiful morning's trip. We left our heavy luggage at the station, and taking a little Tartana drove to the only Hotel (Mayol) which stands in the Calle de Moncada. I remember $7\frac{1}{3}$ years ago, when we passed Jativa on our way (for the first time) to Madrid, that I greatly desired to explore it, and was now delighted to have the opportunity to do so: its position is one of the most striking in Spain. Having ordered breakfast we took a little preliminary walk—picturesque scene of some hundred or more women washing in two rows on each side of the long reservoir—fed by a bubbling fountain—they were as much amused at us as we at them. After breakfast we set out in right earnest on our researches: looked into the Hospital, of which the façade is striking, and went into the uninteresting church at a happy moment, as we chanced to fall in with a polite priest who desired that everything should be shown us. More out of compliment to him than anything we went into the sacristy, expecting nothing, and to our surprise were shown one of the finest Gothic monstrances we ever saw, the gift of the Borja Pope, Calixtus III., to his native city. This reminds me of the melancholy way in which the poor sacristan at Valencia pointed to the tall Buhl cabinet in which their celebrated Custodia was formerly kept; he said he believed it still existed in Italy, but I fancy it was destroyed when the French seized it. Jativa is rather a dirty town and is not above the common run of similar places in Spain. We toiled up to the Castle—it was a delicious day and the air and exercise

most exciting; no description can give any idea of the views we got on all sides; there are still architectural remains in the chapel, but the whole place is in ruins; the man who lived in the enceinte showed us the cell in which the Infantes de la Cerdo were said to have been confined. The opposite side of the Castle is Government property and was locked up; that part we were in was said to belong to a private individual, whose custode it was who showed us all over it. The beans were there in flower for the early markets, and peas were forward: gathered boughs of Carob-trees, which are so pretty in all this district. On our way down from the hill we looked in at the church of St. Felix with its quaint arcade of stone columns: within (besides the Roman inscription mentioned in the books) there is a beautiful Holy Water stoup richly carved in figures, and a retablo in good Gothic frame. After we returned from this walk, C.S. and Bertie went up to the Calvario, whence they enjoyed a very fine sunset, and I stayed awhile on the Alameda—dined, moderately well, at 6—and at 8 went back to the station, through the worst-kept streets in the world, and so took our places for the night journey to Alicante—from 9 to 12 to get to La Encina, where we waited two hours for the Madrid train to take us on. Curious old American at the buffet who told us his name was Partridge and who discoursed of many lands. Reached Alicante at 5 A.M.

29th. As soon as the Post Office was open C.S. went for letters, of which I got a goodly packet. Requiring a fresh supply of money we went to Coutts' correspondent to get some, and it took us two hours to accomplish the cashing of our Bill for £35—after all, we could only get the amount in silver, but our wealthier landlord (Bossio) converted most of it into gold for us. Walked about the town and on the beach; there is now a fine walk bordered

with palm-trees here, which I think must have been planted since our last visit. We all went to the Casino to see the papers, some English ones amongst them—the turn things have taken in the East and the influence they are exerting on English affairs makes us very anxious. On Friday, 21st, as we left Tarragona we first heard that Parliament was to meet as early as the 17th, and, ever since, we have been craving for further news, which the Spanish papers but scantily supply. Capital Hotel at Alicante and excellent cook—but Alicante is rather a parched and dusty place and I do not think it is recommendable for invalids, especially as it is without resources.

Sunday, 30th. We called on the Consul, Colonel Barry, who had been very civil to us here seven years ago. We found the old gentleman at home, but in rather a failing condition, not wonderful considering that he is much past eighty. However, he remarried three years ago! Our stay at Alicante was very agreeable.

Monday, 31st, we left it and at $\frac{1}{4}$ past 7 were at the diligence office ready to take our places in the Berlina. There had been a most violent storm of wind in the night, rising suddenly after a marvellous stillness of the preceding evening, which made us hesitate about a plan we had entertained of going round from Cartagena to Malaga by sea. In the morning we had a flood of rain, which lasted but for a short time, serving, however, to lay the dust; the diligence was a very crazy vehicle, so badly put together as to let in the air on all sides—our place was not too large for us three and the seats were as hard as a board. C.S. feared to incur fresh cold from the wind that entered freely—and he was somewhat cramped up—but I enjoyed the expedition, and Bertie summed up quaintly by saying it was “a heavenly journey”! Indeed, the roads being good, the pace, with fine horses, excellent, and the

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country most interesting, through palm-groves and the richest vegas, we had not much to complain of. It was quite $\frac{1}{2}$ past 4 before we reached Murcia. All the country about Orihuela most luxuriant. We recalled our pleasant picnic $7\frac{1}{2}$ years ago. A sort of Market or Fair was going on at Orihuela—the dresses all picturesque—the traffic of carts and mules on the road all the way quite remarkable, and showing an activity which I have been little accustomed to see in Spain. We put up at the Fonda del Patron, or De Comercio, being very good, and a jolly old landlord (Antonio Cremades).

JANUARY 1878

MURCIA : CARTAGENA : CORDOVA : MALAGA : GRANADA :
SEVILLE : CADIZ

Jan. 1st, 1878. After breakfast we were taken to the shop of a general dealer who was said to possess antiquities—it turned out that he had some Moorish coins which appeared in excellent preservation but were of no use to us in our ignorance of such things. He sent us on to the Plateria, where, however, everything seemed to be modern. We walked about the town, and then, at 2, we got an open carriage and took a drive in the country; the roads most villainous, almost dangerous. They first took us to see a villa which had been built, they said, by an Englishman, and which stood in a very pretty garden: over the entrance grille was the name "Villa Caradoc", and we began to suspect that it must have belonged to Lord Howden. Our guide asked leave to take us over the place; we had no idea of seeing anything but the gardens, but after a little demur we were told we were to go into the house. It seemed to us a great intrusion, but once settled the proprietress would take no denial, so in we went and were ushered into a room on the ground floor where sat an invalid old lady



EARLY MING STATUETTES, PROBABLY GODS. THE FRESHNESS AND VIVID COLOURING OF THESE PIECES SHOW AS CLEARLY AS WHEN THEY WERE PRODUCED HUNDREDS OF YEARS AGO
Lora H'Inborne's Collection

who received us very courteously, and insisted upon our going through all the apartments. There was nothing very particular to see in them; they were all nicely furnished. The romance of the story is that she was the daughter of a peasant, in whose house an English nobleman was nursed after an accident, and that she remained with him for the rest of his life, and went by the name of "La Murciana": it was rather a curious incident for us. After this we drove up to a hermitage or church, La Fuen Santa, for the sake of the view, and on our way back to the town, fell in with an assemblage of people all dressed in their best, and celebrating an alfresco rustic ball; it was an exceedingly pretty sight. We seated ourselves in the circle and watched them for some time; several couples danced, but the most graceful performer was a little girl (they called her Carmen) of some eight years old, who entered thoroughly into the spirit of the dance; I think it was a Bolero. In the morning, our progress through the Plateria had been arrested by a crowd of people, accompanying a group of musicians which consisted of six or eight men with guitars, one with a tambourine and one with a handbell, all singing at the top of their voices—a motley crew—celebrating the New Year. In the Cathedral, when we were there, a poor mountebank came in dressed in his gaudy colours. He made his obeisance, touched the Holy Water and withdrew to his vocation silently—but we did not let him go empty away.

2nd. Went over to Cartagena by train, returning by 8 o'clock. Assailed by flower and fruit women at the station, we went away laden with oranges and lemons fancifully tied up among foliage and roses, narcissus and sweet-smelling herbs. Our commissioner said they were the same people we had met at the "Ball" of the previous day. They certainly wore a different aspect in their holiday garb. When we went from the station into Cartagena we walked through the town to the water's edge.

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I was vastly amused on passing under the entrance gate to see the sentry running after Bertie, and ordering him back—he had inadvertently gone under the right archway instead of the left! The town seemed not to present any object of particular interest so we got a guide at the Fonda Francesa and ascended the old central fort, from which we commanded the most magnificent view of the whole place and district, the Arsenal included. While we were there some people came to measure the stones that lay in ruins around: we were told that they were Government employés going to remove them for repairs at the Port. The three or four hours we spent at Cartagena were most enjoyable. After a very frugal luncheon of bread and cheese and fruit at the Fonda, we walked back to the train and so got to Murcia for a late dinner.

3rd. Drove along the excellent Camino Real to the Monte Agudo, where we had a good scramble along the goat-paths and cacti, but failed in our object of getting into the Castle at its summit. Nobody seemed to know the way into it, if indeed one existed; and though we were accompanied by the village schoolmaster (who told us he had 76 pupils and taught Doctrine, Arithmetic, History and Philosophy) all his learning was ineffectual in discovering what we wanted. However, we had an hour's most delightful walk and enjoyed the most magnificent views. We returned by another road, which was by no means a "royal" one, but which lay through a most fertile district, rich in orange-groves, etc. Before starting on this expedition, in the morning, we had spent an hour in the Cathedral; the interior is partly Cinquecento, partly of much later date. The Chacon Chapel (1509) is magnificent and very good of its period. The founder's skeleton still occupies the place he filled in life.

4th. To-day, not without regret, we left Murcia, but our train did not start till after 3, so we again employed the morn-

ing in visiting the Plateria, where Bertie made some purchases as well as ourselves, in going to the church of St. Nicolas, where we were *told* there was a fine Santo by Alonzo Cano, which we could not find, and in taking another long walk on the Malecon, looking into the old Almudi on our way to it. We met a very agreeable German gentleman here, a *littérateur* who is publishing some Spanish records, Herr Kunst. Our journey was a long but not an unpleasant one of 22 hours.

5th. Passing through Chinchilla (where we changed carriages) we fell into the main line at Alcazar, whence we traverse much of the Don Quixote country of La Mancha Venta de Cardenas. At one we reached Cordova, and having established ourselves in the most sunny rooms of the Fonda Suiza we walked out. Looked into the Mosque, walked out over the bridge, and stayed out till time to return for table d'hôte dinner at 6, which we found presided over by John Rutledge (Don Juan de Cordova).

6th. Letters in the morning. In the afternoon Don Duncan Shaw came to call for us in his carriage and drove with us up to the mountains. First we went to the Arrizafa, which I believe was the site of the old Moorish Palace (or Recreo) of the Caliphs of Cordova. Nothing ancient remains, but the situation is magnificent, and adjoining the house there is a vast orange garden in which we walked. Mr. Duncan Shaw dined at table d'hôte and we sat talking in the reading-room after dinner.

7th. Called on our old friend of 1872, Don Rafael de Sierra, the Canon, who very kindly accompanied us to the Mosque and, once more, caused all its treasures to be displayed to us. First we went into the Sacristy, which contains, most specially, d'Arfe's Custodia and a beautiful framework or canopy surmounting a figure of the Virgin—Cinquecento work. Then we went to the Mihrâb, where we stayed some time

examining the marvellous mosaics and all the beautiful decoration of that gem of gems. Next, to the interesting Capella de los Reyes, with its memorials of San Fernando and the conquest of this luckless but lovely city. On parting from Don Rafael we went on to the Platerias; made a few purchases and took a walk among the intricate streets, coming home early to write letters. Heard from Lady Westminster, recording the success of the Magic Horn which we had helped her to buy as a New Year's gift for my Merthyr, and which for three months has been a mystery! Dined with Mr. Duncan Shaw; played whist afterwards. His nephew (Mr. Poole) and Mr. Rutledge the only other guests.

8th. The King was to pass through Cordova this morning on his way to Madrid from Seville, where he has been spending his Christmas with his betrothed, Mercedes. Mr. Duncan Shaw called for us soon after 10 to go with him to the station to see the reception. There was but a moderate crowd present. The station was lined with some very dirty troops as a Guard of Honour, and there was a band of music which struck up as the Royal train approached. The King did not get out, but he stood at the entrance of his saloon carriage, where the authorities ascended to make their obeisance. In due time we went up also and were introduced. He talked with me for some minutes, first inquiring of me if I spoke Spanish, then if I spoke French; asked me how long we had been at Cordova; if we were merely travelling through, etc. Then he asked after Henry and Enid—when I had heard from them, and added that he had been writing to Mr. Layard—made some graceful compliments as to the pleasure of having seen me. He shook hands very politely on my presentation and then I retired. His manner is very pleasing, and he is one of the most refined-looking Spaniards that I have seen; but he has not the appearance of being very strong—he reminded me a little of our

Prince Arthur. After all this was over we took a little walk about the town (Mathias Lang, the guide, was absent), and left Cordova by the train at 2.30. for Malaga, where we arrived before 9.

9th. In the first place we walked about, and found our way to the Church of La Virgen de la Victoria, only interesting for its association with the siege of Malaga in 1487. Ferdinand's banner and that of the Moors still hang there, and there seemed to be a good retablo, but it was covered up with finery that had been put there for the Festival of the Three Kings. We missed Bertie, and so pursued our way alone to the shops, and in the Calle Nueva found a charming silver filigree Eagle—also a good silver dish, about which we did not come to a decision. Bertie, who had been "peeping", joined us again at the Hotel in time for us to take a drive at 3. for a couple of hours. Before we went in to dinner we called again at our silversmith's and bought the dish we had seen in the morning.

10th. I never cared much for Malaga, nor was I sorry to leave it. Our train went soon after 7; it was rather a tedious journey but by 4 o'clock we were at Granada once again. Put up at the Washington Irving, where we got the same rooms as we had at our first visit in 1870. The weather had turned suddenly cold—indeed, when we got out at Bobadilla at 9 to have something to eat, a little snow was falling and there was not much sun to illuminate us on our way. We had a fire in our room after dinner, over which I believe we all fell asleep.

11th. Our old guide, José Ximenes, was at the door when we came out from breakfast and we were very glad to see him again and to put ourselves once more under his charge. We went out early and devoted the day to Granada itself. There are now two regular curiosity shops in the Plaza Nueva. They are full of things—good, bad, and indifferent. We made one or two small purchases and in the Zacatin found a silver

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eagle, which makes an excellent pair with the one we bought at Malaga. Our old friend, Valera, Colonel of Artillery, is gone, but he is succeeded by one Don Morales, who also deals in curiosities. He is much dearer than Valera and has not nearly so good an assortment. We got a small Mennecy snuff box from him. Our search after objets d'art filled up a good part of the day, but we also went to the Museum to see the enamel, said to have been given by the Gran Capitan to the Convent which he built, and we called to see Bobadil's sword at the Casa de Tiros. The exterior of the house very quaint with large figures, but the most curious part of it is one of the ceilings, with portraits of Ferdinand and Isabella, the Gran Capitan, and many other worthies in full relief, and with suitable inscriptions to each. Looked en passant at the Casa del Carbon and saw a great deal of the town. I had the great happiness this morning to receive letters from Port Eliot announcing that Constance was safely delivered of a boy on the 3rd of the month. I had become very anxious about her. We are a very pleasant party at our Hotel—the Vice-Consul, Mr. Stanier, always dines here, and there is a very agreeable old Frenchman, Mons. Waternau, staying here with an invalid wife. He is engaged in Ironworks at Denain, near Valenciennes.

12th. Again we went into the town—but first we made a preliminary visit to a portion of the Alhambra; we entered by the Gate of Justice and went up the tower of the Vela. The cisterns were being cleaned and C.S. and Bertie took the opportunity of going down to look at them. To-day we were met in the town by a gentleman who, having been himself a great collector, but having somehow got through his fortune, employs himself in hunting up curiosities for others. He took us to several places, but we saw nothing exactly to our minds. Vivaldi, late of Seville, is here, but leaving again; he told us that old Robles of Seville is now dead, which we much regret.

13th. I did not go out till past midday, but sat writing in the gallery, where the sun came in with a fierce heat and made it very pleasant. We called on Mr. Stanier, who has a very pretty house and garden near the Hotel, commanding the grandest view. When we left him we went again to the Alhambra and now visited every part of the Palace. The Hall of the Abencerrages, the Court of Lions, the Hall of Justice, the Dos Hermanas, the Tocador, the Mosque, the Hall of the Ambassadors. José had a long legend to tell us at every turn and it occupied some time. He speaks very well and distinctly and I understand his Spanish perfectly, which is rather a triumph. C.S. now speaks much better than I do. The Alhambra, always charming, was less genial than when I have previously seen it in the spring. The bees were not humming in the Court of Lions and the fountain was frozen. Shall I ever look on it again after this year's visit? We went into the town to get our letters and prolonged our walk to the Alameda, which was crowded with promenaders, all in their Sunday best. Went on to the Chapel of San Sebastian, where the Sovereigns took leave of poor Bobadil. It still retains its horse-shoe entrance as when it was a Moorish Mosque, but the interior has been entirely modernised. Not far off is a pleasure-house of the Moorish Sovereigns, which has been well kept up and restored by the present proprietors, of the family of the Dukes of Gor. The people of the adjacent paper mills brought the key and took us into it. We walked through the Garden (where I got some violets) to the place where there was formerly a large piece of water forming a pleasure lake and bath: it is now converted into a fertile meadow. After all this it was so late that we judged it expedient to take our shortest way home, so we scrambled back to the Hotel by crooked by-paths and did not arrive till $\frac{1}{2}$ past five.

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14th. When we first went out this morning we ascended the Tower of Comares to take a general view of the Alhambra itself as well as the neighbourhood around, and I paid my parting visit to the Court of Lions. Then we went to see the beautiful little Mosque which is preserved in the garden of a private gentleman who lives in Madrid: and then to the successive Towers, the Siete Suelos, de las Infantas, de la Cautiva (passing the Tour del Candil), de los Picos. The decorations in the Infantas and Cautiva are still very perfect. Remember in the latter the exquisite mosaic tiles forming sentences of the Koran—each letter being a separate tile, and its setting framed in tile-work also. This is the highest pitch of the art I have observed. Thence we walked up to the Generalife, which was delightfully sunny, and up to the Silla del Moro. Having well explored all this, including the so-called family pictures, the Sultana's cypress, etc., we went to the Albacin: saw one of the old Moorish Palaces now degraded into a kind of cart-shed. Pursued by a rabble of boys, we made our way up to the terrace in front of San Nicolas for the view of the opposite Alhambra. Here the rabble became troublesome, and there was almost a fight between our guide and the boys, who took to throwing stones after us. This is not the only time we were so assailed at Granada. Bertie was once struck by a missile from the hand of one of these urchins, but they are more noisy than dangerous. As we came down the hill we went into the cavern homes of the gipsies. That which we saw seemed pretty comfortable. The outer apartment formed a sort of parlour, within was a room containing a bed; farther in the rock was an excavation left vacant for the animals, the mule, dog, pig, cat, poultry, etc. A visit to the Cartuja completed our day's work. Besides the fine furniture, which is always to be admired, we were struck with the "Madera" (wooden) figure of San Bruno on the High Altar, which is very well executed.

Tuesday. 15th. Our last day at Granada. We commenced by paying a visit to Washington Irving's old guide, Matteo Ximenes, whom we were surprised to find still living. We had seen him six years ago when we were here, and then we thought him very old. He is still very firm on his legs and walked about gaily; but his speech is somewhat inarticulate. We found him in his garden sitting basking in the sun, and on parting he insisted on giving us a piece of an old Azulejo and some little ribbon bands which he used to weave himself for the Fêtes at Elvira. In the course of the day we went to the church of San Geronimo, which pleased us much. The frescoes are very graceful and we were impressed with the dignity of the figures of the Gran Capitan and his wife, kneeling on each side of the High Altar. The Convent of San Geronimo which he founded is now a cavalry barrack. We were allowed to go into the Patios or Cloisters (as they once were) and one of the officers accompanied us and invited us to inspect the stables. Next, to the Hospital of San Juan de Dios, not very remarkable for beauty, but very disagreeable to go into. Then the Hospital for the Insane, of the time of Los Reyes; and very good. It is pleasant to see the Badges on Institutions such as these, built nearly 400 years ago. Our last efforts of sight-seeing were a walk from this Plaza del Triunfo up to the Church of San Juan de los Reyes (by a most villainously paved way) to see Rincon's picture of Ferdinand and Isabella; then a peep into the Audiencia and finally a glance at the church of San Domingo, where the only thing that seemed to be of the slightest interest was the dress of the Virgin. They raised her textile robe and showed that beneath it she was all glorious within, clothed in silver, which seemed to be of right good old workmanship, but it was growing too dark to examine it satisfactorily. In the course of the day we were taken by the poor gentleman whom we met

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on the 12th to see various antiquities, none of which were to our taste exactly—but through his means Bertie invested in a very beautiful though rather expensive fan to take home to his wife. We hurried back to our Hotel in order to dine punctually, as we had been promised the sight of a gipsy dance in the evening. Some people in the Hotel opposite were to join with us in paying for the entertainment—but when the time came they changed their minds, so we spent our evening quietly at home instead. This I was not sorry for; we sat by our fire, not only all the evening, but for the whole night until 4 o'clock in the morning—it did not seem worth while to go to bed. Wrote and read. I remember our last start from Granada was equally early when we left it by diligence through Jaen; but then it was spring-time and early daylight. Now it was dark and very cold. Had a cup of coffee before leaving and got some breakfast at Bobadilla, arriving at Cordova about 1. As soon as we had settled ourselves (in the same sunny rooms as last week) at the Fonda Suiza, we went out to the post, where C.S. found a letter from Ivor. He had heard from him the previous day at Granada urging him to come home in view of an expected Dissolution. Now he writes to say that he believes no Dissolution will, for the present, take place. Called upon Mattias Sanz. He has no antiquities for us; lingered for awhile in the old Mosque; and on the bridge before dinner.

17th. We had but little time for anything this morning beyond a visit to the Banker's to get a fresh supply of money—an occupation which in these foreign places always consumes many quarters of an hour. After 1. we proceeded to the railway station; Bertie had not come in and we were in some anxiety, but he appeared at the railway on foot in plenty of time, and on we went to Seville. We had a lovely journey—the sun very hot and what with the lingering sunset and the

bright moonlight, it was not dark when we got to Seville and we had a good view of the Giralda as we approached. MM. Weisweiler and Salamanca (the founders of all the Spanish railways) were in the train—going down to escort the Bride Elect [Queen Mercedes, 1st wife of Alfonso XII.] to Madrid on the following day. The former gave us a card to admit us on the occasion of her departure. Put up at the Fonda de Paris, a very comfortable Hotel.

18th. Up very early and at the railway station by $\frac{1}{2}$ past 7 o'clock; a few of the authorities assembled there in official or military dress; and two gaudily apparelled domestics (something like beefeaters) stood one at each side of the door of the saloon carriage, which was placed exactly facing the entrance to the station, so that the Royal Family had only to walk into it from their coach. There was very little decorative preparation—only a few flower-pots lined the short passage. Where we stood we had a very good view of the whole proceedings; they arrived at 10 minutes to 8, and at 8 they started—Montpensier, his Duchess, the two Princesses, and the little boy Antonio. The Duke is a finer-looking man than I expected—has *rather* a noble bearing. The Duchess bore, I *thought*, traces of much sorrow on her face. The elder girl, Christina, seemed very lively but not beautiful. The future Queen is *rather* pretty than otherwise, with a merry round face and pleasant smile. She appeared shy, and during the ten minutes of delay did not come much to the front of the carriage, where her mother and sister chatted with the people by whom they were surrounded. I was glad to see the little Mercedes and wish her well. These are nervous times for all public characters. Everybody has been shocked by the premature death of Victor Emmanuel. We heard of it first at Granada the day after we arrived—after all it is strange that the Pope survives him. As to Turkey, all is too sad, but what avails it

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to record my laments! After the ceremony of the departure we went off to breakfast and I wrote letters to Lady Westminster and Merthyr, whose birthday it was. Walked in the afternoon; visited some of the shops but found most of the old ones removed; we also called on Mr. Pickman (now a Marques), who has come to live in Seville—we had seen the old man at the railway station, whence he brought me back in his carriage.

19th. Again we prowled about the City and in the afternoon took a charming drive in Las Delicias for above an hour, setting out by the Marino and Torre del Oro and returning by the tobacco factory—adventure of the sick intemperate engineer, Mr. Jones, whom we helped to a doctor through the intervention of the good Pickman, who came himself to offer consolation. Touching demeanour of the poor, faithful *sober* Spanish pitman who watched over the suffering delinquent. The clever German physician, Dr. Hanser, unmasked his ailment at once; and I was disgusted with my countryman. These things give us a bad name in a strange land.

Sunday, 20th. Attended English Service held in a Convent Church in the Plaza del Museo, very dull and monotonous—Chaplain, Mr. Coghlan; afterwards went into the picture gallery for awhile. I know not why I prefer the SS. Justina and Rufina holding the Giralda to all Murillo's other pictures—they were peasants, and he has given them a holy and elevated look. But his Madonnas, however holy, are *but* peasants and not always elevated, whereas we should expect them to be very much more. In the afternoon C.S. and I walked in the Delicias, where it was quite hot. Bertie rambled alone. We all came in early to dress for dinner at Los Marqueses. [Pickman.] Went there soon after 5; some of the company were already assembled, some did not arrive till 6. We were a large party, 24—among them was a Duke, a grandee of Spain

entitled Tilli and Sercen, whose son is to marry one of the Misses Pickman—also the Dean of the Cathedral, dull, heavy, and suffering from an affection of the eyes—also the clever Dr. Hanser—also Mr. Beck, the banker, with his daughter (Coutts' correspondent)—also the British Consul, Mr. Macpherson, who sat by me at dinner, and whom I found very agreeable and intelligent. I did not make out the others but no doubt they were notabilities in their way. The dinner was good, the old man most hospitable, and at 9. o'clock we returned to our Hotel.

21st. Stayed in during the morning to write. At 1. o'clock the Consul came to fetch us, and C.S. and I walked with him most of the afternoon. Went to several dealers and made one or two good purchases: the other day we got a very curious jewel of remote date at Mariana's which we much prize. The Consul praises much the fan which Bertie has bought—so does a little dealer (stopping at this Hotel) to whom he introduced us, and of whom we have bought two exquisite Chelsea bibelots at a very moderate price, which we were charmed to have met with. After writing here we strolled out, and went to the Alcazar, which we explored with a very reluctant guide—we were not allowed to see the upper floor, nor the Chapel with its mosaics—but were met on our inquiry by the, to us, astounding statement, that the steward of Queen Isabella held the keys, and though he had opened the apartments for King Alfonso to occupy them during his late visit to Seville, he locked them up again as soon as he was gone! However, it was pleasant to roam again in the Halls which Pedro has made so painfully celebrated, and after some difficulty we were admitted to the gardens. Returned to our Hotel through the Cathedral, which I had not been in during this visit: more than ever struck with its fine proportions, which are remarkable for so late a work, and especially with the Rejas. Bertie walked

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a little lame—so, by way of precaution, we got an open carriage and drove for an hour before dinner; afterwards prepared for to-morrow's journey, having planned to go to Cadiz by the early train.

Wednesday, 23rd. Accordingly we set off at 7. o'clock, which we thought to be in good time for our train—7.35.—but we had forgotten that it kept Madrid time, and so we were but just in time to take our places with what we could carry in our hands, leaving our *one* large piece of luggage, a portmanteau, behind. Altogether this Cadiz expedition was *not* propitious—but we ought to be only too grateful that we are able to say that these were the first contretemps met with since we first came to Spain. An Alfonsino was lost in performing the Danae operation—which is a dark saying, but will bring back an amusing memory to those who were present at it—grand, fruitless search for it at the Cadiz station. We had appointed to meet the little dealer, Francisco Guin, at the Hotel, where he said he would bring a vase to show us, but we could see nothing of him. Put up at the Fonda de Paris—*very* good. Breakfasted and strolled out; failed to get a carriage, which I was sorry for on account of Bertie's foot, so I did not enjoy my walk, though it was very beautiful looking over the bay and the sea. Cadiz was decked out in gay colours in honour of the King's wedding, and we saw some of the poor people amusing themselves with games in one of the open Plazas. After dinner we went round to see the illuminations, and there were some fireworks, but nothing very remarkable.

24th. Bertie's foot was so much worse this morning that we determined at once to give up the excursion to Xeres and to return forthwith to Seville. The train left between 3. and 4. in the afternoon. In the meantime we hunted for antiquities. Found one good dish, and called on the Consul, Macpherson, who we understood had things to sell, but he

was absent at the Fêtes, and his brother could not show us much. By great chance we found out the whereabouts of the dealer Guin; he had nothing for us but promised us the sight of an Oriental vase (black ground, etc.) on our return to Seville. We had time for a little drive round the town before going to the train. It was rather a tedious journey and I could not help feeling rather anxious about Bertie, so I was glad to be at Seville again, where we got Dr. Hanser to see him before we went to bed.

Friday, 25th. I stayed in with Bertie all the morning. In the afternoon took a little stroll with C.S. and, as we happened to find ourselves close to the Casa de Pilatos, we took the opportunity of going to look at it. *He* had forgotten all about it—but with me, its affluence of Azulejos and its general interest had ever been fresh in my memory since I saw it 8 years ago. Called to see our old friend Bueno on our way back to dinner.

26th. Bertie is going on well, which is an anxiety relieved—but we are dreadfully distressed at the state of things in the East, and the progress of the Russians towards Constantinople. In a national point of view this is terrible; and I cannot help feeling some uneasiness about my dear Enid and Henry there. These are trying times for him in his most responsible position. We have lately lost a good friend and a valuable man in Sir William Stirling Maxwell, who has died at Venice. C.S. and I took a walk in the afternoon, calling on Mr. Macpherson (the Consul), who introduced us to his wife, a stout Spanish lady. On our way back we called in at Tafia's in the Plaza del Duque and bought an odd cup and an odd saucer—Buen Retiro and Oriental.

27th. All the morning with Bertie, or writing letters. C.S. and I went out in the afternoon and walked in Las Delicias, which was crowded.

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28th. The Consul called for us soon after 11., and we went together, first to Mariana's. We had seen there a curious piece of last century jewellery, being clusters of stones set to form the decoration of a small frame for a relic. Mariana had asked £30, which on every account was too dear. This morning I offered him £15. and he ended, after some bargaining, in taking £17. 10. I am glad I have it, for it will make a beautiful ornament for the neck. This little transaction completed, we took a most agreeable walk. First we went to an old Palace of the Duke of Alba's, which had belonged to Philip II.'s Duke of that name and is still in the family. It is altogether *most* curious—something in the style of the Casa Pilatos. The Azulejos in front of the Altar in the Chapel are among the most beautiful I ever saw. From one of the terraces of the Palace, Mr. Macpherson pointed out the house of the lady who formed the subject of Lopez de Vega's Estrella de Seville—and also the Tower (San Marcos) frequented by Cervantes when making love to his future wife. We went also into the gardens, which are kept up in the old style, some of the orange-trees said to be of the date of the cruel Duke himself. Looked into the Patio of the "Estrella" house (still inhabited by her family) as we passed it on our way to the grand tower of San Marcos, which is said to have been built by the architect of the Giralda: and then we went on to Santa Paula whose façade of tiles has always been my great admiration. To the left we observed a small piece lettered which C.S. made out to be inscribed, NICOLOSO FRANCISCO ITALIANO FECIT. There was a word preceding "fecit" which he could not decipher. This was on the dressing of the Portal. On the tympanum is another tile with "PISANO" (this to the left); to the *right* a little to the centre than the S.P.Q.S. is "NICOLOSO"—I am vexed that we could not again see his work at the Alcazar, but Mr.

Macpherson says that it is quite true that no one can gain admission to that part of the Palace. In the afternoon we went for a drive with Bertie—made a tour round that part of the town where the old walls and their towers still exist. The walls are being pulled down in many places. Went as far as the Hospital and the Cemetery—returning by St. Elmo.

29th. The Consul came again and accompanied us on our morning's walk. He took us first to the archives in the Lonja, where we were shown many interesting documents relating to the early conquests of the Spaniards in America. Poor Cervantes' petition to Philip for employment in the Indies was in the same "cahier" with those bearing the sentence which conveyed its rejection:—"Busca por aca en que se le hiciese merceo" (?). From the Lonja we went to the Caridad—examined Mañara's tomb—the Murillos, the Valdes Leals—and Roldan's Pietà, etc. Before going in we called at Ferrer's and bought two bottles and two bowls—Oriental. In the afternoon drove about with Bertie. Made the tour of Triana, concluding with a turn in the Delicias.

30th. The Doctor's visit and our having to go and get money from the Banker's made it later than we had intended before we got out. It was 2. o'clock before we got to the Cartuja, where, as arranged, we paid our visit to Ricardo Pickman and his wife. They have established themselves in a new suite of rooms and seemed very happy with their one little girl. He seems out of health, but I thought him better than I did when we first came here. I took him a copy of my book, and he showed us his few specimens of ceramics. After a visit to the Church we went with him to the "Grove", where he had wine, etc., prepared for us. This occupied all the afternoon. The poor old grandee, the Duke of Tilli, whom we met at dinner on the 20th, died that day week and was buried yesterday!—Cosas de Espagna!

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31st. The Consul came to walk with us and took us to the library formed by Columbus's Dom Fernando, to see the books with annotations in the handwriting of Columbus himself. We then walked over the bridge to Triana and went to the Parroquia—Santa Anna—which has been a good old Gothic church. It has been much defaced, but the piers and arches remain inside, and a good northern door without. It contains a painting (considered fine) by Alijo Hernandez, and a good retablo; but what interested me most was a tombstone formed of 32 Azulejos representing the figure of a monk and with the following inscription, "Esta figura y Sepultura es de mi sola per . . . 1503". At the head is the signature of the artist, "Francisco Nicoloso [see p. 105] Italiano me fecit". This, the Altar in Alcazar and the façade of Sta. Paula are the only works of his that are known to exist. The tradition is that Nicoloso lived and worked at Triana. After this very pleasant excursion, we came to take Bertie out for his drive. Tried to get up to the village of Castilleja de la Cuesta, where Herman Cortes died, but our horses refused the hill, made impassable by a night's rain upon these bad roads, so we returned to the city and went to fetch some books we had bought of Bianchi in the morning, when we got up early and went to see the so-called Feria, a bad imitation of Madrid's Rastro of a Sunday morning. We ended the day by going to a dance. It was held in the same room as that which we attended six years ago—and was much the same kind of exhibition. Four girls in professional dresses gave us national dances with many French steps, the only very pretty one was a dance with a fan, ending in a Cachucha. We had also two gipsy girls who gave us the same stately steps and waving of the arms that we saw on a previous occasion. I ought to have mentioned that in our morning's ramble we came unexpectedly on the church of Omnium Sanctorum—with a Moorish tower and Early Goth interior and



SIDE OF THE OUTER HALL AT 17 CAVENDISH SQUARE, SHOWING TWO HISPANO-MOESQUE CABINETS, A TALL WILLIAM AND MARY CLOCK IN MARQUETRY CASE, SOME CHARMING PIECES OF PAINTED GLASS, AND A CABINET OF OLD CHINA, GIVING SOME IDEA OF THE CATHOLIC TASTE WHICH LADY CHARLOTTE DISPLAYED IN REGARD TO ANTIQUES

1878

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exterior construction; very curious and interesting; we went into it.

FEBRUARY 1878

SEVILLE: MADRID: BIARRITZ: PARIS: HOME AND TO CANFORD

February 1st. Got up early and, at 10, went with the Consul to the Cathedral. Saw the Treasure, as we had done 8 years ago—the Custodia by John d'Arfe, 1587—the vestments, etc. They have removed the "Guardian Angel" into a side chapel or Sacristia, where there are several other fine pictures. We looked at the celebrated San Antonio, part of which was stolen some years ago. How glorious are the Rejas! I should like to have had more time in this fine building. Perhaps I may be more fortunate if I ever come again—*Quien sabe?* As we went back to the Hotel we looked in at the Ayuntamiento with its delightful Renaissance decoration, better fitted for a municipal than an ecclesiastic building. The date on the façade is 1559. In the Library, or record room, we saw the original banner of Seville, now in a rather dilapidated state on account of its age, representing in a kind of needlework the figure of San Fernando. A young artist was engaged in making a very faithful copy of it. In the afternoon we went with Bertie for a drive.

Sunday, 3rd. C.S. and I walked out in the morning on various errands. Went to take leave of the Pickmans—saw "La Marquesa" and Ricardo. The kind old father, on hearing that we were leaving, hurried up to our Hotel and caught us just as we were going to drive. In the meantime we had a visit from the Consul, to whom we are indebted for much of the information and amusement we have derived from our researches among the antiquities of the place. It was rather warmer to-day, and we enjoyed our last drive in the Delicias very much. Adieu to Seville and its sunshine. To-morrow.

we are to set our faces towards home! At dinner to-day, Don Juan (de Cordova) appeared. I may mention, among agreeable rencontres, our having had the good fortune to meet with so excellent a doctor as Dr. Hanser. We have made a slight acquaintance with M. Gandara, who is making the railways from Madrid to Lisbon and from Seville to Granada, a man with large capital and with beautiful children, who were, indeed, the occasion of our becoming known to each other. Bertie gone to bed—C.S. to the Club to see if there is any news. Our anxiety about Eastern affairs is very great. The little dealer (Guin) went to Cadiz two days ago to fetch a vase we were to see. He has returned, but the vase has never come. There is some mystery about it which we do not fathom. He promises we shall see it at Madrid. However, we have obtained some very good Chelsea bibelots from him at very reasonable prices.

4th. Left Seville by the 10. train. Don Juan Rutledge got us a reserved carriage, so we had a warm and comfortable journey, though on some parts of La Mancha there was still snow on the line. At Cordova station we saw Don Duncan Shaw. Reached Madrid at 6.

5th. Having dressed and breakfasted we went to the Riaños, with whom we sat some time, and then we hunted the shops till dinner. Saw some fine vases at Vilajo's, about which we felt in doubt.

6th. The Riaños came to us early at our Hotel (Fonda de Paris) and having looked over our recent purchases went with us to Vilajo's to inspect the vases. After a careful examination of them we determined on buying them, and with them we got a pair of very fine Venetian glass bottles and an enamel chatelaine—also a Chelsea seal for Mme. Riaño.

7th. Called at the Embassy and sat some time with Sir John Walsham. These were the principal events of the day.

In the evening we went to see the Riaños and found Mr. Ffrench sitting with them. In the evening we were in the Reading Room when we were accosted by M. Pinto Leite, who said he saw us in Portugal—talked about china. He insisted that our newly bought vases were modern, which we are to test as we go through Paris. If they prove so, they cannot go into the collection; it is a bore, for they are lovely.

8th. We are horrified at the reports that reach us of the Russians having occupied Constantinople: my anxiety is great for Enid. She is overworking herself in her exertions to relieve the poor sick and wounded fugitives over there; besides which, I fear the overcrowding will breed disease, and then even their airy quarters may not remain exempt from it. This morning M. Pinto Leite took us to see the collection of M. Isodoro Urzaiz, brother to the gentleman we used to know at Seville. He has a few good pictures, and one or two other things, but no good china except two magnificent Oriental Tibores. Went through several of the shops with M. Pinto Leite. At Mexia's saw a picture which he thinks to be of the beautiful Duchess of Devonshire, whose portrait appears in many unexpected places.

9th. M. Pinto Leite again accompanied us to some shops. Concluded for our tables bought of Braccio on our way through and purchased a pretty little marqueterie work-table of Lorenzo, also a blue and white small vase. Dined with the Walshams; met Sir G. Bonham, Mr. and Mrs. Hillier, and Mr. Gough, all belonging to the Embassy; a very pleasant evening.

10th. Up to the present time we have had the most lovely weather imaginable, and even Madrid has been charming—a clear blue sky, a warm sun and not a breath of wind. To-day, however, there was little rain. Church at the Legation at 11.30. Saw old Col. Fitch looking just as he did 8 years ago.

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In the afternoon M. Pinto Leite took us to see a collection belonging to M. del Moral. Rather a painful scene when the poor gentleman showed us a Cinquecento clock for which he had just given a large sum and which M. Pinto Leite proved to him was a modern forgery. Some other collections we tried to see were not accessible, but at M. Garaie's we got two nice Worcester baskets. On our return to our Hotel we had a pleasant visit from M. Urzaiz.

11th. Up early, preparing to leave this afternoon. Bertie alarmed us by a threatening of lumbago, but he is now better and I hope we shall get away. His foot is now quite well; he has nursed it ever since he has been here, never having left the house. On the whole this stay at Madrid has been very pleasant, and the episode of the vases must be considered as only our finishing lesson! We went out for awhile after this. Went to see a private collection where there was nothing worth looking at. Left cards at the Embassy; got our tickets for the journey and at 4.45. left Madrid. We found a comfortable carriage (in which were only an Englishman and his wife and child) and so we made a very good journey to Biarritz, which we reached at 1. o'clock the next day.

12th. We had bright moonlight, and there was such a lovely sunrise! We took our leave of dear old Spain and its grand mountains under the best auspices. I left it in much happier spirits than I entered it twelve weeks ago, when I seemed to look forward with some anxiety to the long absence we were contemplating! Thank God all are well. At Biarritz we put up at the Hôtel d'Angleterre, which is very good indeed. Bertie slept during the afternoon. C.S. and I took a walk all about the town and on the coast; and went and found out Charles Glyn (who was staying there) and made him come to dinner.

13th. Determined to spend one day at Biarritz to rest. I

sat up in my room in the morning, reading. In the afternoon we got an open carriage and drove to see the Bar at the mouth of the Adour, and then through Bayonne, back another way; a delicious warm evening and a very pleasant drive. Charles Glyn again dined with us.

14th. Left Biarritz at 1., reaching Paris next morning and finding ourselves at Belard's by 6 A.M. Again an excellent journey. During the first part of it C.S. and I amused ourselves reading the life (in Spanish) of the Princess of Eboli. Fine moonlight. Having dressed and taken coffee we walked out, leaving Bertie to rest in bed. Went through many of the curiosity shops, all down the Rue Lafayette, Rue Richer and so forth. Madame Chaumont had nothing, nor could we find anything good in any of these shops except one beautiful Chelsea étui, which was too dear for us—£14. We took the cover of one of our newly purchased vases to Samson's, who owned himself the maker of it. So those vases have proved themselves all wrong and cannot go into the collection. I fear we shall lose heavily on them, but they are so pretty that I regret them more for their beauty than for the money's worth. This has been rather a costly lesson. We were out all day till near dinner-time. A large number of letters awaited us from home, and some we had to answer.

16th. C.S. had a little cold and did not go out, and I went with Bertie in a cab to the Post Office, and then visited Oppenheim's and Fournier's stocks, where I did not see anything I very much cared for. A very clouded day but warm.

17th. Drove out in the afternoon—a splendid day—bright and warm—more like summer than winter. We had some difficulty in getting a cab, because it was Auteuil races. We walked across the Tuileries gardens and after some waiting

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about found a shut-up fly in which we took a most charming drive, through the Elysées and up to the Bois de Boulogne, which was crowded with people. What a gay sight is Paris on a fine Sunday afternoon. How different from a London Sunday when all the population seem to be en deuil, and many resort to drown their melancholy in the beer-house under the new dispensation, and the dictum that "The Sabbath was made for man, not man for the Sabbath". Which is the more Christian way of spending it?

Monday, 18th. Wrote letters in the morning. Went up to Montmartre to see old Osmont, who was not at home; called at the Oppenheims and Fournier's, besides other places; no purchases.

19th. C.S. and I went out alone till 3; made some purchases at Fournier's, and looked in at the Hôtel Drouot, where one of those sales was going on which always disgust me. It consisted of very fine things, the property of one of the worst of our sex—the proceeds of iniquity in one form or other. Saw a Dresden pigeon sold for 4800 francs, which with "les frais" will exceed £200. Bertie was able to walk about a little; in the afternoon we drove together. Went again to Osmont's, who had nothing, and to one or two other shops, Wanitz's, etc., besides executing some commissions from England.

20th. A long day's shopping and driving, ending up with a visit to the Exhibition buildings and a call on Mrs. Beavan. Her friend, M. Sibut, brought us some of her Wedgwoods in the evening—among them was a beautiful little Wedgwood and Bentley plaque with Cupids, which we purchased. Also, through the intervention of Wanitz, we became possessed of a lovely Chelsea group of the Waltzers, which we had seen at Caillot's in the morning. This completed our Paris investments, and next day,

21st, we were off again by the tidal train, reaching England in time for dinner—a lovely smooth passage from Boulogne to Folkestone, and all went well, thank God, on our return home, after an absence of exactly 15 weeks.

On the following Saturday (23rd) we left town for Canford, remaining there till the next Saturday, March 2, when we went to Fifehead to spend Sunday with Bertie and his family. On Monday, 4th, we took luncheon at Motcombe on our way back to Canford, where we stayed till Thursday, 7th. From that date till Saturday, April 27th, we were stationary at home, and prepared the house for the coming of the Welbys, who had again taken the house (for two months) from Monday, 29th. The week's interval between that Saturday and the Saturday following we spent at Hamilton House, Ivor and Cornelia being there only part of the time—and then we set off on our travels again.

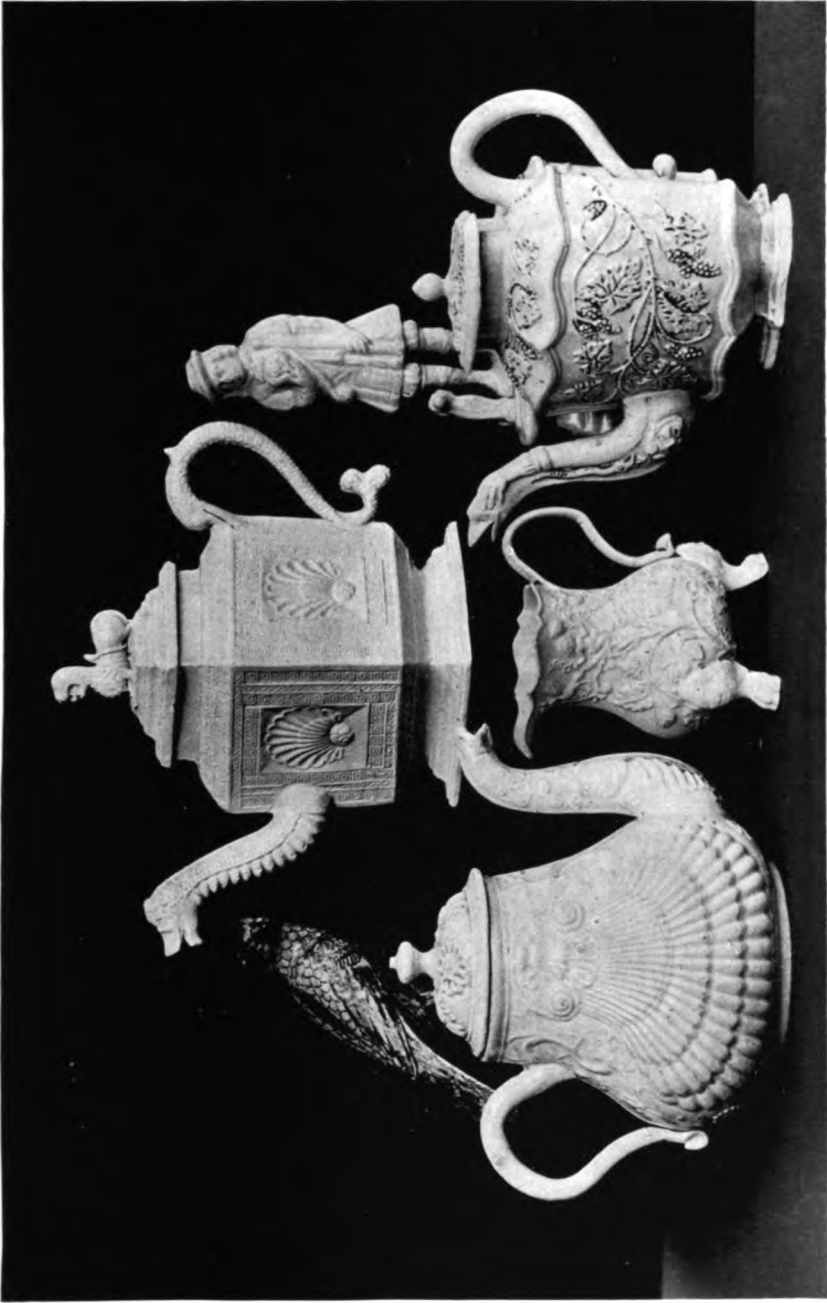
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MAY TO SEPTEMBER 1878

OSTEND : BRUGES : BRUSSELS : ANTWERP : MIDDELBURG : THE
HAGUE : GOUDA : AMSTERDAM : LEYDEN : HAARLEM : UTRECHT :
LEEWARDEN : GRONINGEN : OLDENBURG : OSNABRUCK : MUN-
STER : DÜSSELDORF : FRANKFURT : WIESBADEN : FULDA :
BERLIN : DRESDEN

May 1878.

Left by the railway from Charing Cross station at 7.40 A.M. Just as we left the door of Hamilton House some of Cornelia's family arrived there from Ireland—she and Ivor were at Canford but were to return there that evening—meanwhile we pursued our way. Lady Galway and two of her nieces were in the carriage with us. Kent had looked pre-eminently green and smiling as we passed through it—we had a beautiful passage, without a ripple on the water. Lunched at Ostend and at 3. went on to Bruges, where we stopped $2\frac{1}{2}$ hours; called on Monsignor Bethune, taking him some specimens of Samian ware, in recognition of his kindness in having given us, two years ago, that charming Sack Pot, lettered "Whit Wine, 1641", which had been fished up off Ostend. The said "Sack Pot" had been exhibited the previous day (Friday, May 3rd) at the Archæological Museum, and Soden Smith had lectured upon it and other specimens. Ours is said to bear the earliest date known on these pieces. We went on to Mrs. Berrington's, but did not find her at home, which I was sorry for; looked in at Render's and Omghena's, but met with nothing. Vandyck has removed. We left Bruges again, having had a pleasant walk there and



EXAMPLES OF XVIII CENTURY SALT GLAZE, SEVERAL OF WHICH WERE COLLECTED BY LADY CHARLOTTE ON THE CONTINENT
The Schröber Collection

looked once more at its beautiful buildings (Cathedral, Befroi, Salle de Justice, Chapelle du St. Sang), by a 6 o'clock train. The fair was again taking place, as this time two years ago, and there were roundabouts and endless deafening music as of yore; but Bruges looked dull though the weather was so bright. I could but think of the many pleasant days we had spent there, notably when we made our little trip with Ivor years ago, and he joined us at the Ostend station—and we walked about Bruges together in the evening and were as happy as two children out of school! Having stopped an hour to dine at the Buffet at Ghent we went on to Brussels at 8.9, and were at the Hôtel Mengelle by 10 o'clock—altogether a very prosperous journey, but I am sorry we missed Mrs. Berrington. The weather is splendid—summer all at once. How grateful I should be for the health and comfort which enable us to enjoy it. After writing here we went out, posted some letters, and then went to the English Church, Boulevard de l'Observatoire, but found it closed, so we walked about till near dinner; it was a beautiful day. The Boulevard of the Quartier Léopold was crowded. The King and Queen passed by on horseback. In the evening read a little and slept a great deal.

6th. A long night's rest, and breakfast soon after 9 this morning. Directly after breakfast we set out on foot to visit the shops, which seemed to be fuller of goods, but of a more inferior kind, than ever. The only purchase we made was one tea canister—famille verte, of old Craenen. Genie in his cellar was more eccentric than ever—told us now that he could cure disorders, and that in a future state he expected to come back to earth as an animal. That all the ill-used horses, etc., were men who had misbehaved in their human shape, and had now to make amends for it, so perhaps he will return as a petted spaniel, if he has been good enough!

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It was so hot that we took a carriage before the end of the course. There was a very good fan at Volant's, and some rather desirable prints at Papillon's, but of the value of prints I know but little. Having finished the shops we walked along the Boulevard. The first Monday in May is called the Petit Longchamps of Brussels, but there seemed to me fewer carriages than yesterday; however the King and Queen and their daughters were there, occupying, with their suite, three open carriages-and-four—a pretty sight; the Promenade was lined with spectators. We drove on to the Bois, which was very charming, the air so fresh, the young foliage so bright, the horse-chestnuts and lilacs in such brilliant flower; the drive was altogether most enjoyable. Got back at 5, and I commenced the work I am to do for Merthyr's drawing-room—curtains—which is a great undertaking and which I shall never, probably, live to finish. However, there is nothing like making a beginning, which, at all events, shows my good-will. Dined a little after 6. Since dinner C.S. has been out, and bought the fan and some of Papillon's prints.

7th. Left Brussels by a train soon after 9 for Antwerp. C.S. and I walked down to the station. We spent some 5 hours at Antwerp. Leaving Fenton and the luggage at the station, we went on foot into the town. First called at Aren's. They have quite given up the curiosity business, and produce some very beautiful metal work, imitating the old; they sign their best pieces. From them we went on to Eva Krug's; she had not much to attract us, but we found one very good salt-glaze stone-ware basin decorated with a bird and flowers in brilliant colours; also a fan, with a little medallion print of Louis XVI. and Marie Antoinette (and the inscription "Lâche qui t'abandonne") laid on a kind of gauzy material, spangled with fleurs-de-lis. We went to the

other shops in the city, Herck's, Lambeaux', Moren's and the printseller's, but found nothing to buy. It rained heavily most of the time and was still very warm. Got back to the station about 2 and waited there till time to go on again by the train to Middelburg at $\frac{1}{4}$ to 4. There was a stop of two hours at Rosendal, of which we availed ourselves to go up into the town and have some dinner. We found the little Inn, the Swan, very clean and tidy. Table d'hôte was just going on, but they preferred to serve us à part, in the little parlour, and we fared better than we might have expected, for Rosendal is but a small place, seeming to possess but one street, in which, however, are some nice old gabled houses. Reached Middelburg between 8 and 9, and, with a charette for our luggage, proceeded to the Abdij Hôtel, where we have the same apartments as on our first visit two years ago. It is pleasant to be in the old place and to hear the old chimes again, though they are not in the best possible order.

8th. Were up to breakfast by 8 this morning, and out by 9. It had poured with rain all night. The limes and chestnuts in the "Place" opposite the Hotel were quite saturated. I never witnessed so persistent a downfall, and it still rained when we went out. C.S. found a guide and we went through the shops, according to my list of two years' date, but there were many changes, and there was certainly much less to attract than when we were here last. We only got a small scent bottle at the jeweller's (Meyer's) consisting of a moss agate set in nacre and silver, and a little copper coffee pot which C.S. took a fancy to at Bal's. There are really no regular "shops" except his, at Middelburg. Every little broker has some trifle, but they are not worth looking at, and as far as collecting is concerned this place will not claim another visit. I must, however, always enjoy seeing the old Town Hall, and the quaint enclosure of the Abdij, with its

two venerable gates, one at least of which may have met the gaze of Chaucer's Marchaunt, being evidently of a date long anterior to his times—of what we should call the Norman style. The rain ceased a little as we left Middelburg at 1. We came on to Rosendal, where we had to stop two hours, and thence made the journey, without further changes, to The Hague, the railway being now completed all the way into and across Rotterdam without the transit per steamer.

8th. The rain had ceased and it was a brighter day to-day, but not summer-like as Sunday and Monday had been. We went out at 11, and did not return till after 5; visited all the shops; that of Sarlin is full of good things, though, as usual, outrageously dear; the poor old man has been very ill and seemed still very weak—but his son and the prices were strong enough! From him we went on to Van Gelder's in the Spui, where we bought a small Charles V. medal. He showed us a magnificent set of powder-blue vases (5)—18 inches high—price somewhere between £800 and £1000—the finest things of the kind I ever saw. We have since written to Mr. Tuck to tell him of them. (They are beyond *our* scope. Spent a long time at Dirksen's, looking over his prints, etc. Called on the Bisschops, who were out. Heard that poor Hauja had died last year, his wife goes on with the shop, but she had just removed to larger premises and had nothing unpacked that she could show us. Tennyssen had also changed his quarters, and from the little house in the Pape Straat had gone into a splendid house close to the Palace. He had a wonderful display of blue and white, and whole rooms fitted up with old oak from places in the country; we just missed some Wedgwood portraits which he sold two days ago. The Hague was all en gala to-day, flags displayed in all directions; there was a review of troops in honour of some royal birthday. Also there were on all sides

preparations for the Kermesse, which is to commence next week. This does not add to the beauty of the town. There was a Kermesse going on at Ixelles when we were at Brussels.

10th. We had a very busy day—up early and off by 8.30. to Gouda. The loveliest of May mornings and my husband's birthday. Such bright passages of life ought to be remembered. The Hague and all the country we went through *did* look so beautiful. This is an exceptionally genial spring. Everything up to the last few days was very backward, and now everything has suddenly burst into full leaf, and the foliage, after the late heavy rain, is more brilliant than I ever saw it. The chestnuts one mass of flowers—the meadows like an emerald carpet; dear little Holland, always charming, was never more perfect, nor did I ever enjoy it more. Our first point was Gouda, where we spent about 2 hours—found a medal of William III. and his mother (1624), and a curious ladle at Cohen's. At Pavoordt's there were many things, but all of a high "Blue and White" character; so we only bought some Tournai plates and a pair of old-fashioned plated bottle stands to be used for flowers. It was not above $\frac{1}{2}$ past 11 when we arrived by another train at Rotterdam, and there we bought absolutely nothing. Van Minden was too dear and the other shops (Hartog, Van der Pluyne and Kryser) being quite devoid of anything attractive. There is a pretty bit of artistic silver filigree and a good miniature on enamel of Charles Edward at Van Minden's, but the first was £3 and the last £4, so we could come to no terms with him. He had also some Worcester baskets, but they were too dear also. Having taken some lunch at the buffet, we came on to Delft at 2.15, and there we stayed an hour, which was long enough to admit of a visit to Jedeloo, where we bought a print, and to the other little shops—where we found nothing. Thus by 5

o'clock we were back at The Hague again—saw there young Schaak, who took us to look at some prints—not good—and abominably dear. Arrived in time for table d'hôte. Sat by that agreeable Admiral Van Capellan with whom we made acquaintance here some time ago. Needlework (as last evening) for an hour after dinner. I am commencing curtain borders for Merthyr and Theodora—poppies and badges on black satin—very elaborate—I am sure they will never be finished!

11th. The morning opened in all beauty—we were not quite so early, but I had breakfasted and done a good deal of my work before 12, when we went out. Our first care was to post some letters, one of them being to complete our little investment in Portuguese stock. Then we went on to call on Mrs. Bisschop, whom we found at home and to whom we paid a long visit—she gave us some sad particulars of the poor Queen of Holland's death—she was regretted by every one. The Bisschops have added to their house and they had many pretty things to show us—they approved of our small purchases. While at their house a thunderstorm came on, but in an interval of showers we finished our review of The Hague shops, and called to see old Schwaab (retired from business), who had nothing to show us. Munchen had an unusually good selection of objects. We bought of him a very good Chantilly snuff-box (formed as a Boar), and a most interesting Battersea enamel box, having in transfer-printing an Almanack for the year 1760 in French—the condition excellent: we left some other objects undecided. Completed the purchase of some five prints with the Dirksens—looked in at Isaacson's, and got back (through a torrent of rain) in time for dinner, where there was quite a diplomatic party, including young Carew, whom I had made acquaintance with last spring.

12th. Attended Service at the English Church—young Carew walked home with us thence—he is going to marry one of Admiral Harris's daughters (the late Minister here). The morning had been showery, but the rest of the day was gloriously fine. We went up in the afternoon to the Bisschops, and after sitting talking some time, went with them to take a little walk in the Bosch. Came in rather late for table d'hôte, but the weather was so lovely we could hardly make up our minds to come in. Admiral Van Capellan told me to-day, that there was no doubt the son of Louis XVI. and Marie Antoinette (Louis XVII.) had survived the Revolution, and been sent over to Holland, where he became an engineer, married and left a son, now Captain of the Guard, and two daughters—all remarkable for their likeness to the French Royal Family—they always went under the name of Bourbon, but of course could not *prove* their descent. Mrs. Bisschop told me a pretty little anecdote. It appears that when the Queen of Holland died last year, our Queen sent over a quantity of white roses by the hands of Prince Teck [the late father of the present Queen of England], with which the coffin was literally covered. As the procession left the Palace a little robin came and perched upon the flowers and remained among them until the confines of the town were passed, and then flew away.

13th. By an early move we got to Amsterdam about 10 o'clock this morning. We walked to the station. At Amsterdam we were fortunate in getting an open carriage and, the day being lovely, we drove about till dinner-time (half-past five): we visited every shop we knew of, and found much less in them than usual. "Blue and White" is driving everything else away. The most interesting thing we found was an old copper snuff-box with the portrait of John Law rudely carved on the lid: on the reverse were some sati-

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rical devices alluding to the bubbles of 1720 : most acceptable to us who possess china plates with caricature subjects of the period and an English pack of cards of the same. We got also, at Speyer's, some good Chelsea dishes—and a good Chelsea bibelot and seal, representing Shakespeare, at Morpurgo's. These, with two Worcester baskets at Van Galen's, and some Chelsea butter boats (which are to follow us) at Blitz's, completed our purchases. But we had a most delightful day; the weather was beautiful and Amsterdam was looking its best; the Singel radiant with flowers for sale. Boasberg did his best to tempt us to a black Chinese vase at £ 100—it *seemed* to us very fine, but we resisted, and I am sure we were right to do so, for we could not feel certain that it was "all right", and it was a large price to give. He showed me two curious pieces, medallions of a sort of composition like horn, beautifully carved with heads of one of the Dutch Princes and his wife—and signed by the artist in full—John Osborn, Englishman, at Amsterdam 1626. I had not met with the name before; they were good as works of art, and curious for their rarity; I think we were wrong not to buy them. We dined at the Brack's Doelen. The fine blue and white vases that used to decorate the brackets around the Salle à Manger are no longer there. They were parted with last year, and I saw some of them sold lately at Christie's at Captain Luke's sale. After dinner we walked out again for a short time, and about 8 returned to the station for a train by which we reached The Hague about 10 o'clock.

14th. Letter by early post from Ivor. Off again, by the same train as yesterday, for Leyden. The weather greatly changed; it now poured with rain, but it was warm. Walked to the station and all about Leyden. There are great changes there—Duchatel, the clever Frenchman, is ill and has left business—Leureman, who used to have things, has removed

from his obscure corner to a grand shop, and has nothing. Three Ware baskets were all we found at Leyden, in a chance window—they were good but not important. Went on from Leyden to Haarlem, where we spent some 3 hours—not very profitably—but it amused us to walk about the charming old town. Found out Leeuw's shop; he may have good things sometimes for purposes of collection; however, neither town seems likely to invite another visit. The weather improved as the day advanced; we were back at The Hague soon after 4. Called on the Bisschops on our way to the Hotel and again went to them after dinner, and spent some time with them. A broken night—I happened to wake in the middle of it, and just at 3 was surprised by a ringing of Church bells, and a springing of rattles, which proclaimed a conflagration. From our rooms we could see the volume of smoke which continued for some hours—a chemist's laboratory was burnt—we could not make out the extent of the disaster, or any other particulars when we inquired in the morning.

15th. Again heavy rain and high wind. Went out to leave our recent purchases with Munchen to be packed; and went to the banker's for some money. At 3 we left The Hague; went to Utrecht, got there after 4, and immediately ransacked the town. It had become quite fine. Coster had nothing, Van Gorkum was out; at Hamburgers' we had the pleasure of overhauling a box of pretty trifles, Chelsea flacons, etc., which he had just brought from Spain, but we could not make any purchases because the father was not at home, and the son in charge did not know any of the prices. Bought two small basins at Van Galen's, and came back to the Hotel at 7 for an indifferent dinner. We put up at the Station Hotel for the convenience of being near the railway—good rooms and pretty comfortable. As we came in at 7,

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we were very sorry to be obliged to do so, but we had not eaten since an early breakfast, so we judged it unwise to put off dining to a later hour. There was a golden sunset, and all the chestnuts, laburnums, lilacs and hawthorns were in the fullest flower. It was so beautiful standing on the bridge enjoying all these varied tints, and the view of the dear old Church tower. As soon as our dinner could be got over we went out again and stayed out till 10 o'clock—we had then bright moonlight. Walked outside the town—all round it, and to the entrance of the Maliebaan—of many memories.

16th. Left Utrecht at 9 for Leeuwarden. The night had been stormy and there was much wind and some rain in the early part of the day—the afternoon again very pleasant. Arrived at the Nieuwe Doelen (at Leeuwarden) about half-past two, and immediately set out for the shops. Defries had nothing good and was very dear—Huisinga (where we got our Sternsee jewel, 18 months ago) furnished one printed English fan for my collection—*et voilà tout*: we came in to dine at half-past 4. Then went out again and called on M. Dirks, to whom we had an introduction from the Bisschops. M. Dirks and his wife received us very politely—he is evidently a great savant. He gave us some information about Sternsee, who was Châtelain of Harlingen in the time of Charles V. and who died in 1560. He and his wife are buried at Harlingen, and the Hôtel de Ville of that place is said to possess a suit of armour which belonged to him, and which was shown at the Friesland Exhibition held at Leeuwarden last year. The enamel which we possess is supposed to have been the boss from which a plume would spring, on a cap, and was undoubtedly a gift to Sternsee from Charles V. It appears that the Dirks or their friends had been in treaty for it—and let the matter rest till it fell into our hands, when they were not very well pleased to find it had got into the

possession of strangers. We sat a long time with the Dirks. Since our return I have been writing up the record of the last 4 days and am now very sleepy and am going to bed.

Friday, 17th. Left by a nine o'clock train for Harlingen arriving there about 10: immediately walked into the town, and, at the jeweller's where we had made a purchase at our first visit, were accosted by a little dealer who turned out to be a cousin of the Amsterdam dealer Speyer. He took us to his house but we found nothing to buy—he had some very good silver-mounted knives, which were rather a temptation. We got him to show us where de Jonge lives, who is considered the only antiquar of the place. We had heard much of him and his collection, but were altogether disappointed. Went to look at a clock belonging to a private person, but did not make any purchase at Harlingen. Our principal object, however, in going there was to get some authentic information respecting Sternsee, and in this we were very successful. Mr. Dirks had given us an introduction to a Mr. Gosling, whom we found at the Staathuis and who was very kind and intelligent. He showed us several passages relating to Sternsee in a book descriptive of the Netherlands, published in 1786, and then he walked with us to the Orphanage which Sternsee had built, and where we saw the painting of arms (not a suit of armour) which had been lent by the Commune to the Leeuwarden Exhibition last year. It appears to have been the hatchment taken from the church where he was buried, as the inscription commences with the words "Here lies", etc. Close to the Orphanage is the Westerkirche, also founded by him; outside this building we found the arms repeated; they had been painted over in various colours to suit the Churchwarden's taste—quite different from those of the hatchment. The inscription which had been below the arms was entirely obliterated by paint and whitewash—not even a trace remain-

ing. The book we had seen mentioned that his motto was "In te, Domine, speravi", which are the words upon our Sternsee jewel. Mr. Gosling went on with us to the principal church of the town, where, in the Eastern porch, Sternsee and his wife lie buried under a magnificent slab, on which are the effigies in high relief, surmounted by several coats of arms, defaced, but with their names remaining pretty perfect, and surrounded by an inscription, giving Sternsee's titles, etc. The date of his death and some part of the inscription are illegible. His wife is recorded to have died 1st March 1555. Both these churches are in vile modern taste—this principal one is entirely paved with gravestones. Parting from Mr. Gosling we returned to the station, where we waited some time for the train which was to take us back to Leeuwarden at 2. A tremendous high wind—almost a hurricane. Market day, and the town very smart with the women's costumes, as it was on the two previous occasions of our being in Leeuwarden. Dined at $\frac{1}{2}$ past 4, having previously called at some of the small shops. After dinner we went out again—made one or two purchases and bought some blue and white Worcester baskets of de Vries. Called again on Mr. Dirks, but he was out.

18th. Up again soon after 5 to leave by the 7.30 train for Groningen, which we reached about 9. Walked about the town, having left our hand-packages at the inn, Hôtel Trigge, and our heavy luggage at the station. Very hot—Kermesse was going on, a very inferior kind of affair to that we had left at The Hague. Found Heinrich of Leeuwarden there selling china in a booth. He took us to Drent, of whom we had bought last time. We now got from him two fine coloured Worcester baskets—and at Widow Meyer's we got some cane handles. It was so hot that we felt little disposed to walk much about Groningen. Its old fortifications are

being thrown down and a canal being made in their stead. We came back to our Inn, which is a very nice and comfortable one, and sat writing, washing, and packing up our china till table d'hôte at $\frac{1}{2}$ past 2. A violent thunderstorm had supervened. While we dined they came in and told us that a house had been struck and set on fire—the rain was furious, but all had passed off before we left again in the afternoon and we had lovely weather for our four hours' run to Oldenburg, which we reached at 8 o'clock—and so crossed the frontier and left Holland and are now in Germany. After our arrival we took a long walk through the various avenues and did not come in till late.

Sunday, 19th. My birthday. Not up very early—went out and explored the town, which though not very large is very pretty owing to the number of trees and gardens. There is no architecture to recommend it. The Market-place is small—the Stadthaus unimportant—the Schloss uninteresting, but the gardens of the Schloss very beautiful and full of flowering shrubs in full blossom—azaleas, rhododendrons, lilacs, hawthorn, etc.—nightingales and other birds making quite a concert—one little nightingale sat in a tree close to us and we stood some time listening to and looking at it. Went into the "Augusteum", where there is a very nice little collection of pictures. Having walked about generally and made ourselves acquainted with the features of the place we came in and dined about 5. Afterwards strolled out again and saw some of the neat suburbs. All the country round is very flat, and there seems a great deal of water, river, canals, etc., in and about the town. The side of it which is approached from the railway is most desolate, and one is surprised to see how pretty it is in the interior, owing to its trees. The few old houses that exist are not earlier than the 17th century—as far as we could see. (Two things I omitted with respect

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to Sternsee—at the Westerkirche, below the little tablet on which his arms are engraved, there is another stone whereon it is recorded that the church was founded in 1553—was enlarged in 1669, and restored (renewed) in 1856—so that what little remained of poor Sternsee's building after the "enlargement" was no doubt swept away on the last occasion. The other incident I forgot to mention was that the morning of our leaving Leeuwarden, Huisinga came to the Hotel bringing with him two large boards painted with the arms of Sternsee and recording the death of one of that name in 1676, thus bringing down the existence of the family another hundred years. It is now extinct.

20th. Up at 5, and am sorry to leave Oldenburg, which is a dull little Grand Dukedom, but which I am glad to have seen. Our Hotel, the Russie—large but far from good. Took the train at 8.30, and in three hours were in Osna-bruck, which is quite a different sort of place. Leaving maid and luggage at the station we walked into the town, and by good fortune calling at a jeweller's shop, had the name of M. Belage mentioned to us as a collector of antiquities. Still more fortunately we met this gentleman, who put us in the way of seeing all that was to be seen in the place. As to his own collection it was nil, with the exception of some pre-historic remains, which he told us he had excavated himself. He knew Mr. Franks. Our first point was to the Stadthaus. The building curious, not handsome—one very interesting room in it, which they call the Friedenschaft from the circumstance of the peace having been signed therein. Good fireplace, excellent centre light, or chandelier, of hammered iron—the stalls all old—in the wall three small cupboards with antique doors, containing the documents of 3 several guilds or charitable foundations. M. Belage had told us to inquire for three fine drinking vessels, but they were locked

up and the key taken away by the chief Magistrate. After the Stadthaus we went to the Dom—most remarkable and very fine, in what we should call the Norman style—Nave of three extremely wide bays, each divided into 2 sub-arches—the High Altar brought down into the transept—Cross, and all that part raised above the Nave—the East end of the church square—a large rose window very low over the door at the West end—quite at the extremity of the East end there is an altar on which stands a very large and curious châsse. There are two magnificent châsses, an ancient chalice, and a fine cross, studded with jewels, cameos, etc., in the Sacristy. In an upper chamber two more châsses were stowed away—and among other curiosities we were shown some rudely formed pieces of either glass or crystal, which the sacristan assured us were part of Charlemagne's set of chessmen. The cloisers of the Dom are as remarkable as they are unexpected. The whole building was a rich treat. We tried to get admittance to the Marienkirche (which is Protestant and of much later date than the Dom—partly decorated, partly flamboyant to all appearance) but we failed to do so; it is under repair. We had lingered long in this part of the city. The Sacristan now put us in charge of another guide and we went to see the Church of St. John, which is at some distance. Here also there is a Cloister, but it and the church itself are very late indeed. This part of our expedition was performed under a pelting rain, which rather took off from the charm of it—but we were delighted with the quaint old city. Some of its 16th century houses with their carved wood decorations are picturesque and beautiful in the extreme. Got back to the station a little before 4.—and then had to proceed on foot (our luggage on a truck) to the other station by which we went on to Munster—we had time to dine at the very good buffet before the train came in. Left at 6, and arrived before

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7 at Munster. Hotel, The King of England—Gerbaulet—very good indeed. Under the guidance of the commissionaire we went to the curiosity shops, of which we had heard much, and which proved a delusion but not a snare; after that we walked about for some time, again charmed with all we saw, the fine buildings, the arcaded streets, and the quaint houses, though scarce any older than the 17th century. Here another Dom with 10th or 11th century Towers. Came in rather tired and went early to bed.

21st. As soon as breakfast was over we took our cheerful guide again and set out to see the sights, which, indeed, are well worth a visit to Munster. First went to the Rathhaus—another Friedenschafft chamber with good fireplace and centre chandelier; we were shown a beautiful drinking vessel in the form of a Cock of ancient silver—instruments of torture, and other antiques. The large room upstairs, now adapted to assemblies, reminded me of the similar one of Cologne. Visited the Dom—the Marienkirche—then the Schloss, which we went over. The date of it is 1767—very good of its time—all the decorations and furniture of the ballroom and other state rooms, excellent, of the Louis XV. style. Pretty garden at the back. Walked thence along the avenues of the Boulevards to the other part of the town and again were pursued by rain. The Ludgeri Church old and good—11th cent., but with later apse—two modern towers have been very well adapted. Went into S. Lambert's (where John of Leyden was put to death). The old fortifications are destroyed but some curious old towers still remain here and there. Altogether Munster is a most interesting town. C.S. ended up the ramble by buying an Oriental teapot, the only tolerable piece of china in the whole place. Came in to write. Wrote to Madame Bisschop to tell her all we had learnt about Sternsee and to ask her to try to buy for us the two medallions

(signed John Osborn) which we had seen at Boasberg's. Dined at 4, and at $\frac{1}{2}$ past five went on to Düsseldorf, which we reached in pelting rain; put up at the neighbouring Europäische Hof.

22nd. We took a carriage and went to the Picture Gallery, which, after a long search, we found no longer to exist, the famous collection having long ago been transferred to Munich. [It was moved in 1805, for safety from the acquisitive hand of Napoleon, and still remains, the authorities in Munich having always declined to restore what naturally ranks as one of the greatest attractions of their city.] Looked into two rubbish shops called antiquars, and got back to our hotel in time to go on to the railway station. Düsseldorf is a large uninteresting modern town. On our way between it and Munster we had passed through the Iron district, Essen, etc. Left at half-past 1, and came along the right bank of the Rhine to this place, Wiesbaden. We arrived before 8—Grand Hôtel—dined indifferently.

23rd. To-day up early. This is my saddest anniversary. Immediately after breakfast we went out—made a mistake in the direction and were at a loss. Went to the Post Office and vainly attempted to ascertain it. C.S. had visited some shops and he took me to see one or two trifles they contained (after our one o'clock table d'hôte) on our way to the station for Frankfurt. I had had time to write to Monty before dinner. Posted this letter and one to Ivor at Frankfurt, where we spent the rest of the day. Found there, at the Post, a letter from Ivor. Still no news of Theodora, which perplexes me. Went to several shops. Goldschmidt has beautiful things, but of a very high flight and outrageously dear. Altmann is good and improving. A pouring rain during all our stay at Frankfurt—so we were glad to have a carriage

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and lucky to find one when we got back to the station at Wiesbaden. At our Hotel by 9.

25th. After breakfast we had time to go to the Banker's of the day. Lounged in the shops and made one or two purchases—among them a portrait in ivory of Maximilian, finely done, dated 1501, and purporting to be by Albert Dürer. Just as we had finished our shops (not without encountering a good deal of rain) a violent thunderstorm came on and we were glad to take refuge in the Hôtel de Russie, where we got an excellent dinner. Returned to Wiesbaden by a later train to-night.

25th. After breakfast we had time to go to the Banker's for some money and then, at 12, left Wiesbaden. First to Frankfurt, where there was a stop of above an hour, of which we availed ourselves to walk into the town, and then we went on to Fulda. Passing through a beautiful and fertile country we arrived about 6, in another shower of rain. Found a capital Hotel, the Kurfürst, and got a very good dinner—while this was preparing we took a little walk in the pretty shady promenades, the rain having ceased.

Sunday, 26th. We have had a most agreeable day; while we were at breakfast we had a visit from Dr. Schneider, whom we had heard of the previous day as an authority on the antiquities of the place, and he gave us renseignements which proved very useful to us. We went out soon after, and first walked in the promenade where the rank and fashion of Fulda had assembled to listen to the band; we then went to the old church, St. Michael's, which is most curious—Byzantine. In the centre a round space, domed, supported upon 8 columns, with capitals—4 plain and 4 quaintly sculptured; under this a crypt, and a small chamber in which saints of the period are said to have lived—I should put the date at about 800; there has been a bad restoration lately of some of the

parts. The Cathedral is a vast but a very modern affair. While we were in the Sacristy, looking at the plate, which has no artistic merit, there came in M. Hahne, to whom Dr. Schneider had given us an introduction as being a man of great antiquarian research. It happened that he was preparing for a visit from Prince Charles (the Emperor's brother), which was expected almost momentarily, and we were indebted to this circumstance for a sight of all the antiquities which were stowed away in the galleries under the East end. There were a few curious things among them, for instance, a piece of needlework (a Crucifixion) done in the stitch I am using and dated 1553. Arranged with M. Hahne to call at his own house later in the day and then walked up to the Frauenberg, whence there is an extensive view over the surrounding plain and up to the mountains. As we reached the summit we met the Royal party coming away. We stood in the crowd and saw them pass. We could not get into the church. There was a great procession outside it. Some service was being performed at one of the stations, all the multitude joining in the singing. The effect was impressive (though I must own that they sang very much out of tune) and the whole scene was most picturesque. The weather splendid. When we got back into the town, the six carriages which had brought the Prince and his party were in the esplanade opposite the Dom, and crowds were waiting to see them come out. Their visit had made the little town quite alive. We had a guide from the Hotel with us this morning, and before he left us he took us to see a curious old house near the other church, but it was not to be compared to those we had seen in Osnabruck. Later in the day we went to call on old M. Hahne, a jolly old priest and very kind. He has been a great collector, but had not much to show us. He spoke of many things he had sold, but told

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us that he had given his Fulda collection to the town. They were at the Town Hall but we could not see them, because of building that was going on. We described to him our statuette in Fulda china of the Virgin, and he said it was very valuable. He knew the model. It is indeed taken from the statue in the grove leading to the Frauenberg, which was erected about 1650 in commemoration of the Peace after the Thirty Years War. Our statuette does not, however, hold the Infant. Its pedestal is marked with the cross (the arms of Fulda), which, Hahne says, was the earliest mark of the Fabrique. Our only remaining sight after this was the Library, superintended by an amusing old gentleman, M. Armand von Keitz, who showed us, with great enthusiasm, the book with which St. Boniface is said to have tried to defend himself when the heathen "Frisians" took his life. Some other books were also shown to us in which the initial letters closely resembled those in the book of Kells. The binding and clasps of one of them very remarkable. There were at the Library several illuminated MSS. of various dates and some autograph letters of Luther and others. The stamp used by this last was a five-leaved (Tudor) rose, and the initials M.L. The good old Librarian was very prolix and we were not sorry to get out into the fresh air after an hour's visit. We finished our day's sight-seeing very agreeably, with a walk in the gardens adjoining the old "Prince Bishop's" Palace, most of which is now let off into private tenements.

27th. Up early and off by the 11.30 train to Berlin. They have a curious plan at Fulda of sounding the Réveillé at 4 o'clock in the morning. This is all very well in summer! I first heard it on the Sunday. I was already awake and reading Disraeli's *Sybil*, which has interested us by reason of the political opinions expressed in it. I finished the book

to-day on the way to Berlin. Our journey was a very pleasant one though long. We left Fulda at $\frac{1}{2}$ past 11, and reached Berlin at 9, not stopping above 6 minutes or so at any station on the way. Up to Halle the country was beautiful. We went through Erfurt, Gotha, Weimar, and a rich valley country with wooded hills and mountains; old castles in the distance something after the manner of the Bergstrasse, though not so fine or extensive. After Halle we entered on the dull level plain which continued till we arrived at Berlin.

28th. We have rooms at the Hôtel de Russie. As soon as breakfast was over we went to the Post Office for our letters. There was one from Lady Westminster—Theodora was confined on the sad 23rd of a little girl, born dead, but she herself reported to be going on well. Went to several shops—Meyer's, Lewy's, etc., but found very little. Dinner at 4, and then out again, when rain came on. The weather very different from yesterday, which was one of the loveliest summer days I ever remember.

29th. Again in the shops—found nothing but one fan—"The Testament of Louis XVI"—very good. Called at our Embassy, but did not see Lady Odo Russell. After dinner there was rain; I did not go out again, but sat working at my embroidery till dark. Then I wrote.

30th. Ascension Day. All the shops and also all the Museums shut. We drove a little in the Thiergarten, the weather being very pleasant. Worked a good deal in the course of the day, and took another short drive before sunset. The Congress is to meet, and is said to be fixed for the 11th of June at this place.

31st. Went to Dresden by a train leaving Berlin at 9.15, and were landed at our old Hotel, the Victoria, by 1. o'clock. It was tolerably fine when we started but soon there came on a deluge of rain. I slept some of the way and

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for the rest amused myself with my constant friend *Don Quixote*. It cleared up in the afternoon and we visited on foot the principal shops so well known to us, Weiss's, Salomons', Wolfsohn's, etc., and made a few purchases, but for the most part we met with nothing but German china, chiefly modern. We got two bits of Wedgwood, two nice little frames to hang a series of medallions in; a very pretty small Chelsea statuette, and two charming fans. Dined at 5. at table d'hôte and then went out again—this time in a carriage. Went to all the shops remaining on our list, but it was getting too dark to see much. Only bought a medallion—a Tassie. The Theatre lighted up had a pretty effect. Listened to some music at the great Café and investigated the Jewish synagogue, which at a distance and in the failing light had almost the effect of an old building. The acacias and elder-flowers smelling deliciously.

JUNE 1878

DRESDEN : BERLIN : MAGDEBURG : HILDESHEIM : GOSLAR :
HALBERSTADT : BERLIN : CRACOW : ODESSA : AND TO
TURKEY

Saturday, June 1st. June was ushered in with the loveliest weather—and this was, altogether, a most enjoyable day for us. We were up early, and as soon as breakfast was over, about 9, were out. We were to go over Erichsohn's shop by daylight, but as we passed it we saw Froeschel of Hamburg there, so we changed our course, and, putting off that visit till later, went on to where we had seen a Wedgwood mounted opera-glass the night before—which we now acquired. Froeschel followed on our track, with, I believe, a like intent. He had a few things for sale, and later in the day, I got from him a fan of the Seasons but not one of much interest. By 10 we were at the Grüne Gewölbe, where we



A COLLECTION OF COLOURED CHELSEA. THE LARGE MIDDLE GROUP ON THE TOP SHELF SHOWS A STYLE OF FIGURE WITH BOGAGE THAT WAS IMMENSELY POPULAR WITH THE EARLY PATRONS OF CHELSEA. THE MODELLER IS DOUBTLESS THE WELL-KNOWN SCULPTOR, ROUBILIAC, WHO PROBABLY SUGGESTED THE WATTEAU FIGURES FROM THE FÊTES VENITIENNES ON THE LOWEST SHELF. THE IDYLIC SHEPHERD LAD AND HIS "LADDESS," AS WALPOLE CALLED HER, AND GRACEFUL AND BRILLIANTLY-COLOURED FIGURES *à l'air* S.I.V.E. WERE THE FAVOURITES OF THE EARLY DAYS, AND WERE SOMETIMES SOLD AS DRESDEN.

From the Schreiber Collection

spent a long time in great enjoyment. Saw there Dr. Grässe. We had brought with us our newly acquired ivory, hoping to be able to compare it with some specimens in the collection which would instruct as to its authenticity, but in this we failed. On leaving the Grüne Gewölbe we went to the Porcelain Museum. It was shut for cleaning, but the attendants who were performing this duty recognised us, remembering our last year's visits, and they let us in, so we had a very pleasant hour there all to ourselves. We should have stayed longer but the room had to be closed about $\frac{1}{2}$ past 1—accordingly we went back to our Hotel, and, having deliberated on our next move, we took a carriage and drove to the Grosse Garten. It was, oh! so lovely—the trees so fresh and smelling so sweet! the grass so full of wild flowers! the birds so full of song! And then there was rural hay-making, and the old Palace struck me as being grander than ever. Then also we spent an hour at the Altertümer Museum, where there are many pleasant things to look upon, and having made the tour of all the drives within the domain we went back to the Victoria in good time for dinner ($\frac{1}{4}$ before 5), immediately after which we drove to the station, starting at 6.30—and so were back at our Hotel in Berlin before 10 o'clock. Again a blood-red sunset, but scarcely so beautiful as that of the previous night. We have both enjoyed this little excursion very much indeed; we made it without encumbrances and with as little luggage as possible. We have come back from peaceful Dresden to very different scenes—but enough for to-night.

2nd. To the English church—a short service, and we were out soon after 12. Went to our Hotel to put down our books and saw a crowd assembling near the Palace, so we went to see what it was, and found that there had been a reception of the Shah of Persia, whom we saw depart with his suite. Then we went to the Museum and remained there

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among the pictures till it closed at $\frac{1}{2}$ past 2. As we came down from the Museum a respectable woman accosted us, and in great agitation exclaimed "They have killed the Emperor!" We then observed that people were running from all directions towards the Palace and we followed them. As we went we came across a party of soldiers escorting a fury of a woman, who went along dancing, singing, shouting, and throwing her arms about, with every sign of triumph and exultation; we thought it must be the assassin but we were told that a man had done it. By the time we got to the Palace something of a crowd had assembled. We heard that the Emperor had been fired at from a second story window of No. 18 Unter den Linden as he was passing in an open carriage for his usual afternoon's drive; some said he was very much hurt, but a gentleman, who came from the Palace, spoke to several people, to ourselves among the number, and said that, though he had been hit he was not wounded seriously. I suppose he had been instructed to make this statement, that the public excitement might be allayed; for we afterwards heard that 2 shots had been fired by a gun loaded with No. 3 shot, and that a great many of these, perhaps 30, had lodged in the face and arms. In a few minutes we walked to the Palace where the attempt had been made—the windows of the room were open, several people with police were standing at them—a vast crowd were waiting for the culprit to be brought out. We took our stand amongst them and heard more particulars. When the door of the room was forced open, the first person that entered was the landlord of the house, who received from the assassin a pistol shot which carried away part of his jaw—the wretch then aimed a shot at his own head which partially took effect—his life has, however, since been despaired of—the landlord was presently removed to a hospital and was with some difficulty brought safely through the mob, who

were at first under the impression that he was the perpetrator of the deed. Soon after this the prison van arrived to take the offender away, and then we witnessed a terrible sight—the van had to be taken into the courtyard of the house, and the arch of the Porte Cochère being very low, the head of the driver was brought violently against it, his neck was broken and he was killed on the spot—the police climbed up and dragged him out of his seat and over the deck of the van, which then entered the courtyard; in a short time it reappeared in the street, with its wretched freight, and drove rapidly away amid the execration of the surrounding multitude—it had indeed been a fearful tragedy. After our early dinner, which takes place at 4, we went to the Embassy and sat some time with Lady Odo Russell. She told us that the invitations to the Congress had now really taken place—I fancy that the previous report that they had done so was entirely premature. On leaving her we went to walk a little in the Thier Garten, where it was very pleasant—but as this eventful day was to be eventful to its close, we met several small incidents during the short time we were out—a child limping—nearly run over—a carriage with restive horses—a crowd assembled round a dead dog—and lastly a poor weeping boy who had lost his way and on whom I could not but take compassion though it was not possible for me to make out where he came from—however, some benevolent females fortunately came by, who made out the name of his home and took him under their care to restore him to it—much to my relief!

3rd. Went to put our names down at the Palace, to inquire. The Emperor was reported to be going on well. Made one or two purchases—a good Medallion portrait of Augustus the Strong in Böttger Ware, and two fans—one with printed portraits with verses of the King of Prussia and Queen Louisa with their family—another, which I value much

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(though the mount is slightly dilapidated) with its ivory sticks carved with a likeness of "Frederick II. R. de Prusse" with his soldiers and military emblems. After dinner we walked a little and I committed myself, of sheer necessity, to a new, cooler, gown.

4th. Having been again to the Banker for money, we left Berlin by a train at 1 o'clock for Magdeburg, which we reached about 3. Spent the afternoon in exploring the town, and first went to the Cathedral, looking at a room where an exhibition of pictures had taken place, on our way. I had a vivid recollection of the beauty of the cloisters (it was, I think, in 1842 that I saw them) and I was pleased to find that they did not disappoint me now. There is some charming Romanesque architecture in and about the building. The West front is of the 16th cent.—fine tomb of Editha, wife of Otho I., who himself is buried there—her tomb is of late date; magnificent tomb, at the west end, by Peter Vischer—there is nothing of any great interest at the Nathans—we were taken over it, and then we drove about till it was time to go in to dinner. The "Broad Street" is a good wide street, with handsome 17th century houses, but many much later. I never saw anything like the acacia blossoms here—they quite hid the leaves on many trees, and their scent filled the air as the orange flowers do in Spain. I was weary in the evening and went early to bed, but had not a good night—however, I rose again, all right, in the morning.

5th. We left Magdeburg by an 11 o'clock train arriving at Brunswick about 1. Here a rich treat awaited us for which we were entirely unprepared. We expected to see a good Museum, but had no idea of finding ourselves in a complete mediæval town—but so it was—every other house is a study—old carved wood—bricks fantastically arranged in panels, tiled roofs with deep-set windows like eyes under their eye-

brows—everything unusual and picturesque; we had planned to go to Hildesheim later in the afternoon, and so we left our luggage at the station, and missing the carriages went into the town on foot—however, we soon found that there was enough to keep us here another day. Our first object being the Museum we made our way there at once, but could not get admittance to it until 3 o'clock, so we filled up the time by walking about, admiring all we saw, and hunting for curiosity shops. There are two places where they have a little old furniture, but they are not worthy of record. The Museum is much more extensive than we expected—founded in 1755—the collection of Majolica and Italian faience seems very good, it is extensive, and there are some thousand pictures, about which I know nothing—but in the miscellaneous portion there is a great deal of interest and instruct—old church treasures, ivories, etc. We wanted to compare our ivory of the 24th ult. with any specimens of Albert Dürer's work that might be here—we could find nothing to our purpose—the group in stone of the preaching of John the Baptist is the authentic piece of his work in the Museum—all the others, with his signature, are imitations. Having lingered long at the Museum we proceeded to the railway to pick up the maid and luggage and then went to the Inn, Schrader's, where we dined. After dinner we walked out. Went to the house of the Director of the Museum, M. Riegel, and showed him our ivory—arranged to meet him at the Museum the next day; then we walked about the town a good while—looked at the outside of the Ducal Palace—went through the gardens attached to it, and round the Theatre. Came in and wrote a little before going to bed.

6th. Our first care this morning was to meet M. Riegel at the Museum. We found him there, also the Inspector of the Print Department, M. Wepely, an intelligent man with

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whom we had some very agreeable conversation and who showed us a very fine collection of Dürer's etchings and woodcuts—it was agreed that our ivory was not an original of that master, but was a work of the 17th centy., *i.e.*, a century later than his time. Looked into St. Catherine's Church in Hagen Market—then went to the Cathedral—the nave is under repair so we could not see any of the monuments in that part of the edifice; they were all cased over; the choir was very fine, with wall decoration of the 13th cent.—very beautiful and striking—blue ground—much gold; the subjects chiefly of two colours, red and green—magnificent seven-branched candlestick—temp. Henry the Lion; went into the crypt—crowded with Royal coffins and tombs—that of George IV.'s wife very conspicuous in a central place; charming old bronze lion in the Platz of the Cathedral set up there by Henry himself—12th century. We had been told that there was a collection of local objects at the fine arcaded Town Hall, and that it would be open this afternoon; however, we could not find that this was the case, and so we contented ourselves with going into the neighbouring church of St. Martin, where the chief attractions are the brazen Font—15th cent.—and the beautiful Chapel of St. Anne. Again I must express my admiration of Brunswick—not only are the houses exquisite (many of them dated the 16th, and some even of the 15th century) but they are situated so as to show themselves off to the best advantage. The Gewandhaus and the Town Hall, with arcades in front and statues of the Princes and their wives, claim especial notice; there are fountains too, and many other things to make the place delightful, and gardens adjoining the town. Arrived soon after 6 at Hildesheim, which I have long wished to see; the weather was better to-day—on the previous day it had, for the most part, been very wet though it cleared in the evening. I must not forget a won-

derful colossal figure of Christ, carved in wood and signed by Bernard of Hildesheim, shown to us in the Brunswick Cathedral—no crown of thorns—feet not crossed—11th century. After we had seen our rooms in the quaint old Inn, the Angleterre, at Hildesheim we took a stroll into the town and found the solitary curiosity shop (Hertz)—not good for very much.

7th. We went to our curiosity shop again and bought a few prints and 2 pieces of English ware—after this we explored the antiquities of the town—the Rathhaus, in a charming old Square with several fine buildings—16th cent. and older—the Cathedral, which has been so changed and rebuilt that little of the original structure remains—it is a very distressing place, but it contains some gems of early art; St. Bernard's bronze doors—the font—the corona of lights—and just outside it, on the north, is the beautiful column with subjects from the New Testament, treated in the most original manner. From the Cathedral we went to the Museum, which is contained in an old church—and where we were plagued by a custodian who impeded us in every way, and made us lose so much time that we had all our plans disarranged—however his remarks on the "bronze period" were enough to gain our forgiveness. He attributed to it the copper lantern, of which we have a duplicate at home and which may be 100 years old. The Museum is not good and we were bored and tired—so much so, that we nearly gave up any more sights, but fortunately we "energised" in favour of St. Michael's Church, which is a most beautiful specimen of Romanesque architecture. As we walked back to our Hotel we happened to turn into the Langer Hagen St., where there is the finest Renaissance house I ever saw—heads of Emperors carved in medallions—full-length figures, etc. I would on no account have missed it. Oddly enough no notice seems

to have been taken of it as one of Hildesheim's principal sights; the town possesses many old, curious, and picturesque houses, which we should have thought more of had we not already seen Brunswick, where they are seen to better advantage. Having dined, and finding that it was better to wait here another night as the trains did not suit, we took a carriage and drove about for an hour in the town and in the environs, from one of which we got a good general view.

8th. Left by train at 11—got to Goslar at 1—two pleasant people from Zwolle in the carriage with us. Found dinner in progress at the Hotel (Kaiserworth) when we arrived, so we partook of it, and then went out to see the town. The Hotel, standing as it does in the Market, I recognised at once. Went into the Rathhaus, decorated with Wohlgemut's pictures, and saw the silver objects—then to the old Palace, which is being restored, and to its Chapel—then to the remains of the Cathedral, which contains a small Museum—then along the old fortifications (a pretty walk) to the round tower with walls 30 feet thick, whence the view is very good—then to a sort of almshouse dedicated to St. Anne, where there is a most interesting piece of "Stickerei" over the pulpit. Germany possesses many most curious pieces of this old needlework—there are very good specimens in the Museum at Brunswick. We finished our ramble at the Closter Kirche—Romanesque—old decorations of choir. The other churches we could not get into. There is a charming old fountain in the Market-place—fountains abound in this part of Germany—Brunswick, Hildesheim, etc. Drove over from Goslar to Hartzburg through a rather desolate country, full of smoke and foundries, and put up at the Hotel—an enormous establishment and very comfortable, situated in one of the loveliest spots on the earth. It had been a beautiful summer's day, quite hot and most enjoyable for me, but

unluckily C.S. suffered from his hay fever with the sun and dust.

9th. Went away by a 7 o'clock train and reached Halberstadt in two hours. Hôtel Prinz Eugen—not very good.

10th. Got up early, and went the round of the antiquities—fine old buildings in the Square—or place of the Rathhaus; there does not seem to be anything in the interior of the building. We went to the Cathedral and entered it by a side door to the East, just as a service was concluding and the fine organ began to sound—there was a large congregation (Protestant) and it was an impressive sight. The Cathedral is very fine indeed—of many styles—from Romanesque to 15th century; the choir admirable—with fine “Stickerei” and Gobelin hangings. We went into the part of the edifice where the curiosities are kept; among them a number of vestments, some of them made of Oriental “Seudal” such as we saw at Dantzic and elsewhere; part of the cloister very early. On our way to the Cathedral we had passed through the Church of St. Michael, where the only thing worthy of remark appeared to be a life-sized coloured figure of a warrior, forming the support of the pulpit—17th century. Very interesting is the Church of St. Mary with its four Romanesque towers. In it I remarked an 18th century monument to an “Elers”, one of the family that made ware in England? After the churches we had time for a short drive about the town. At the only curiosity shop (Meyer's) I found another Prussian Royal Family fan like that I bought on the 3rd. Left Halberstadt at 2—did not get to Berlin till past 7. Found a note from Lady Odo Russell asking us to dine with them to-day; we were, of course, too late.

11th. Left our names with the Crown Prince—an aide-de-camp whom we saw there told us that the driver of the prison van (on the 2nd) was not killed and would probably

recover—the Emperor is getting better of his wounds, which is as wonderful as it is merciful.

12th. The Ambassadors were beginning to arrive for the Congress, and we should have gone out to see if there was any excitement in the City, but about 3 o'clock a violent thunderstorm supervened, which did not clear off till late in the afternoon—we got, however, a little drive in the Thier Garten in the evening. A letter from Ivor this morning announced that Henry Layard had been made a G.C.B., which I am very glad of, as it proves that his labours are appreciated and is an excellent answer to the impertinent suggestions that have appeared in some of the newspapers, that it was expected that he should be recalled from Constantinople in return for the Russians having recalled Ignatieff. I wrote to Henry to congratulate; and at the same time told him that since the letter I received from him at Frankfurt on the 24th, the idea of our going to Constantinople was revived, and I asked him to let us hear from him again at this place on the subject. This evening, on looking over the *Times* we saw the announcement which led to some little excitement. In a previous paper it had been stated that on an expected vacancy in the next election, Sir Charles Du Cane would stand for Colchester—C.S. had been thinking of this Borough—and now it seemed out of the question for him. This evening, however, we read that Charles Du Cane had taken a place under Government (the Customs) which would prevent his being in Parliament. Accordingly C.S. sent a telegram to his brother Brymer, who is quartered there, to move in the matter on his behalf.

13th. Drove out—left some cards. Our old friend M. Waddington (now Minister for Foreign Affairs) is the French Plenipotentiary at the Congress. We passed by Bismarck's Palace where the Congress is to meet—and the Kaiserhof,

where Lord Beaconsfield is staying; a few people were standing about in each place to see what was going on. After our return C.S. went out again alone, but saw very little; Lord Beaconsfield passed in his carriage and he thought him looking ill. A letter received from Brymer made him fear that he had left Colchester, so he telegraphed to Miss Brock to inquire for him about the Borough. In the evening there was a great banquet given by the Crown Prince and Princess at the Schloss to the Members of the Congress. We stood on the bridge and saw them go to it, and afterwards had a little drive in the Thier Garten.

14th. Nothing very particular to record to-day—we were out—and in the evening took our usual drive in the Thier Garten. Invested in some Tauchnitzes—Disraeli's *Alroy* among them, which I have not read for five and forty years!—also bought a photograph of our friend M. Waddington, on which we were amused to find him styled a Marquis—he is here as the French plenipotentiary at the Congress.

15th. The first post brought a letter from Brymer, saying that, acting on C.S.'s telegram of the 12th, he had been to see the electioneering agent at Colchester about the Borough and explained C.S.'s wishes and views. No candidate has yet been selected, and a meeting of the leaders of the Party was to take place the day after he wrote (the 13th) to discuss the subject—he gave an outline of the conditions which would be exacted, which C.S. agreed to, considering them fair and reasonable, and so he telegraphed to say that he accepted them—a second letter arrived from Brymer in the evening, but it was little more than a recapitulation of the first. Walked out—went to the Print shop—got a Frye and one or two other pieces. In our walk met Monty Corry, young Balfour and Lord Salisbury, with all of whom we had some talk.

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17th. C.S. had telegraphed to Cyril Ponsonby to sell his shares, etc., and about the middle of the day got his reply by telegram to say he had done so and at very good prices. In the evening we went to a reception at the British Embassy—not many people had arrived when we got there, but it was soon very full. There had been a great dinner at Bismarck's to the Diplomats, who duly came to the Embassy after it. Lord Odo introduced me to the Bavarian Minister's wife, and I was talking to her when Lord Beaconsfield (having been told by Monty Corry that I was there) came from the next room and subsided into an arm-chair beside me, where he remained a long time, and, until some one was brought up to be introduced, we talked of old times—of Spain—of the East—and it was very pleasant—more especially when he spoke of Henry Layard, which he did in the warmest manner, praising his great ability and assiduity—and, above all, his untiring energy—"We want a man of energy in that place now, and in him we have found one", or words to that effect—adding that he had well earned the distinction he had lately received. Not less agreeable than this long conversation was the pleasure of seeing M. Waddington again, as charming and as genial as ever. Another pleasant little incident of the evening was our being introduced to Mehemet Ali Pasha, with whom we had a long talk; he speaks very good French—expressed himself delighted to make our acquaintance, and declared he should have known me anywhere from my likeness to Enid, which must greatly exist in his imagination! I had received a telegram from Henry just before we came out, responding warmly to the proposition contained in my letter of the 12th. Talking with some of the members of the Turkish Embassy, we found that our shortest route to Constantinople would be by Odessa. One of them, Parnis Effendi, gave us some particulars as to the journey—it is the

way they all travelled last week to this place. I ought to mention that all the notabilities of the Congress, Andrassy, Schuvaloff, etc., were at the reception, with the exception of Gortchakoff, who is ill, and Bismarck, who rarely goes out, but the latter was represented by his wife; we went at 9.30, and did not come away till midnight.

18th. I stayed at home all the morning expecting a half-promised visit from M. Waddington, who was no doubt prevented coming by press of business. They all appear to be working very hard. Parnis Effendi called. After dinner we had a long drive through a part of the city which was new to us, but very uninteresting. On our return we were greatly vexed to find M. Waddington had called in during our absence—we had expected him between 2 and 3. A letter from Edward Ponsonby announcing that Blanche had another little girl on Sunday evening.

19th. A really warm day—quite summer at last—I did not go out till after dinner. I have finished *Alroy*, and am reading *Wilhelm Meister*. My chief occupation is the embroidering of a curtain border—poppies on black satin, which I am doing for Theodora.

Wednesday, 20th. As we still heard nothing from Brymer, C.S. telegraphed to him in the morning. The late post, however, brought a letter from him, saying that he was going away from Colchester for awhile, and that nothing would be settled about the representation for the next few days—some half-dozen men were offering themselves as candidates, and a small sub-committee of the Party had been formed to sit in judgment on the merits of each.

21st. Called on Lady Odo in the afternoon and sat a long while with her. The Congress, which was to have met to-day, is put off till to-morrow.

22nd. We had thought of going to Potsdam to-day, but

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it was so hot that we felt idle and gave it up—and so we stayed in all the morning, C.S. writing, and I reading or working. In the afternoon Lady Odo called—I had asked her to try and get us permission to see the Crown Princess's collection—she called to say that she had made the application, that the collection was seldom shown in summer, but that the Princess wished to show it to us herself, and would do so on Monday morning. Lady Odo sat some time with us—she is full of cheerful talk on all manner of subjects. After dinner we drove to the Thier Garten. As we passed the Zoological Gardens we saw that a great crowd was assembling there, so we went in also. Several Members of the Congress, the Russells, Lord Salisbury, the Turks, M. Waddington, etc., were there—it was what they called a Congress Concert. Military music out of doors. The illustrious visitors were in a raised space opposite the orchestra, and the empressement to get a glimpse of them was immense. We presently found ourselves in a tremendous crush, where nothing but the good temper and forbearance of the crowd prevented accident. Presently the Band struck up with "God save the Queen", which is also the German National Anthem; this was received with enthusiasm and was called for three times; then we had "God preserve the Emperor"; then some other characteristic pieces, and finally, "Rule Britannia". In the meantime we had got round the press, and found ourselves in the Diplomatic Circle, where we had conversation with several of them, departing homewards about 10 o'clock. The diversions ended with a display of coloured lights against the green foliage, which had a very pretty effect. Altogether it was a most remarkable scene, and I was very glad that we chanced to witness it; they say there were 35,000 people assembled in the gardens.

23rd. Went to church. Very hot. Then to the Post

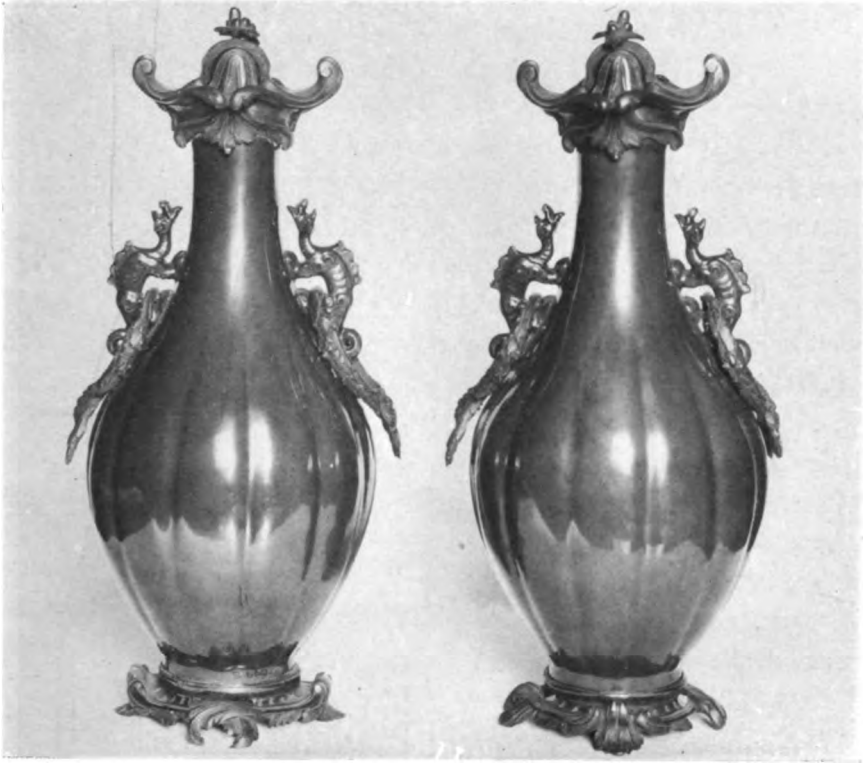
Office, after which we did not stir out again till after dinner. In the afternoon our good friend M. Waddington came and spent a pleasant hour with us. I was much interested in hearing his political experiences, culminating as they do in his present proud position.

24th. At $\frac{1}{2}$ past 11, as by appointment, we went to the Crown Prince's Palace; after waiting for a few minutes in an ante-room, Count Seckendorff joined us, and took us to the adjoining building, where the collection is kept, and where the Princess received us. She was most kind—said she was sorry to find we had been a fortnight in Berlin without her knowing it, as she would have wished to show us Potsdam—told us she had inquired about our collection in London which she had wished to see. She remained with us some time, pointing out the principal pieces in the collection—which for a private one is very good. When she left us to go to the Emperor, Count Seckendorff remained—himself a collector and intelligent. After leaving the Palace we tried to see the Gewerbe Museum, but it was closed. Again after dinner we took our last drive in the Thier Garten, which was very pleasant to-night. At 10 went to the Reception at the Embassy. Most of the same people were there as last time—the Chinese and the Montenegrin Envoy in addition.

25th. A visit from Parnis Effendi before noon, giving us some further renseignements for our proposed journey to Turkey. We went to the Gewerbe Museum; spent an hour there. Left cards with Lady Odo; talked with old Lewy, who is to pack and send away our few specimens of china, etc., and who gave us some curious information about the marks on some we have, and then went to our Banker's. A number of letters have been written to-day, and I need not say there has been a great deal of packing. We are to leave by an 11 o'clock train to-night. I have always looked forward with so

much pleasure to this journey—and now I am a little faint-hearted. Pray God all may be well! This stay at Berlin has been pleasant enough, and very interesting just at this juncture. At our Hotel there is a nice old man, Baron Cohn, the Emperor's Banker—and there has been staying here a curious person, of whom I expect we may hear more, called Despotovitch, who has evidently been mixed up with the late troubles, and will very probably do so again.

26th. We left Berlin by the train at 11. We had a comfortable carriage—slept a good deal during the night and reached Breslau about 6 in the morning; there we breakfasted. Up to this point it was an express train—afterwards we had frequent stoppages, and at a place called Kosel our wheel nearly took fire and we had to change our carriage. [The name might have struck Lady Charlotte as that of an early favourite of Augustus the Strong of Saxony and a patron, for a little while, of the Meissen porcelain.] After this we were in some consternation for we went so slowly that we feared we had made some error and had got into a wrong train. At the Austrian frontier, where we waited some time, we dined—reached Cracow at 6—the latter part of this journey very hot, and some women got into the carriage who would shut up all the windows. At Cracow a pause of three hours, of which we gladly availed ourselves to explore the city. We took a droshky and for two hours drove about—a quaint interesting old place most picturesquely situated. The Cathedral is in the Citadel—went up to it—there is nothing striking or good in the architecture of it except as regards the crypt, which is Romanesque—the monuments of the ancient Kings of Poland, most of them of red rich marble, are magnificent—that of Augustus the Strong is, however, of plain grey stone—very simple, but very large. The groups of people stand-



EARLY CHINESE SANG DE BOEUF VASES ELABORATELY MOUNTED IN LOUIS XV ORMOLU
The Collection of the Countess of Bessborough

ing about in the Market Place were very remarkable, Jews in their long coats and with ringleted hair. By dint of much inquiry we found out a curiosity shop, but it contained nothing but modern imitation china and miscellaneous rubbish. At 9 o'clock we went on again; had a comfortable carriage and a good night.

27th. Reached the Russian frontier about 11. Rather a fuss about our passport, which, however, had been duly viséed—it was all because my maid's name was not given in it—however, after awhile this was adjusted; then we waited about a couple of hours before the train started—there was a good buffet—I did not care to eat there—but we should not have got on at all had it not been for a polite Russian gentleman who interpreted our requirements. From this place we had no further change of carriage till we reached Odessa the following (Friday, 28th) morning at 9. We had a saloon carriage, which would have been very comfortable but for the frequent interruptions of people going in and out—and officials, in pairs, coming through every now and then to inspect us, slamming open the doors and not shutting them after them, which greatly disturbed our attempts at sleep. We got out at a station for dinner at about 8 in the evening, and found our places invaded by a Russian family—a Prince Abdelmelu, or some such name, with his wife, a baby and servants—the wet-nurse in a most showy costume, reminding me of that which Mlle. Brunow used to wear at Court. I soon made friends with the baby, and altogether the incident was rather amusing, and helped to pass the time; they left us about 1 in the morning and for the remainder of the journey we had no *compagnons de voyage*. The country we passed through was most ugly and flat—corn at the commencement—then barren steppes. It was very pleasant, when the train at last stopped at Odessa, to be greeted in English, and to find the Vice-

Consul, Mr. Hunt, looking out for us with a letter from Enid; he had bespoken a room for us at the Hôtel Suisse, whither we at once betook ourselves; the Hotel was very full, and our apartment was hot and not very splendid, but it answered every purpose for our short stay. Having dressed and breakfasted we had a visit from the Consul, Mr. Hanley, and then we took a carriage and drove out to see the town, which is not very remarkable—wide streets, with small, unimportant houses—modern—a town, as it were, built to order. We drove down to what is called “the little fountain”, a pretty little nook on the shore of the Black Sea, where there are restaurants, etc. After this our Russian driver, lazy fellow, declared himself tired, so we had to change our carriage for our further explorations. In our search for a curiosity shop we had the good fortune to find out a watchmaker who buys and sells such fine things as he can pick up. We got from him a little Jewish lamp of prettily worked silver. He tells us that the Poles had many treasures which, by marriage, etc., have frequently come into the hands of the Russians; the war has occasioned many of these to be brought into the market; he has promised to let us know if he meets with anything in our line during our stay in these parts—and after dinner he came to our Hotel to look at our objects and learn more particularly what we sought for; his name, Maurice Stern, Deribas St.—he is an Austrian brought up in Switzerland. We were dreadfully shocked to-day to read in the telegrams that the poor little Queen of Spain is dead. What a short life of happiness! (See Jan. 18.) [This was the first wife of the father of the present King of Spain.]

29th. Up very early, and off from Odessa without regret. We took our passage in the French Messageries Boat the *Provence*, which started at 9 o'clock. Very few passengers, among them one of the French attachés, Mons. de Torcy,

with his wife and children—a Russian General—and a Jewish commis voyageur of one of the merchants of Constantinople—indeed I think that was all—if I except 2000 sheep and some cows, penned close together on the deck and very odiferous. We had a splendid voyage—the Captain anticipated a great deal of wind, but it moderated soon after we started—the Consul and Vice-Consul came to see us off. The first novel incident that occurred was on the occasion of my inquiring the meaning of some gay flags I saw on a vessel in the harbour; I supposed that they were in honour of some fête, but the Captain informed me that they were signals requiring him to take a pilot to guide him past the torpedoes. The Captain added that he believed the said torpedoes to be quite “de carton”.

30th. The first view of the coast of Turkey (Europe and Asia) was obtained about 9 o'clock, just as we were going to breakfast. At the entrance to the Bosphorus, Cavak, where the steamer stopped for pratique, the Embassy steam launch met us, and took us off to the Embassy house at Therapia. Henry and Enid were on the balcony as we came, and ran down to meet us—it was very delightful—we arrived about 2 o'clock; the rest of the afternoon I spent with Enid in the garden. Henry had occasion to go to Buyukdere to see the Russian Ambassador, Lobanoff, and he took C.S. in the launch with him. The Austrian Ambassador, Count Zichy, was here—several of the attachés dined.

JULY 1878

VISIT TO TURKEY

July 1st. Enid's birthday, which my little offering made for me doubly a jour de fête; it was so pleasant to have it in my power to do anything to please her. In the afternoon, while she had her game of lawn tennis, C.S. and I walked

along the beach into and beyond the village of Therapia; it was warm. All the morning I had sat with her working in her boudoir.

2nd. Again a quiet morning. In the afternoon we went out in the caïque, Henry, Enid, Sir Collingwood Dickson (who is resident here and mostly lives at the Embassy), C.S. and myself; it was such perfect weather. We landed on the opposite shore and for the first time I set my foot in Asia; the spot was called, I think, Chibookli—we sat under a group of magnificent old trees; the tradition was that a young prince was here chastised by his preceptor, and that these trees sprang from the cane that was used. Near at hand is a little Mosque; the Muezzin ascended the minaret while we were there and called to prayer, which some of the faithful proceeded to perform; we sat a long time under these trees, the gentlemen smoking narghiles which were furnished from a little coffee house close to the Mosque—and they gave us coffee. A Turkish lady, closely veiled, came by, gaily dressed, attended by her woman—altogether it was a most romantic spot. After awhile we went on, reached the point opposite the Sweet Waters, saw the old tower, and then turned back to Therapia.

3rd. Wrote to Maria, whose birthday it was. Henry went out in the afternoon and did not get back till the middle of dinner. I saw by the papers two days afterwards that he had had a private audience of the Sultan.

4th. At 1 o'clock we all started for the fleet, where the Admiral gave a fête on board the *Alexandra*. The steam launch took us to the *Antelope*, which came opposite the Embassy, and in which we proceeded. A number of other people were on board from Therapia and the neighbouring villas and villages; the day was hot, but on the water it was delicious—and now I got my first view of Constantinople—but, unluckily for

me, there was such a cloud of dust that the prospect was sadly obscured; it was expected that the strong south wind which blew would make the Sea of Marmora rough for the latter part of our voyage, but it was not so. The Fleet lay off the Prince's Island—a great sight—they were all dressed with flags in honour of the day (Independence of America). Guests came from most of the nationalities now assembled in these parts—among them were some Turkish officials—the Minister of Marine—the Engineer who fortified Plevna (Sulie-man's head man), whose name, I think, is Vefik Pacha. The young people danced on the decks, and there were refreshments and flowers, and a very good band; altogether it was amusing, and the whole outer scene perfectly beautiful. Admiral Hornby seems a charming person—we did not get away till past 7. I was regretting that we should not reach the view of Constantinople till dark, so that I should not be able to see anything of it—but, on the contrary, the circumstance was a very fortunate one. It happened to be one of the great Mohammedan Festivals, and all the town, and all the mosques, and all the Turkish ships, and every window along the Bosphorus, were illuminated—the grandest sight I ever saw. There had been a wild sunset, and after it the dark western clouds were lighted up with occasional flashes of lightning—the wind had freshened and there was more movement till we got well within the Bosphorus—a young moon shining sweetly on the waters. I sat apart and thoroughly enjoyed the whole voyage home, where we arrived to a late (10 o'clock) dinner. The house when we reached it was as hot as a furnace, indeed the very breeze on the water felt as if it had passed over fire.

6th. This morning there were showers, but after luncheon the weather was perfect, so fresh after the rain and yet so warm and balmy. Enid took us out for a drive in her

new landau up to the Reservoir in the forest of Belgrade; most charming scenery, something like that of the Vale of Neath; leaving Buyukdere to our right we followed a very tolerable road which is being repaired and kept in order by some refugees; passed under the grand aqueduct and so came to the Reservoir, called "the Bends"—such a lovely spot. There is now a camp there; the Pacha whose tent is pitched near it was very civil, begged us to pass through his enclosure, and offered us coffee; it is curious to see the Turkish soldiers everywhere; here they were employed in making a garden for their commander. The vegetation is everywhere luxuriant, and the smell of the lime blossoms quite delicious, such had also been the case during our voyage home on Thursday night, as the scent came wafted to us, at intervals, from the shore; I had no idea of anything so enchanting as the Bosphorus. Mr. Malet was at dinner [afterwards Sir Edward Malet, Ambassador at Berlin]—Sir C. Dickson is always here, he is most genial. As soon as dinner is over we all sit in the round room in the centre of the house, the gentlemen with their narghiles—I generally sit near Henry and he talks of old times and things that he remembers in a way that is most interesting; all day he is busy beyond belief, and we see but little of him—but he bears his work well.

Sunday, 7th. The clergyman is ill so we had no service; it is generally performed in the Orangery and Enid says they have usually a congregation of some 60 people. I have been sitting writing here, occasionally interrupted by the scenes which are going on before the windows—boats, steamers, caiques, etc., passing up and down—all most picturesque. On the opposite shore there is a large Turkish camp, and their white tents shining in the sun—it is impossible to avoid getting up from one's work, or writing, to look at all the wonders of this wonderful locality. On Tuesday, as we came home in

the caïque, they pointed out to me an old gentleman, who, they said, was the Dr. Van Millingen, in whose arms Byron died. Mrs. Arthur Hanson has just been here to make arrangements for our joining her on Tuesday on a visit to the Bazaar. After luncheon a Pacha called—he had been Governor of the Archipelago and gave us some curious archæological facts about the antiquities here, and the sarcophagus of Guy de Bozom, which is now in the Maison Cluny. I must learn this Pacha's name (Savat)—he is a Greek. Quiet all the afternoon—sat awhile with Enid in the garden. Late in the day C.S. and I strolled down the village, and so to the Khedive's garden—we fell in with Mr. Johnson (a Queen's Messenger who had dined here the other day) and he joined us. Having lingered rather too long we had to hurry back to be in time for dinner, and we walked quickly, which heated me—but I was all right after dressing; we need not have hastened, for Henry, who had been out all day did not come in till we had all been some time in the drawing room. The attachés as usual on Sunday dined, and the party was augmented by the presence of Rustem Pacha (the Governor of Lebanon) and Doctor van Millingen (Byron's Physician). Rustem had come from his Porte on the matter of a Maronite Bishop whom he had had to restrain—of course I know nothing of the circumstances, but they say he has the approbation, not only of the Porte but of the English and French Embassies. I had a long talk with him. In excellent English he told me all about his former life—at school in France—at a London University, or King's College—and many years' residence in Europe. The Doctor is very learned in all the antiquities of the place, and has promised to lend us books on the traditions of the Bosphorus.

8th. It was arranged that we should make a water expedition this afternoon. First the steam launch was

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ordered, but it ended in our going in the ten-oared caique, a very pretty mode of conveyance. It was such a lovely afternoon, and we all enjoyed it so much—Henry was able to go with us. I like hearing him talk Turkish to our boatmen. When we got to the Island rock, some of the natives rowed off from the village on the coast and helped us to land; with their assistance we clambered up to the summit; it was not a long business, but it was very steep and, in some parts, dangerous for us women had we not had these sure-footed (*barefooted*) conductors; at the top of the rock is a beautiful ancient altar of white marble, and ornamented with four rams' heads, connected by wreaths, and with a circular boss in each division. C.S. was delighted with this remnant of classic times; altogether the excursion was quite one of the most charming I ever made, the scenery so wonderful; the party had consisted of Henry, Enid, Mr. Malet, Mr. Cartwright, and ourselves. Quiet evening—only Sir Collingwood Dickson dined, and Enid sang Spanish songs to the guitar.

9th. A little while before 12 we got into the *Mouche* to go to Constantinople—our first visit there. Mucktar Pacha, who had been calling on Henry, went back in the boat with us—he speaks very tolerable French and we talked all the way; he pointed out to us all the objects of interest as we went along; we pulled up at Kandeli to take in Mrs. Arthur Hanson, under whose guidance we visited the Bazaars; a carriage was waiting for us at the landing place, and in it we proceeded to the Bezesten—a most curious, and to us, a most novel sight—C.S. was even more delighted with it than I was; we went to a great many shops in search of curiosities, and though their first appearance was very flattering we found very little to repay our search. I was pleased at picking up one piece of Chelsea—a small flacon, which the Turk had

“ rased ” and mounted in silver, leaving it of no value except for the pleasure of buying Chelsea at Constantinople; we bought two other bottles, blue and white Oriental, and saw three more that were very good but of which the prices were prohibitory. Everything, indeed, seemed very dear. One of the dealers took us to his warehouse, and then we saw a very good Cinquecento Spanish cabinet, and a metal bird, for which we made a sort of offer, but I do not expect we shall get them. The atmosphere of the place was not agreeable, and I was sorry we came there, but in the Bazaar itself it was most cool and pleasant. They gave us lemonade and sweet rice. It was late before we got again into the carriage; then we drove to see the underground Reservoir with its “ thousand columns ” and the Hippodrome with its three conspicuous monuments, serpent column, etc., then to the burnt column on the way back to the *Mouche*—the Hippodrome charming with its views of Santa Sophia and Sultan Ahmed’s mosque of six minarets; what can be more lovely than Seraglio Point as you go up to the landing place? A Belgian friend of Mrs. Hanson’s joined us as we re-embarked; we left them both at Kandeli on our return. The course taken by our boat was very interesting—we coasted close to the Sultan’s Palace, and saw the Ladies sitting behind their lattices—the Kistar Aga sitting on the esplanade at the gate with attendants. After landing Mrs. Hanson we kept along the coast on the Kandeli side, and had an opportunity of seeing it well with all its picturesque details. We did not get back till almost 8 o’clock and had to dress very hurriedly for dinner, but it had been a most enjoyable day. Mons. Fournier (the French Ambassador), with his wife and daughter, dined—nice, quiet, unaffected people. At dinner Henry announced that England had taken possession of Cyprus—I don’t understand it all—he says so little that one

can judge nothing from his words, but I seem to feel that the step is taken as much to protect Turkish interests as our own—the departure of the *Salamis* from her place the other day seems to have had some connection with the event which, it appears, was given out in the Houses of Parliament yesterday, while we, on the spot as it were, had not a suspicion that such grave matters were being transacted. I had not a good night, worrying myself with vague apprehensions of future ills.

10th. This morning we saw in the *Times* of the 28th ult., that Sir E. Tyler is the probable candidate for Colchester at the next election, so I fear all our aspirations in that quarter are doomed to come to naught. We drove in the afternoon—Enid, Henry, and ourselves—again to the forest, with the intention to go on to the forest of Belgrade, but we were stopped and sent back by a sentinel, so we went as far as the Bends, where we were on the 6th, and then walked about a little; met Mlle. Fournier and the attachés of the French Embassy on horseback. On returning to the beach we turned up to Buyukdere and drove through it—part of the town very dilapidated, but the upper end (lined with villas and gardens) most beautiful—the Russian Ambassador (Lobanoff) has his country seat here, and as we passed through the town the Russian band was playing to a small group of idlers—it plays now every afternoon and evening, which I do not consider very complimentary to the Turks. Henry was so agreeable, telling us all about the neighbourhood. Among other places of interest is a group of trees which we pass on turning up towards the Forest of Belgrade, under which Godfrey de Bouillon and the Crusaders are said to have reposed. Henry told us that it was only by his intervention that the Russians were prevented taking possession of Buyukdere as the place whence to re-embark their troops for home.

11th. It was very hot—I stayed at home all the morning at work—turned very sick in the afternoon, being better towards dressing time and made an effort and accompanied the rest to dine with Mons. Fournier, the French Ambassador; it was not far to go; Enid had her sedan chair, but I preferred to walk; there were some dozen people at dinner—among them Admiral Hornby, who, with Capt. Winslow, has come up from the fleet and is staying at our Embassy. I sat between the Ambassador and Mons. Duval and had a good deal of pleasant talk, but ate nothing, fearing to bring on again my previous indisposition—so I got through dinner, but before the evening was half over I became very ill again; the gentlemen having conducted the ladies to the drawing room, retired to smoke, and I took the advantage of their absence to return home quietly and go to bed. Mercifully I was all right again (thanks to my unfailing remedy) next morning. [Abstinence was Lady Charlotte's remedy.]

12th. Enid's fête champêtre to-day—she was very busy about it, helped by some of the Fleet; I stayed quietly upstairs, working, till luncheon; the party was from 3 to 7—the entertainment consisting of tents, eating and drinking in the garden, sitting under trees, listening to the Band from the Fleet which gave us a concert of very good music, and afterwards played vales and quadrilles for the young people to dance, a large sail from H.M.S. *Antelope* having been spread over the lawn-tennis ground to serve as a Ballroom. It was all very well done and a very pleasant gathering. A great many of the chief Turks were there, including the Grand Vizier, Damad Pacha, Vefik Pacha, Mucktar Pacha, etc.—I made acquaintance with Vefik, whom I found very agreeable, and also with the Minister of Commerce, who is not delightful to look upon, and with whom I did not feel nearly so well pleased. I was also introduced to a son of Ahmed

Vefik—unpleasant scene with that little gadfly, Mrs. B., the only person here whom I have found unamiable. The heat was very great, yet it all went off very agreeably. Count Zichy stayed after the party and dined and slept at the Embassy. My Enid looked extremely well and graceful; her mourning for the poor Queen of Spain became her.

13th. They had expected Ahmed Vefik to luncheon, but he did not come. In the meantime Henry had to go out on one of his diplomatic missions, and he had not long been gone when His Highness (such is his title as ex-Grand Vizier) arrived. It had been arranged that C.S. and I should accompany the General and Mr. Chermiside to the Asiatic Sweet Waters to see a cricket match, so when the five-oared caique came for us we left him with Enid, and they amused themselves gardening till we all came back. The weather was now most delicious, the wind had changed to the north and the extreme heat had subsided—there was some swell on the Bosphorus, but not more than to make it extremely pleasant; nothing can be prettier than the scenery of the little stream on the bank of which the game was being played—we found a number of Europeans, the Hansons, etc., assembled to see it, and altogether it was a very pretty, and to us a novel, sight; we came away long before it was over. In the plain we had to walk across the remains of such a beautiful white marble fountain which had been overturned; it grieved me to see some children amusing themselves with chipping its sharp sculpture. When I got back it happened that I heard Enid expressing a wish to have a fountain in the Embassy gardens; I mentioned that which I had just seen and Ahmed Vefik said he would inquire if it could be had for them. Will he forget it? He has a charming manner, of much culture and refinement and so genial—it is a pity, on all accounts, that he is no longer in power; he and Henry and the

General are friends of long standing—he stayed dinner with us, and in the evening the *Mouche* took him home to his house at Roumeli Hissar, the General accompanying him to the shore. I must say these high-class Turks impress me very favourably—they are far superior to the Europeans I have met here, saving, of course, some of the diplomats, who are polished and remarkable men, but the Frank resident contingent is not attractive, such as the Greeks, Levantines, etc.

14th. I wrote a long letter to Mrs. Layard [mother of the Ambassador] in the morning, and read. It is most luxurious to lie on a sofa at our window, fanned by the delicious breeze of the Bosphorus; such moments can never be forgotten. Since luncheon we have had the Bazaar dealer, Marchetto, here showing us stuffs; these are things we do not buy, but his prices were absurd. One price—for a portière I rather liked he asked £30 for, and after a few moments said we might have it for £16, but we were not to be tempted. I forgot to say that I heard on the 10th that the cession of Cyprus to England is coupled with a treaty offensive and defensive between us and Turkey—this rather consoles me for some of the conditions the Congress have imposed on this unhappy and unwise country. When the *Salamis* was leaving the Station in front of these windows to go to Cyprus, Henry said to C.S.—“Mark the ship that is starting—that is History”. The words impressed him, but he had not the slightest idea of their import, nor where the ship was bound for; in a short time she returned and then went out again; it appears that in the first instance she had not with her the full authorities; history is being enacted all round us, but we know nothing of it until it is a “fait accompli”. I can glean from my observation that the French do not like our having this Island. Now I go to sit in the gar-

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den with Enid. Enid amused me with a book by Ouida, called *Friendship*, founded on the life of Mrs. Ross, Sir A. Gordon's daughter; very mischievous. Presently C.S. came out to us and I read to him the commencement of Lecky's *History of the XVIIIth Century in England*. As usual, several of the attachés at dinner, and old Count Pisani, who had been archivist to the Embassy some 50 or 60 years. The General tried to draw him out to give me some anecdotes of the olden times, and he *did* tell me something about the Massacres of the Janissaries in 1826, but he was not inclined to be very communicative. It was a pleasant evening and the moon, which had risen in great splendour over the opposite hill, was so bright that we could read by its light. This 14th of July is a day of many memories.

15th. Enid not up for breakfast, resting from the fatigues of last week. The heat, which was superseded for two days, seems to be setting in again—I have so much to write that it never can be written—must content myself with a sketch—but the heat did not return, and it was a delicious day. In the afternoon C.S. and I walked out and made calls at the Belgian Legation and the French Embassy; called on the de Torcys—all were out; when we got back we found the German steam launch waiting without—and Lobanoff's horses, held by a smart Cossack; Zichy we had met making his way to the Embassy—a great conference of the Powers was being held there, and we heard afterwards that it was on the subject of sending a commission to the Rhodope mountains—on which they were unanimous. At $\frac{1}{2}$ past 7 there was a Banquet here to the Turkish Ministry—I have not yet got the names of all the guests. The first to arrive was Safet Pacha, the Grand Vizier—before dinner I had a good deal of talk with the Governor of the Archipelago (see July 7)—at dinner I sat between Henry and Ali Pacha, whom I found

very conversable. In the evening Enid had one of her receptions—not a very great many people came, but she had dancing in the circular room, and presently, to my astonishment, and I have no doubt to his, I found myself standing up in a quadrille with one of the Pachas, Raoulf—a very agreeable man, who has been much in France—and told me that he was “*autrefois grand danseur*”. The whole thing was over by 12.

16th. C.S. and I went on board the *Antelope* at $\frac{1}{2}$ past 10, where we met the General, and proceeded therein to Pera, where a mounted Cavass met us from the Embassy, bringing up a carriage in which we drove up to the Palace there. We arrived rather earlier than we expected and waited there awhile, until it was said to be time to go to the Monastery where we were to see the dervishes dance—to our great disappointment we found there was to be no performance, as all the dervishes were away, paying a visit to their brethren at Brousa; we therefore lounged about Pera a little—got some luncheon at a sort of restaurant and returned on foot to the Embassy—there we found another carriage awaiting us (the first one having declined to take us the drive we had intended) and so we set out for Stamboul; crossing the bridge, we went again into the Hippodrome, looked at the exterior of some of the Mosques, drove into the enclosure of the Seraskieret, whence the views all round are magnificent, the whole progress giving us an admirable idea of the city itself. We were now at the “Walls”, which would seem to be one of the wonders of the world—we drove along them for a considerable distance, over *such* a villainous road that on looking back it seemed impossible we could have traversed it, but it was a grand sight and more than repaid any amount of shaking—we turned off at length through the great Cemetery, which is another most remarkable sight—and here we had a little adventure. In the narrow part of the way we came upon a

cart which had to be removed by manual labour before we could get by—we *were* to have gone on to the village of Eyûb, but there was some confusion in the instructions, and so after awhile the Cavass led the way back towards the City, and we passed back to the bridge between the Walls on the one hand, and the Golden Horn, at a little distance, on the other. After the incident of the cart the road had become so bad that we preferred to leave the carriage for awhile and to walk; it was about 4 when we got back to the Embassy. We went into the town and at a bookseller's found a *Murray's Guide to Turkey* in which we invested—we had just time to do this when Enid and Henry arrived from Therapia—they had driven over. After tea in the garden they showed us over the Palace of the Embassy, which is very fine, and we looked at several "objets d'art" which they have acquired since we were with them last, among others some lovely pieces of jade given to them by the Sultan. After this we dressed and went to dine with Count Zichy—and now, another adventure—in going down a steep hill which leads to his house through the French Embassy one of the horses fell and we had to complete the journey on foot. The Count received us in the garden, at the end of which, shaded by oleanders and lighted by Turkish lanterns, we dined alfresco; some of his attachés were at dinner, which passed off very agreeably, and when we left the table we found the rest of the garden lighted with coloured lamps among the flowers; it was a very pretty entertainment; he showed us his curiosities, many antique pieces of pottery, glass, and so forth. We returned by the *Antelope*, reaching Therapia before 12—a lovely moonlight night—lovely reflections of Mosques on the water. Oh, the beauties of the Bosphorus! It was not hot all the day, which rendered everything enjoyable, and now again it continues cool.



A CURIOUS ORNAMENT IN BRIGHTEST GLAZES AND COLOURS OF THE CHIEN LUNG PERIOD, 1735-1796. IT REPRESENTS A PAGODA BUILT UPON ROCK
Lord Wimborne's Collection

17th. At breakfast Henry showed us the Treaty of Alliance between England and Turkey—a document elaborately got up, in gold letters, in binding of velvet and silver gilt and bearing the Sultan's own signature; he says the Sultan prides himself on his fine handwriting, and on the pure Turkish which he speaks; I fear he continues very nervous and uncomfortable, for the Ministers who dined here on Monday told us that he had kept them at a Cabinet Council all the previous night, and that some of them had not been able to get even two hours' sleep.

In the afternoon I took my frame into the garden and sat there working under the trees, while Enid and the rest played lawn tennis. The Admiral and Mr. Winslow were here and joined in the game. Mrs. Wellesley Hanson called and sat a long while, and Enid had visits from the American (Mr. Maynard) and Spanish Ministers.

18th. C.S. and I spent the morning in our pleasant room together—he read me Lecky's History while I worked. Henry and Enid had gone meanwhile to an examination of pupils at the American College above the Roumeli Hissar—the Robert College—a sort of Speech Day for the pupils, who are, I believe, natives, Bulgarians, etc. Henry had to address them—they were back in time for luncheon. Soon after 5, we went on board the *Antelope* to go again to the Fleet. M. and Madame Dolez (the Belgian Minister) and some of the attachés went with us. A delicious evening—we dined on board—and at half-past seven went on board the *Alexandra*, where the officers had prepared a play. They gave "Aladdin or the Wonderful Scamp", which they acted very well—the ship looked grand and the decorations of flags and lights most effective; after the play there was supper and dancing, but we came away just as this had begun; it was altogether a very pretty entertainment, and we enjoyed our portion of it very

much, returning by the Bosphorus by the beautiful moonlight—got back by 1. o'clock.

19th. Set off early on another expedition—I had wished to see the Sultan, and found the only way of doing so was by going to see him attend the Mosque. We went in the *Mouche*—Enid accompanied us till we landed; this we did at a point above the long range of palaces near the water, and we walked at the back of these palaces preceded by the Cavass, until the Cavass from Pera met us and told us that the Sultan was not going to the Mosque near to the palaces, but to that on the top of the hill, near to the Kiosk which he is now inhabiting—thither accordingly we proceeded; it was getting so late that the Cavass suggested a carriage, of which there was a stand near to us, but they were all covered carriages (a sort of brougham) against which I had been warned on account of infection, so we preferred to walk and put on our best speed, which occasioned our being extremely hot by the time we reached our point—a violent shower had come on, but it luckily ceased when we got opposite the Mosque. We had not been there two minutes when the Sultan arrived; the ground was kept by troops, between whom and the crowd a clear space was left (by the intervention of the police); this space was soon occupied by the horses of the Ministers and dependents who preceded and followed. The Ministers on dismounting stood at the gate of the Mosque to receive the Sultan—who came on horseback—we saw him very well—a pale, good-looking, dignified man—he was greeted by a band of music and the shouts of the people, which he gracefully acknowledged. Having arrived about $\frac{1}{2}$ past 12, he remained in the Mosque until 2, and then returned in his carriage—a landau sufficiently open for us to get another very good view of him. The troops were dismissed some time before he left the Mosque so his return was without ceremony,

the police only cleared the ground. Among the Ministers I saw several of those who had been at Enid's parties, not near enough for recognition; at the point where we stood was a kind of mound and we had a very good view of the whole proceeding. When all was over we descended the hill, and expected to be reconducted to the *Mouche*, but our Cavass led the way into Pera, and took us to the door of a house at which Enid was to pay a visit to Princess Nazli, so I concluded we should find Enid there. The door by which we entered brought us into a long gallery, opening at the other end on the water—here we looked for the *Mouche*, but it was not there; I was rather mystified to know where we were, but it proved to be the house of the Princess. A young lady came to the corridor and beckoned me in—so I followed her to Princess Nazli's apartment upstairs. The Princess, who is a relation of the Khedive and married to Khalil Pacha, who was once Ambassador in Paris, is a young woman of about six and twenty—not very pretty but with a pleasing smile—painted as to the eyes and powdered as to the face—dressed in the European style, in white muslin and coloured bows—her room fitted up in the French style; she sat on a divan with one leg under her—spoke English very well and was very courteous. Enid and she are great friends. Her companion, Miss Memik, who had ushered me in, came to her a few minutes after I was introduced and said she had found C.S. waiting below—she had put him, she said, into the green parlour, “for fear the Pacha should see him”—this sounded mysterious—there was a conference between the Princess and her attendant, and shortly after, to my surprise, C.S. was brought into the room where we were—which was explained as being safer than his remaining where the Pacha might see him. It appears that the said Pacha is quite imbecile and roams about in a vacant manner—he would have been puzzled

had he met with a stranger in his house. The Princess received C.S. without any embarrassment into this her Harem—Henry, the General, and others know her, and she saw Lord Salisbury when he was here. Coffee was handed in jewelled holders; we talked some time, and then the *Mouche* having been found, we took our leave—she *would* bring us to the top of the staircase at parting. Now we went up to the Golden Horn, a glorious sight; we landed and walked through the beautiful streets of tombs, and after a little pause were permitted to go into the courtyard of the Mosque. In passing the Mosque itself we were able to look in—I do not know if we actually saw Eyoob's tomb, but we caught sight of some fine tiles. The Cavass, who had asked leave for us to go thus far, but advised our not pausing as we went, now led us into a building where we saw some four and twenty dervishes performing their devotions—they were seated on the ground, and rocked their bodies to and fro in concert, performing at the same time a kind of chant or low howl, occasionally changing the metre—we were afterwards told that no Christian had ever been permitted to witness this ceremony before—that Lady Elliot had sought to see it, but in vain—we remained there some half-hour and then returned by our boat, by which we got to the Embassy before 7. Enid was very tired and did not come down to dinner. Mr. Malet dined; he had been in the morning to represent Henry at the funeral of Mrs. Henry Hanson's little boy, who had been drowned in the tank of their garden on Wednesday last. Henry was not quite pleased at the account we gave of our day's adventures—I think he thought that it was not quite decorous of Princess Nazli to have admitted C.S. into the Harem—and he was vexed at Enid's being over-tired, which was rather due to her not having had any luncheon than to any actual exertion she had undergone.

20th. To-day all was serene—Enid was well rested, and our expedition was “ personally conducted ” by Henry himself. It was the day of days, and I cannot express how much I enjoyed it.

We embarked on board the *Antelope* at half-past 10; our party consisted of seven—Henry, Enid, the General, Mr. Sanderson, Mr. Cartwright, and Lord George Montagu.

We went on shore—we visited the Palace—some of the rooms are magnificent—all are furnished in a heavy, vulgar, European style—we went into the gardens and saw the tigers, which are very savage—returned to the *Mouche*, in which we made a rather rough passage to the opposite shore, a very strong south wind blowing—incident of the footman losing his hat and its being fished up with some difficulty—landed at a Palace, where one of the Sultan’s aides-de-camp waited to receive us and show us all over it. This Palace is fitted up in much better taste than the others, its ornaments are more artistic—it possesses a few modern pictures and a *little* good Oriental china. The disposition of the rooms is pleasing, and one of the Halls is most magnificent—in it the Sultan opened the first Parliament, now, by Russian intrigue, abolished. When the Sultan heard that Henry and Enid were to visit the Palaces to-day, he sent to invite them to lunch with him; they excused themselves by saying they were going to take a party with them. But to return—after the Palaces, which were a great treat, we went back in the *Mouche* to the *Antelope*, when we had a regular luncheon before proceeding to Stamboul—and now came the most delightful portion of the day—and indeed of our whole visit to these parts—carriages met us at the quay and we drove, preceded by the mounted Cavasses, to the Seraglio. The Firman, which, by-the-by, had been left behind by Mr. Sanderson, but had been brought on to meet us by

one of the Embassy servants, enabled us to see everything. We went into a marvellous Kiosk—called, I think, “of Bagdad”, built in pure Oriental taste, lined with exquisite tiles, decorated with good but not valuable china—the ceiling coloured red—all in perfect harmony, and commanding lovely views over the sea. Thence to the treasury, where four and twenty attendants lined our path and watched our proceedings; the gentleman who did the honours advanced with the keys, broke the large wax seal, and we entered. It would be endless to attempt to describe the treasures that here met our view—jade, precious stones, china; the throne, inlaid and studded with pearls and rubies, is the most conspicuous object—we especially remarked some china set with stones and gold—we were shown the Library, to enter which we were made to put slippers over our shoes—and then we went into the throne room where sherbet, coffee and pipes were handed; we ladies partook of the former—the General could scarcely be torn away from his chibouk—but time was pressing—the attendants who offered these refreshments all retreated backwards. Remember, in the Library, one of the celebrated glass lamps. Having taken leave of the polite gentleman who guards these treasures, and having looked in at Santa Irene, which is now an Armoury, we went on at once to the Mosque Sofia. The upper part or gallery is reached by a series of inclined planes as at Amboise, the Campanile at Venice, and Murcia; from the gallery the view is wonderful indeed. I know not whether mostly to admire the grandeur or simplicity of the architecture, which I prefer to any ecclesiastical building I ever saw. We had the good fortune to arrive just as prayer was beginning and we waited to see it performed—then we descended, and putting on slippers over our shoes, walked about the floor of the Mosque; thence to the Mosque of Sultan Achmet—we went in but remained

only a few minutes—it is fine, but after the *Sofia* does not show to advantage—lastly we visited the Mosque of Sulieman, which is very grand indeed and occupies the finest position in the City; we found it full of soldiers, of whom between three and four thousand are accommodated within it, and in tents around it—very fine painted glass. Returning at once by the *Mouche* to the *Antelope* we got back to Therapia in good time for dinner. This was one of the bright and happy days of my happy life—thank God for it. Two young daughters of the Swedish Minister at dinner—they are remaining here.

21st. While at breakfast, a visit from the Aide-de-Camp who showed us over the Palace yesterday—I believe he was the bearer of despatches on business—he seems accomplished. A good deal of writing this morning—C.S. has written to his friend Mr. Hunter Rodwell to get him to move in the House that the report of the Russian atrocities in the Rhodope Mountains may be printed. This Report was furnished by Consul Blunt and sent to England at the beginning of this year—it unfolds a frightful picture of barbaric horrors, and Europe ought to know what brutes the Russians are. A deliciously cool day. We have had Marchetto here with curiosities, but have bought nothing. Spent most of the afternoon in the garden, and C.S. and I had a charming little walk together on the upper terrace, whence the view, at sunset, was quite lovely. We are beginning to make our arrangements for going away—I cannot bear to think of it, this has been such a happy time. As usual the members of the Embassy at dinner.

22nd. Another day of quiet rest—there were no expeditions. I worked in my room and in Enid's boudoir. Enid rode in the afternoon, and then I adjourned with my frame to the garden, to act as chaperone while the young ladies and

some of the attachés played lawn tennis. In the evening Enid had one of her receptions, and there was dancing, which, however, was over by midnight.

23rd. To-day it was proposed that we should go into Constantinople in a little Victoria carriage, hired in the neighbourhood, and drawn by a wretched pair of horses, which had some difficulty in getting us back again—the drive, however, was delicious—all about Therapia and as far as Mashlak the scenery is lovely, with glimpses of the Bosphorus—beyond that point it is bleak and barren. We drove straight to the Monastery and had to wait a few minutes before the doors were open. The building in which the performance took place is an octagon, something like a theatre, with space all round the central floor for spectators to stand in, over which is a gallery divided into a kind of boxes—facing the entrance is a kublâh, to which all bowed as they went in, and near to which are spread carpets for devotion. In the gallery opposite the kublâh, the musicians placed themselves—men with long pipes like walking-sticks and drums, with demure countenances and flowing robes. The dervishes entered the arena about 2 o'clock and seated themselves around—then commenced religious exercises which lasted half an hour—only 12 dervishes were engaged in it; their precision was admirable, and what struck us most was the coolness they displayed when they came to a halt; all stopped at once and did not seem even out of breath—the way they bowed to their chief, with his green band swathing his head-dress, and to each other on beginning every dance—and the way in which, at the conclusion, they kissed his and each other's hands was very graceful. It is a sight we should have been sorry to have missed, but it has less of excitement in it than I expected. As soon as it was all over we walked up to the Embassy, where we found our carriage awaiting us, and we forthwith

returned to Therapia. A delicious cool day—all the vessels decked out with flags for some fête—got back about six. Enid was receiving a visit from a Turkish lady.

24th. To-day Enid went on an expedition to the Fleet, taking with her a party of Turkish ladies, including Princess Nazli. She went down in the *Antelope*, and visited the *Alexandra* and *Devastation*; a torpedo was exploded for their amusement and instruction. I spent the morning upstairs, working, while C.S. read to me; after luncheon Henry took us out in one of the caiques, the two Miss d'Ehrenhoffs, the General, and ourselves—rowed about a little to take the air, and then landed on the opposite Asian shore at Beikos, where we spent the rest of the afternoon, near the Sultan's Palace there—walked about—looked at the several groups of Turkish ladies seated, in the dresses of gayest colouring, under the magnificent plane-trees, and examined the pretty and picturesque arabas which had brought them to this favoured spot. After a walk along the avenue, Henry and the General sat down to enjoy their Narghiles, and coffee was handed. As we went away we heard the summons to supper from the Camp which is planted near here, and forms a striking object from the (opposite) Embassy windows. The call is succeeded by three cheers for the Sultan, which often reach us across the waters. This Camp is always an interesting feature in the landscape. The troops were exercising in the Beikos valley when we landed first, and as we rowed from the shore, we saw a procession carrying a soldier to his last resting-place among the tombs scattered over the slopes. It was very pleasant having Henry with us, but he was much troubled by the accounts he had received just before of fresh Russian horrors in the Rhodope districts. When we got back we found Mr. Whittaker waiting to see him, with fresh details. Count Zichy dined with us to-day. In the evening

we all adjourned to a dance given at the French Embassy—the garden prettily illuminated.

25th. They sent us down in the *Mouche* to Constantinople that we might pay a second visit to the Bazaars. Their man, Pedro, went with us—on landing we went on foot to the Bazaar, where we spent some three hours, doing very little, but followed about in a tiresome manner by Jews and beggars. We put ourselves, part of the time, under the care of Ebsoglu, the Jewish dealer, with whom we had made acquaintance on board the steamer (see June 29th), but the only transactions were with Marchetto, of whom we bought some trifles (and among them a present for Mrs. Arthur Hanson), in whose shop we sat and ate our luncheon. Returning to the *Mouche* we stopped at Galata on our way back, and toiled up the hill to leave cards at the Austrian Embassy. It was hot, especially when walking—back by 6. Henry and Enid had been out in the caïque to Roumeli Hissar to call on their friend Ahmed Vefik.

26th. It had been arranged that I should go to-day to pay a visit to Princess Nazli's aunt; however, Enid was not very well and did not get up till after luncheon, and when it was suggested that I should go in the three-oared caïque, accompanied by one of the Miss d'Ehrenhoffs, it was found that the north breeze was too strong to admit of our going, so I gladly gave up the expedition, and sat about with Enid in the garden, where some lawn tennis was going on in the afternoon. Mr. Woodford, a Queen's Messenger, dined at the Embassy to-day. Mrs. Hanson called in the afternoon, very pleased with the dish we bought for her, and I had a visit from Mr. Baring.

27th. Another quiet day—wind in the south—very hot afternoon. We drove to Buyukdere for Enid to call on the German Chargé d'Affaires, and the Greek Minister here.

[The American Minister (Mr. Maynard) had been to call here. I sat upstairs a good deal during the day. C.S. read to me from Cesnola's *Cyprus* while I worked, finishing the first instalment of the curtain I have rashly engaged to embroider for Merthyr and Theodora. C.S. and I walked a little before dinner—it was too hot to go farther than the Hotel, where I was shown a very pretty French dinner service, which had been made for a defunct Pacha, with crescents, emblems, etc. There was a report that the excellent Vizier had been dismissed and that Mahmoud, the Minister, had been put in his place. Zichy was at luncheon to-day—allusion to Lord Salisbury's speech about Austria by C.S. and consternation thereby created. There is the greatest mystery here about everything—and quite properly so—but the consequence is that one sometimes says something wrong, for want of knowing better. Admiral Commerell and his flag-lieutenant, Mr. Gresley, arrived—a pleasant man, knowing something, also, about china and bric-à-brac.

28th. [The *Pelican*, in which Admiral Commerell came here, lay in the opposite Waters. They sent off a boat to fetch us to prayers, which Captain Stopford read very well. Incident of an Italian vessel anchoring close to us and our nearly colliding, as we swung round—an animated scene—all hands summoned to avert the mild catastrophe—very hot, but the breeze is now springing up from the north. In the course of the afternoon Princess Nazli came to pay us a visit. Enid caused all the servants to keep away, except the little Black boy, Jerry, who served the coffee, the tea, the cigars, of which the Princess smoked three—she talked very pleasantly, but the visit was rather heavy. Henry came in and saw her for part of the time, and on leaving she sent “her compliments to Mr. Schreiber”. Enid and I took her to the top of the stairs—she stayed about an hour—she wore a very pretty

white muslin gown trimmed with blue ribbons and having an enormously long train—she would have looked better had not her face been thickly covered with white paint and her eyebrows strongly blackened. When she went away, her companion put on her Yashmak of the thinnest description—she drove over in her own brougham drawn by very pretty black horses. When she was gone C.S. and I went and called on Miss Parniss, whom we found at home, and there we stayed in the garden till dinner-time—very pleasant—heavy rain in the night.

29th. The weather much cooler—this day 45 years—my first wedding day. I spent the morning with Enid (who is making a portrait of Miss d'Ehrenhoff), and in the afternoon we went out in the six-oared caique. Henry accompanied us and we had a charming expedition; we landed at a place called, I think, Anfort, and there scaled the hill, passing through lovely cypress avenues. At the head of the valley beneath, there was a small piece of water; we descended to it, and found it full of small tortoises, which on our approach, hastened to the bank, expecting to be fed. We here crossed the valley and scrambled up the opposite hill, whence we had the loveliest views up and down the Bosphorus—Scutari included—we came down again on the extremely picturesque village—a sort of market seemed to be going on—at least the narrow street was thronged. A pretty Mosque—an enclosed burial-ground, with handsome tombs, some lovely trees and plants, together with the busy shops, formed a picture unusual to English—to European—eyes. Here we were in Asia. In returning we kept near the Asiatic coast for a long way and enjoyed some most beautiful scenery—this, our last excursion, was very charming. The party at dinner to-day was joined by Baker Pacha (of unenviable notoriety); he is a coarse, heavy-looking

man, but I suppose a wonderful military genius. Enid's reception at night—Lobanoff attended it—I was glad to have seen him—his face is not prepossessing. They danced till 12, and I had to talk a good deal—I did not know I had so many acquaintances, and the worst of it was, that I had no notion what were their names.

30th. The sad day came for our departure—the French Ambassador had given orders for the Messageries steamer to stop for us opposite Therapia, and we went off to it in the *Mouche*—it came by at half-past 11—the same vessel (*Provence*) by which we arrived on the 30th of last month. It seems incredible that we should have been here so long, the time has gone so quickly, and now the most beautiful dream of my life is over. Thank God for the happiness I have had. Dear Enid stood on the balcony, as we passed, and waved her handkerchief to us—we stayed on the deck till first the Embassy and then the coast of Turkey were quite out of sight—some two hours, I think, from first to last. Poor devoted country, how will its sad history end—the Turks are so much the best of the population if they could only be decently governed. But Russian intrigue will never leave them alone, and one trembles for the future. The sea was smooth; after the early dinner I went above again and watched my last Turkish sunset—cloudy and melancholy. How sad I feel at this parting I cannot express—may God continue his blessing to those I leave behind—I write this in the saloon of the *Provence*. In the course of the evening we had some very nice music, and there was on board Count Stroganoff, grandson of my old friend who was Ambassador in London at the time of the Coronation—the present man is attached to the Red Cross Mission, and was on his way from San Stefano, where he had been assisting at some charitable arrangements (the sick are being sent home in ship-

LADY CHARLOTTE SCHREIBER'S JOURNALS 1878

loads every day). For above an hour Count Stroganoff improvised very agreeably on the piano.

31st. Breakfast about 9, and then I lay down and slept again—C.S. had roused me early to see the Isle of Serpents, with its conspicuous watch tower, of which we had a very good view, passing near it. A steamer met us to guide us into the harbour, ostensibly for fear of the torpedoes, after keeping us waiting for about half an hour. The Custom-house officers came on board as soon as we arrived at Odessa, but we had no trouble as Count Zichy had given us a “*lascia passare*”; moreover, we had the assistance of the Vice-Consul, Hunt, to whom Henry had telegraphed to meet us—his clerk went on with the luggage to the railway station and we proceeded to the Inn (Hôtel Suisse) and ordered dinner for 6 o'clock; then we had time to walk into the town—called on Stern, who had now, no curiosities for us. The Vice-Consul dined with us and then accompanied us to the station, where there was a wonderful scene of confusion, but by his help we got off very comfortably. The large Russian carriages are not so comfortable as the Austrian, nor is the prospect from them very attractive—squalor and degraded countenances everywhere—we were very glad when about five next day we crossed the frontier.

AUGUST 1878

FROM ODESSA TO VIENNA: PRESBURG: STUTTGART: METZ:
PARIS

August 1st. The night was luxurious compared with the former one—we had only one companion in our carriage, an Armenian from Constantinople and Asia Minor, speaking good French, and visiting Europe for the first time—on his way to the Paris Exhibition and devoted to ancient art.



A CHARACTERISTIC ANTIQUE SPANISH CABINET BOUGHT BY LADY CHARLOTTE DURING A TOUR IN SPAIN. WITHIN IS A LARGE COLLECTION OF XVIIIITH CENTURY SALT GLAZE WARE OF AN UNCOMMON CHARACTER
The Countess of Bessborough's Collection

2nd. Then we had room to make our beds at ease, but in the morning they put in with us an infuriated Slav, who had a violent controversy with the mild Armenian and spat about in a most unseemly way. From the time of leaving Odessa we had wet weather until we came within a short distance of Vienna—the harvest seemed interrupted, and in many parts, the country saturated with wet; they say it has rained here for the last month. We ought to be very grateful to have had such a calm sea voyage—the Russian boat, which left the day before us, laden to overflowing with passengers, encountered, in the night, a violent tempest, which so retarded it that it did not arrive in time for the night express. Good view of Cracow as we passed it—arrived at Vienna at a quarter past four and were in our Hotel (Archiduc Charles), by 5 o'clock.

Never was there such a prosperous journey in every respect than that which we have performed—to and fro—from the 25th of June last. Before settling down in our new quarters, we took a cab and started off to the Embassy, with a letter Henry had entrusted us with for Sir H. Elliot—he was in the country, so we left it—thence to the Post Office, where no letters of any moment—dined at 7 and so to bed.

3rd. Heaps of newspapers to read, so we did not get out till the afternoon. The weather bright and not too warm—drove in an open carriage and visited numbers of the curiosity shops, where we found very little to interest us. Got some Tauchnitzes—among them Miss Thackeray's *Old Kensington*, which I read in the evening.

Sunday, 4th. A dull day. We tried to go to Church, but on reaching the Embassy we found there was no service, so we walked on to the Ambras Museum, where we remained till it closed at 1. o'clock, in great enjoyment. Have

just had a long visit from Mr. Welby, who is one of the attachés at the Embassy. Before dinner we strolled out—spent an hour in St. Stephan's—a priest was preaching from the chief pulpit in a very theatrical and impressive manner to a large and attentive congregation—we could not understand his sermon, which I regretted. Looked at the fine tomb of Frederick III., Maximilian's father, but could not see the figure, for which steps are required. I delight in the exterior of this Cathedral (the only building I care for in Vienna) and especially love the West end, with its grand Romanesque door and blessed monsters in the wall.

5th. Writing in the morning—did not get out till 2 o'clock. Took an open carriage and went to the curiosity shops which we had not already visited—a cabaret of Wedgwood, which, though good, we found afterwards to be very imperfect, and a bonbonnière were our only purchases. We have been telegraphing to-day to Cyril Ponsonby about investments—we must wait here for his answers, and this will rather delay our movements. Saw in to-day's *Times* (date of Saturday) that the people of Colchester have found themselves a candidate for the next Election—(see June 12, etc.)—this is vexatious—but C.S. says he does not mind it; there does not seem a prospect of a dissolution this year, and he is not sorry to be without the charge of a Borough on his hands for so long a time before another election. Mr. Gould, our newly appointed Minister to the lately constituted State of Servia, was dining in the salon at the same time as ourselves and we got into talk—young Welby also came in, and persuaded us to go in the evening to the Volksgarten, where we stayed till 10 o'clock and heard some pretty music—it reminded me of the similar institution at Amsterdam—walked home—hot night.

6th. Blum, the dealer, came before we had finished

breakfast, having promised to show us some fine Oriental vases—C.S. went to look at them, but they proved to be Japanese; he found, however, a good teapot in the collection, which was that of a private lady—we have bought it. By $\frac{1}{2}$ past 10 we were at the Schatzkammer, where we spent the following two hours most agreeably; I think the object I would rather have of all the treasures there, if I might choose, would be Charles of Burgundy's crystal goblet in its fine mediæval setting enriched with enamels. Looked with interest at the clock, which is the original of the forgery we saw at Madrid—(see Feb. 10 last)—to some shops; only found a broken old Royalist fan, Louis XVI. Came in at 2. Wrote to Ivor. Finished *Old Kensington*, do not care for it—the description of scenery and sentiment too frequent and far-fetched. After dinner we took a long drive for the sake of the fresh air and ended by spending an hour in the Volksgarten—more people to-night and two bands.

7th. Went to the Bank for supplies, then drove about a little; the quarter where the new building is going on is marvellous—afterwards to the Belvedere, where we spent an hour with our favourites, Raphael, the Moretto, Rubens' Archdukes, Queen of Cyprus, Mantegna, etc.; we walked back, passing through the buildings by the Ambras buildings and sitting for awhile under the trees—the view from the Belvedere is really fine with the mountains in the distance. I rank Vienna after Paris in the scale of buildings among capitals of Europe, but I have no love or sympathy for it—all show and tinsel—the Stephan Cathedral always excepted. Came in about 4, and at $\frac{1}{2}$ past 6 set out for Hacking to dine with the Ambassador and Lady Elliot. I believe I knew them both in former days, but I had forgotten them. They have the Queen of Saxony's villa for the summer months, very prettily situated in a very pretty suburb, past

Schönbrunn, so it was a nice drive out. There were only members of the Embassy and Mr. Gould at dinner—I sat between Sir Henry and Col. Wellesley, and we had some very pleasant talk. The Elliots were some ten years at Constantinople, and loved it very much—they were full of it and of Therapia, where the house was built under their direction—nice, kind, quiet people—I should say hardly force enough to grapple with all the difficulties of the present phase of Turkey. In coming away we nearly had an accident—one of the horses refused to go *down* the hill, and we had, by shouts, to invoke the aid of the Elliots' grooms before it could be accomplished—got back before 12.

8th. Violent rain—we got a little carriage, notwithstanding, and drove about for a couple of hours, visiting some of the shops again, but buying nothing—we are preparing to make a little excursion to Presburg if the weather permits. We went, and had a most delightful trip—the weather cleared up—we took the steamer at 5 and arrived at 7, just in time to see Presburg before the evening closed in—the river is very tame till you get to Hainburg—from that point, passing Theben, the scenery is very fine indeed, and Presburg with its bridge of boats and its commanding Schloss and all its associations is most interesting. We were travelling in very light marching order, with one small package between us—we put up at the Grüner Baum, a very nice hotel, and after a comfortable dinner, walked about under the trees, opposite to it. I went to bed early—it was a hot night and we had a window open—but the air is fresher here than at Vienna.

9th. We got up early, and, taking a guide, went first to explore the solitary curiosity shop—made some small purchases—after this we walked into the market, which is quite one of the prettiest and most interesting sights I have seen for some time—nothing but vegetables, fruit, and a few flowers

—all in profusion and attended by such picturesque crowds—the lines of carts and horses which had brought them into the town were quite a show of themselves—we were fortunate in being here on the Friday. After we had walked through the market, we got a little open carriage and drove up to the ruined Schloss, from the terrace of which the view is magnificent—then looked into the modernised Cathedral, fonts dated 1403—and then visited the Town Hall, a venerable building but not fine—one good room with ceiling and door (of the 17th cent.?)—a small Museum with some objects of local interest. Return to our Inn—paid our bill, and drove on to the railway station. Left Presburg at $\frac{1}{2}$ past 1, and by $\frac{1}{2}$ past 3 were at our Vienna quarters—the journey was not so pretty as that by the Danube. We are now preparing for a longer flight. Packing and dinner over, we proceeded to the railway station, and at 8 o'clock left Vienna—a very good night's journey.

10th. After the frontier, about 3 o'clock, it soon began to become light, and we passed through some beautiful country with distant hills, but heavy mist—I dropped asleep before reaching Munich—and so soundly that I never observed our arrival, or C.S.'s getting out of the carriage to go to breakfast—we were shunted about, and one of these shuntings woke me, and for a time I was in much consternation and perplexity at finding myself alone—I made sure he had got out at an intermediate station and had been left behind—so I hastily made up my mind to go on to Stuttgart (as arranged) and to wait there for him to join me—however, he soon joined me and it was all happily explained—the journey from this point to Stuttgart was most beautiful, through one of the most remarkable mountain passes I ever saw, overlooking a deep and fertile valley for miles—that part near Geislingen especially to be admired. We reached Stuttgart

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exactly at midday—the only other incident of our journey was a tremendous fire which we saw when not very far from Vienna, and very near the railroad—it must have been very destructive and was awful to look upon. Having shaken off our dust and dressed, we joined the table d'hôte dinner at $\frac{1}{2}$ past 1—and then drove to the curiosity shops of which we had heard a flaming account; they have absolutely nothing in them worth buying, and are the dearest I ever encountered—I shall not trouble myself even to write down their names in my constant companion the "Address Book". Came in to read and fell asleep—on waking at 6 found the heat tremendous—I never felt anything like it except what we encountered last year at Salzburg, and once in the autumn journey of 1838. This Stuttgart lies in a hole, surrounded by vine-clad hills and no wonder it is stifflingly hot when the sun burns and there is no breeze. We went out to drive round the town and stayed out till near 8—a threatening sky—some wild sun-lights, and every appearance of a coming storm. It is a fine town, and seems very flourishing and increasing; the Square in which the Town Hall stands is rather picturesque and old, but for the most part it is modern and uninteresting. Music in the Gardens near this Hotel when we arrived, and music in some of the gardens when we went out this evening; we drove up some height and got a good view of the town.

11th. We got up without any intention of leaving Stuttgart to-day, but after awhile we determined to go on, finding there was a train to Metz at a little before 1. The maid had gone to her Mass, so I set to work to pack up, and C.S. watched for her as she came out from service—so by dint of a little exertion we got off in good time. An afternoon of chequered weather, at times very bright but with blinding storms of rain at intervals. Some fine mountain views before reaching the level plain in which Strasbourg

stands—at Strasbourg we dined, and then through a lovely country we went on to Metz—it was soon too dark to enjoy it, though there was a brilliant moon, as we did not arrive till about 10 o'clock. As usual put up at the Hôtel de l'Europe.

12th. Took a long walk through the town. As to curiosities, we found nothing except at old Denner's. He has a fine new shop, in grand style, which they say he supplies from the Hôtel Drouot; we bought of him one Oriental bowl. A long visit to poor old Renard Thorel, who told us all the gossip of the trade—Mons. Bertant, from whom we got the beautiful Bristol figures, by exchange, is dead, and his collection goes to a niece—they say that a great part of it is composed of modern forgeries. After the shops we went into the Cathedral and spent some time there. It seemed to recall St. Denis, by its lightness, etc. Walked round by the Esplanade and gardens back to the Hotel, enjoying the fine view. Left Metz at 2, and reached Paris at 10—a stupid journey—rather rough road about Frouard, passed through the Chevaliers' country—Bar-le-Duc, Commercy, Toul, etc. There is a Baron Maxime de Lavernette who lives sometimes at Metz, sometimes at Besançon, who collects all the relics of James II.'s family, to which he is in some way allied. On reaching Paris were very pleased to find Belard had rooms for us at his Hotel; we had telegraphed to him in the morning, and so here we are now comfortably installed. Found many letters awaiting us, among them one from Arthur, who is going to America next month. [This was Lady Charlotte's 4th son, who died 17th July, 1898, three years after his mother.]

13th. I wrote this morning in reply suggesting his coming over here for a few days, as we see so little of each other. We were on foot all day, and visited a good many of

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our old accustomed shops, but found them very ill furnished—Oppenheim's, Fournier's, etc. Occupied ourselves about dress.

14th. Settled about some gowns—always a troublesome business—and went to the Exhibition, where we spent three hours in the Loan Gallery of the Trocadero—it contains a great many fine things, the Rothschilds and other great collectors being contributors. Saw M. Sibout there—he has had a great deal of trouble about the little Chelsea bibelot he bought for us in February, and which never arrived.

15th. Mrs. Burr [wife of Higford Burr, Esq., of Aldermastor, Reading, a friend of Sir Henry Layard] came to see us before we went out; she is on her way to Therapia and takes things for us to Enid. Again we spent three hours at the Exhibition—this time we devoted ourselves to the English exhibitors—china, furniture, etc. Minton does wonderful things, but he cannot attain to the *tone* of the old people. In the Oriental Department we got into a talk with the superintendent of Vincent Robinson's carpets, etc., from whom we got a good deal of information. After dinner Arthur came, which was a great pleasure to me. Weather very changeable; each day we have been fortunate in getting cabs on leaving the Exhibition—to-day it was a fête day, and the crowd there was very great.

16th. We went across the river and visited some of the shops there, Duvauchel's, etc., coming back at 1, with the idea of joining Arthur at the Exhibition, but he put us off, so we spent the afternoon in some of the shops at this side of the water instead, and in trying on dresses. Arthur came and sat with us in the evening.

17th. In the morning, shopping at the Bon Marché, which is a rubbish-shop in my estimation—in the afternoon, called at Wanitz's and walked on to the Hôtel des Affaires

Etrangères, to leave cards for the Waddingtons—they are not now in residence. He was in town for the day, but of course we did not see him, nor even did we ask for him. We went through some of the shops of the Quai Voltaire also. It is remarkable how little we have seen worth buying since we have been in Paris. This evening we dined with Arthur at his Club in the Avenue de Matignon—met Mr. Adams of the Embassy and had a very pleasant evening.

18th. To church at half-past 10, then walked up to Arthur's Club, where I left my fan the previous evening, and as we returned we met him. Later in the afternoon we went to the Exhibition, and visited the Persian and Moorish Section—spent the rest of our time in the opposite wing of the Trocadero, where the fine Loan collection is, which we saw the first day—the portion over which we lingered longest was that of the fouilles from Tarragona, of which the terracotta figures are of enchanting grace.

19th. Tried to make out some scheme of ancient dates from Dr. Birdwood's "Handbook". A wet day in an Hotel is very dull—we went out in the afternoon—got some money—paid for some small purchases we had made about the town, tried on my new dresses. Am I not coming out in a new character? Old Fournier showed us once again his private collection, in which are many fine things. It is always instructive to see it.

21st. The principal event of the day was a long visit to the Exhibition in the afternoon; we went first to the Trocadero, partie droite—delighted with the small but choice display of Oriental china, M. Poiret's and M. du Sartel's especially—the former has two "Socles" with figures adapted for holding lights, which are finer than anything I know, except the figures in their black and green garments that we saw at Vienna in 1875. When we had spent some time in the ancient

department, we went across the river and lounged among the modern "Beaux-Arts", where we saw very little to admire. The Sèvres is atrocious, glaring, showy, inharmonious—the French painting in the worst taste. On leaving the Exhibition we went to see Mme. Beavan, but she was ill, so after a little talk with M. Sibout we returned home.

22nd. Walked out early across the Tuileries to the Quai, and so to old Metayer, who closed at midday, bought of him some good pieces of blue and white—made some small purchases at Le Clerc's and some at Degournay's, he often has pretty things, but they are generally so broken and made up that there is great risk in buying them—at Le Clerc's I got some Revolutionary fans, which were the occasions of my getting into conversation there with M. de Sarton, whose opinion had been invoked on a point of history—at Le Clerc's we also met with a little Chelsea étui, with the sentiment "Libre, mais fidèle", on which we are going to engrave a seal; it is to be engraved with a cockatoo and lettered "Coco" after Enid's favourite—the Fourniers undertake to get it done for us. Left cards at M. de Villiers'—he is absent. Went up to Montmartre in quest of Osmont, but he was out and so the day was uneventfully consumed.

23rd. Went to see old Osmont, who has a specimen of Eglomisé glass which I rather suspect, but it is to be uncovered for our inspection on Monday—went through a great many shops, but with small results, and spent the afternoon in the Exhibition, in the modern portion—pleased with some of the Spanish pictures and with those executed by the Bisschops. Went to bed early, rather tired.

24th. Went through the collection of the Prince of Wales's Indian presents at the Exhibition, accompanied by young Waters, but I do not think we learnt much from him. At the display of the Venetian glass we met our old friend

M. Castellani and young O'Rourke, and with them Sir William Drake, who showed us some of the best specimens, and with whom we had some pleasant talk. This "Venetian Murano" Company exhibit some wonderful reproductions and copies from the old. We spent a long while in their department, and then had only time to look in at our native show of glass made by the Webbs; they have some very clever productions in artistic engraved glass vases, etc., but their glass for domestic use is quite out of taste both in form and decoration.

Sunday, 25th. Church at 10.30, a very good sermon from the Chaplain on behalf of the Paris British Schools. Had a visit from Mr. Adams, Secretary of the British Embassy; he told me that my Monty was expected in Paris—so, later on, we walked out and called at the Club to know if he had come—found he had done so, but had just gone out to call on us, which was provoking; I was sorry to have missed him. However, we had a very pleasant walk as far as the Arc de Triomphe and back, calling on the Hambros on our way.

26th. A very long day's shopping, in two courses, viz., morning and afternoon. Went to Osmont's where I found, as I expected, that the reliquaire was not Eglomisé glass at all, but a painting under the crystal cover; I am to show it to the learned to know its date and nation—to my eyes it is Byzantine. Added to my number of historic fans and made one or two purchases. Dined with Monty at his Club—the Hambros were there.

27th. Another foray—to M. Flaudin's, and looked over Marquis's collection of Oriental china, which is very fine, but of which the prices are quite ridiculous. In the afternoon we went to the Exhibition, loitered among the continental productions—Fischer's (Herend) imitations are wonderful—he was there himself—a quiet little man. At the end of the Venetian

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Murano glass department, we again saw Sir Wm. Drake and made an appointment with him for Thursday. As we were passing the Creusot department we saw a group of people coming from it, one of whom, we were told, was the Grand Duke Constantine. Is this the same that came to stay with us at Dowlais in the year 1841? If so he bears his age well. We left the building by the Trocadero and as we walked towards it, we met the bands who had been having a musical contest within the building—one of the foremost played as they walked along—the whole scene was very animated and picturesque, and it was such a lovely evening, so we went home on foot and enjoyed the walk—there was a wild red sunset lighting up the West. We passed by the Cours la Reine and stopped to look at the beautiful little Renaissance House, dated XVIth century, restored 1826. We were very happy. It was half-past 7 before we got back.

28th. Such a lovely day that we grudged shutting ourselves up in the Exhibition, so in the afternoon we drove about—first we went across the river, bought prints of the Pretender at Danlo's, and then went along that Quai (de la Tournelle) to the Column 29 Juillet—the views of Notre Dame are most beautiful—explored that part of the town by the Beaumarchais Boulevard, including the historic Place Royale (des Tournelles), and drawing blank everywhere came back in time to dress for a dinner with Mr. Adams—met the Hambros, William Barrington and Monty.

29th. By 10 o'clock we were at the Trocadero, where Sir Wm. Drake met us with Professor Barnabi, the Italian archæologist, to go over some of the objects of the Retrospective Section—the Hambros and Monty came too. In the gallery we found M. Gustave Schlumberger, secretary of the department, who pointed out to us many of the most interesting pieces, giving us their



THREE VIEWS OF AN INTERESTING PUNCH BOWL OF CHINESE PORCELAIN AND PROBABLY EUROPEAN DECORATION. THE PORTRAIT IN CENTRE OF BOWL IS THAT OF CHARLES EDWARD, THE YOUNG PRETENDER. THE OUTSIDE SHOWS ENAMELLED COLOURED FIGURES OF BAGPIPER PLAYING A REEL, AND THAT OF A SCOTTISH SOLDIER WITH SWORD AND GUN
Lord Wimborne's Collection

history, etc. While we were there M. Grean was resettling some of his Greek (Tanagra) specimens, and we were introduced to him—a snuffy, enthusiastic old man, whom I was glad to have seen. We subsequently made the acquaintance of M. Longperrier, who is evidently the best informed of all the savants we have yet found in Paris, on ancient art (he condemned our Albert Dürer ivory as a forgery). On leaving the Trocadero, went to the garden—sat there awhile till a storm came on, then retreated to the building, where we took advantage of the time to look over the French Ceramics—those of Limoges are good—those of Sèvres detestable. By 2. o'clock we were again at the Hotel—the weather soon cleared and for the next four hours we drove—took back the enamel to old Osmont, and finished all the shops on our list that remained to be done—with no good results. Just as we were going to dinner, Mrs. Arthur Hanson arrived from Constantinople—she dined and spent the evening with us. Ivor's birthday.

30th. C.S. not very well—we have not been out yet, but have had visits from M. Sibout and Mrs. Hanson—after this we went to the Fourniers' and concluded the purchase of a pair of fine Oriental Jars (yellow ground) for the sum of £40—thence to Mme. Beavan's—made no purchases, but were tempted by a pair of blue and white vases; besides they have acted so honourably in the case of the Chelsea bibelot (see Aug. 14) that we feel bound to do some business with them. Went on to Sir William Drake's to tell him of M. Beavan's lace and found M. Blaize de Bury sitting there, who made our acquaintance. On our way we had looked into a most unpromising rubbish-shop in the Faubourg St. Honoré, where C.S. spied a lovely fan-paper having a representation of a procession in the Plaza Mayor of Madrid by nobles and their attendants named "Duque de Medina Celi", "Marquis de Tabara" and "Marquis

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de Astorja", a piece to be framed and hung up with one we already possess.

31st. Early to the Exhibition, where we made the acquaintance of M. Paul Gasnault, and looked through a great deal of the china and faience with him—we condemned a forged Worcester plate which is being exhibited and is very derogatory to our English reputation—I do not know if they will remove it. Before we returned to our Hotel, we went through the specimens of old china for sale in the Chinese (Champ de Mars) department; some of them are very good and appear to have been eagerly bought by English dealers. A visit to M. de Bury in the Boulevard St. Germain concluded our afternoon. The Carberys came in while we were there—she seems a curious woman, and it is a queer ménage, but she appears to be a friend of the Waddingtons. Saw Mrs. Hanson at her Hotel.

SEPTEMBER 1878

PARIS : DIEPPE : PARIS AGAIN AND HOME

Sunday, September 1st. To church at a quarter past three, then walked to M. Danvilliers' to ask when he would be in Paris—our afternoon ended in a short lounge in the Tuileries Gardens.

2nd. The principal event to-day was a visit to M. Gasnault's to see his china collection. On our way back we explored a great many shops and made one or two purchases—among them a little lot of near 1000 Wedgwood buttons, which Fournier had put away in a drawer—we concluded for M. Beavan's pair of blue and white vases this morning; they are very fine. Monty came and sat with us in the evening and we made arrangements for a visit together to the Exhibition the following day.



TWO SIDES OF THE CHARLES EDWARD PUNCH BOWL SHOWN IN THE LAST ILLUSTRATION. THE SOLDIER AND PIPER ARE BOLDLY DRAWN IN THE ORIGINAL, BUT OWING TO THE CURVE OF THE BOWL THEY APPEAR IN A CURIOUS PERSPECTIVE
Lord Wimborne's Collection

3rd. (This we carried out very agreeably and satisfactorily—I think I acquired some hints for our new decorations. Meanwhile C.S. “assisted” at the funeral commemoration held at Notre Dame in honour of M. Thiers—he says it was very fine. I remember similar ceremonies which I witnessed in 1824 at the death of Louis XVIII. A visit from M. de Bury in the afternoon—later in the day we went to M. Beavan’s but did not conclude any more purchases.

4th. Mr. Myers, whom we had fallen in with last winter in Spain (see Nov. 26), called to see us; we went afterwards to the Danvilliers and sat a short time with them—they are only in Paris for the day. Mrs. Hanson called in the afternoon—then we went to the Exhibition, going over all the ground I had made good with Monty yesterday, and only got back in time for dinner at 7.

5th. Went early to the Exhibition—found M. Gasnault there and stayed some time in the Galerie Rétrospective. We stayed at the Exhibition portion until three o’clock—went through the Chinese department again—observed a turquoise Oriental vase for which M. Poiret has given £24, and is exactly similar to that which we bought in the Bazaar (see July 25) for scarcely more than as many shillings (£1. 10. 6.). Looked at Zuloaga’s beautiful inlaid metal-work, and were sorry to see Spain so badly represented by the Pickmans in the matter of china—penetrated as far as the Russian section, and then went through the French silks, flowers, etc.—a very pleasant lounge altogether. Later in the day we went out again, bought prints at Gosselin’s and found a charming old fan-paper, Louis XV. (framed), and a grand printed Wedgwood dish (14 in.) at a shop near to us—Baban, near the Cluny—hunted farther on this side of the river, but drew blank.

6th. Out early to Metayer’s, where we saw blue and

white vases which tempt us, but are left undecided—came back to meet M. Sibout, who brought us a vase which C.S. took a fancy to and which we since decided to buy—the price, £ 16—we have taken it, with some other specimens for packing, to the Fourniers—they declare the said vase to be genuine, but comparatively modern—which is a very great disappointment—nous verrons. We have been fortunate in acquiring a very good cruche with portraits of William III. and his Queen—dated 1694. Returning from the Fourniers, I drove with C.S. to the Horse Show, where I have left him, and since I have been back, that charming M. Paul Gasnault has been here, bringing two grand Maroon Chelsea plates, which match our famous set, and which are therefore very valuable to us—we admired them in his collection on Monday, and he says, as he really cares for them on account of the mark only, he is very ready to exchange them with us for any pieces similarly marked, which we like to send him—this is very kind. C.S. came back very much pleased with the Horse Show. He had been seeing the exploits of some Russian horses which had been shown off in a vehicle with smart trappings. We went out again for a short time before dinner, at which Monty joined us, and we had a very pleasant evening together, talking over our various artistic pursuits.

7th. Up early and off soon after 7 for Dieppe, where Katharine, Cecil, and their eldest boy met us at the station. After going through all the Dieppe shops, where there was nothing to be bought, we accompanied them to their marine dwelling, close to the sea, called Châlet Cordiers—spent the afternoon most agreeably with them—all the children at home—sat on the beach while some of them bathed, etc. Louisa (Pouey) Alderson [this was the late Lady Salisbury's unmarried sister, who lived a great deal with her brother-in-law's family] came down from Châlet Cecil and joined

the party—later, also, Lord Cranborne and his sister. We left again by a 7.30 train and got back to Paris before midnight—the train late. The weather had been very good and Normandy looked lovely—I should have liked to spend a month there—unluckily, just as we neared Rouen, I dropped asleep, and as I had had a bad night, C.S. did not like to rouse me, so I missed the sight of the grand view.

Sunday, 8th. At midday service. In the afternoon called on Mrs. Hanson; she is staying with Baroness Langsdorff (née Harcourt), whom we also saw. Went to the Horse Show for a short time—the Russian horses were showing off, and we also looked at the Arabs in the stalls—one a gold-coloured creature, very tame and beautiful, let his groom play numberless tricks with him—Fine Suffolk Cart horses, etc.—a great crowd. After this we walked to the Place de la Concorde before we could get a cab—when we did so we took it for a two hours' drive in the Bois, returning after 7. for dinner.

9th. To Metayer's early, and bought the blue and white vases we admired on Friday, also a Mennecy sceau painted in coloured birds—to M. Beavan's, who unhesitatingly changed the vase (see 6th) for sundry other articles, which I hope may turn out more advantageous. All this took a long time, but we were able to manage two visits to Bihn's in the course of the day—we selected several prints, but are to see them again to-morrow. As we went up to them a second time, we saw what struck us as a good and unusual specimen of Mennecy—went to the Fourniers, who promised to look at it for us. Returned for dinner at 7. It has been a hard day's work, for it included also a visit to the Palais Royal, and we were out, literally, all day—I am tired, for I slept ill last night again, so I shall now go to bed. A great washing up of china by C.S. this evening, while I have been writing letters and journals.

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10th. Up early—a visit from Lord Poltimore (who is stopping at this Hotel) before we went out—first to the Trocadero, where we went no farther than the two Loan Collections—European and Oriental—took our recent purchases to the Fourniers to pack up—they much approved of the change we had made with M. Beavan—also bought a little purple Oriental vase of Oppenheim, and concluded my purchase of prints with Bihn—among these are four very excellent old printed fan-papers—it was 5 o'clock before all these things were completed. It had been a wet morning, but turned out a lovely afternoon and very hot. We went to take a last look at the Exhibition—inquired there for M. Gasnault—he was not there—but we fell in with Mons. Longperrier, with whom we passed an hour very agreeably—he gave us some interesting particulars of the old house in the Cours la Reine (which was brought from a town near Fontainebleau in the time of Charles IX.) and of the now demolished Palace at Monceau [usually written Monteaux; originally erected by Catherine de' Medici, to some extent restored by Gabrielle d'Estrées, in the time of Henry IV., and afterwards made into an example of royal extravagance by Marie de' Medici, Henry IV.'s second wife]—also he showed us some of the finest things in the Oriental Section. Home by lovely moonlight, after seven.

11th. Returned—a lovely passage by the Calais-Douvres—exquisite view of Dover—Kent beautiful in the evening light.

NOTES CERAMIC

SEPTEMBER TO DECEMBER 1879

BELGIUM AND HOLLAND

13th. Left London by train at 7.40 A.M. from Charing Cross. On the present occasion we had been very much occupied by Mrs. Layard's visit. She had been with us nine weeks, from the 7th of July to the 8th of this month, when we took her back to her own home, where I paid her a farewell visit on the following Thursday (11th) on the completion of her 88th year. Also we had our time taken up very much by a French gentleman (M. Garnier), who had come over from Paris with a commission from one of the Art Societies there to visit English Collections of china and to report thereupon. He spent the best part of three days looking over our cases. The "salt glaze", "printed china", "printed Wedgwood and Leeds", and "Battersea enamels" (the printed especially) seemed to have the principal charm for him. He said they were quite "revelations" to him. He had never seen anything like them before. And so he examined everything, and made most copious notes. One of the specimens which attracted him particularly was our Sèvres medallion of the Chained Negro, with the legend, "Ne suis-je pas un homme, un frère?" This medallion was suppressed by the Government of the day, according to a document of which he showed us a copy, as it was feared that if it found its way to the Slave Colonies it might incite to revolt and the massacre

of whites. Our example is therefore probably unique, and we have had to get it photographed that we may have an impression, accompanied by Wedgwood's little badge, "Am I not a man and a brother?" All these things take time, and I worked on till midnight on Friday, and after a very wakeful night, rose at 5 the next morning to find, to our great comfort, that a dead calm had supervened. So we proceeded to Dover, and there embarked for Ostend, which, after a lovely passage, we reached at two o'clock, without any adventures. I lay down and tried to sleep a little, and read Froude's *History of England* (Henry VIII.). At the buffet a slight luncheon, and then on by the next train to Bruges. Having secured our rooms at the Hôtel de Flandres, we forthwith walked into the town—looked in at Render's and Omghena's—found nothing. It was a lovely afternoon, and Bruges looked very bright and fine. [Table d'hôte soon after five. Then went out again—called at Mrs. Berrington's—heard she was ill, and promised to come and see her on the morrow. Then, being very tired, we went in, and having laid down, I fell into one of my heavy sleeps till nearly bedtime.

14th. Took the train at a little before 10 for Blankenberghe. Colonel Layard [brother of Sir Henry Layard] is staying there at the Hôtel d'Allemagne. [This was the occasion of our going over there and we were well rewarded. First we were taken to the English Church, a quiet little building, where we found the congregation of about 20 people, and where the service was well performed, and an admirable sermon preached by Mr. Lambe. Then we walked on the Digue, which is as fine a work as I ever saw. We thought Blankenberghe a very pretty and attractive place, though we saw it under great disadvantages, as a small misty

rain was falling all the time we were there. Looked in at two little curiosity shops but saw nothing. Returned to Bruges, arriving there about 3, and then went to pay our visit to the Berringtons, with whom we spent about an hour; called at the little book shop, and at Seegur's. All barren and came back in time for table d'hôte. Col. and Mrs. Taylor, with their son, were there and sat opposite to us, so we had much talk and a pleasant dinner.

15th. A bright sunshiny morning. Up early. Breakfast over by 9. The Taylors still there, going on to Antwerp. He seems very poorly. Having well packed up, C.S. and I walked out. Went to Dryepont's to examine the copy he has made of the inkstand in the Salle de Justice dated 1632. I have been trying to get such a copy for the last three or four years, and always heard it could not be had. At length the Crown Prince of Germany got permission from the authorities to have the inkstand modelled and reproduced for him. Dryepont was employed and he did it admirably; of course he has produced duplicates; that which we saw in his shop is one. The price he asks is a large one (some 550 to 600 francs) but I think it is worth it, and intend before Christmas to buy it as a present for Ivor, and a souvenir of our charming visit to Bruges together. After this we proceeded to the train which left for Ghent about 11.30. Spent some four hours at Ghent walking about the town and looking into all the old accustomed shops. The only things we found to buy were a faience teapot, formed as an ape, at de Clerc's, and a small white vase-shaped cup at Rogier's. Vermeer was absent. We called at M. Omghena's and looked over his collection again. We had left maid and luggage at the station. Went to Brussels a little before five. Very crowded train, parties returning from the Bains de Blankenberghe. Got to our comfortable quarters at Mengelle's in time to join the

table d'hôte, and had, as usual, a capital dinner. Altogether a prosperous and most happy day, thank God.

16th. We were out by 11 o'clock; it had been a rainy morning but the rain ceased, and then it became dull and misty. C.S. had a letter from his brother announcing his unexpected promotion, and speaking of his future prospects. In answer to this a telegram was required, so the first thing we did was to take a little open carriage, and go down to the Post Office in the Basse Ville. This being accomplished, our next point was to pay a visit to M. Fetis, the great faience collector. We went to his old house, and found he had removed to Ixelles, whither we proceeded. However, he was out of town. Next, to Volant's, looked over a quantity of fans and picked out two, very much dilapidated. Bought also an old Dresden tortoise in white, and a pair of knives with very curious handles. To K. Loris—she had changed her house, and we had some trouble in finding her. All this took time, but we were well repaid by the acquisition of a lovely old writing-case, in tortoise-shell, ornamented with steel, for which we had only to pay £2. Le Roy, Rue des Petits Carmes, had some good things, but dear. At his opposite neighbour's, Moen's, we bought a silver-gilt medal commemorating the beheading of Charles I. Then we went to the Rue de l'Escalier, in search of old Craenen, and found him installed in a smart new shop in the Vieille Halle aux Blés. From him we got heads in tortoise-shell of Henry IV. and Sully; Oriental dish, and Chantilly plates. Genie, Polonet, Papillon had nothing. There were some very good and remarkable pieces in the Rue Gretry, under the name of Collet, but they were all too dear for us to buy. In passing through the Grande Place, I was right glad to see that the building opposite the Hôtel de Ville was being restored. I believe it has all been pulled down to the ground, and is now

being re-edified, stone for stone. The Hôtel itself is still under repair. We had observed the name of Marynen as we went through the Place St. Gudule in the morning. We found the old man's widow; there in a very good shop, containing some very pretty things. Bought a beautiful stoneware teapot, and a vase. Nothing at Slaes'. We got back so late that table d'hôte was nearly over, and we dined alone in the big room. It had been a very successful chasse, reminding us of those in times past, and we both enjoyed it. We had to do it all in the little open carriage. We were out altogether 7 hours.

17th. Took a 10.50 train to Antwerp, where, as usual, leaving maid and luggage at the station, we proceeded into the town. Went first to Eva Krug, with whom we found some nice Wedgwood custard cups, a charming salt-glazed teapot, and an Oriental shaving dish with the arms of Groningen, which forms an excellent pendant to that bought of Craenen the day before. When we left Eva we lounged into the town, but the only thing we bought was another salt-glazed teapot, rather dilapidated, but most beautifully enamelled in colour, with a bird, flowers, etc. Eva had sent us to a new dealer, viz., Delahaye, near the Musée. He had scarcely anything but pictures; however, he showed us four small tiles forming a picture and representing St. Radegunde about to assume the habit of a nun. It was very pretty and he said he had just got it out of an old house. I was sorry afterwards that we did not risk its genuineness, the price being very small, only 40 fr. I have since written about it, but I do not expect to see it again. So we walked about Antwerp for three hours very pleasantly. It was warm but not bright. At 3.45 we went on to The Hague. At the Douane, we were charged with a small tax on the articles of faience, etc., we were carrying with us, the first time such a thing has occurred

to us since our ludicrous scene at Egger in the year 1869. It is a great comfort to be able to proceed without break of gauge, the bridge being now completed into and over Rotterdam. We got to The Hague before 8, and were not sorry to dine as we had fasted since 9 A.M. Then, the evening being warm and still, we walked up and down under the trees opposite the Hôtel Paulez for some time. The Hotel and its proprietors go on much as usual, though those fat people increase fearfully in bulk. The poor old waiter is not there and is said to be dying of a consumption. The Hotel was so full that they put us au troisième, but we have been moved down to-day to comfortable quarters. Again, still, dull, dry weather. We walked about from half-past eleven to five. Visited some of the shops, but made purchases only at Veuve Hauja's. C.S. went to the station to see the Taylors on their way through, and I in the meanwhile visited the Bisschops, where he joined me. The Bisschops were full of energy and fine things, and very glad to see us. When we left them we went to Tennyssen's and looked over his fine stock. He has many beautiful things, including a Cinquecento Jewel, a St. Michael, and a miniature death's-head, but what we most coveted was a bowl, decorated in blue and white, with a representation of Hogarth's *Midnight Conversation*. Tennyssen assured us that it was Dutch Delft, but we knew too well that it was Bristol Delft, and as such would most gladly have possessed it, but he asked us £25. We ended our researches by a visit to Munchen, where we were tempted into investing £27 in the purchase of very fine and unusual figures—Bow—representing boys playing a flute and a drum. The small shops at The Hague seen but badly stocked. Table d'hôte after five. Sat by our old acquaintance the Dutch Admiral Capellan.

19th. Up soon after six; off at half-past eight to the



ONE OF A PAIR OF BOW GROUPS FITTED WITH CANDLE-HOLDERS; CHILDREN AND YOUNG GOATS AND THE USUAL FLORAL BACKGROUND ARE SUPPORTED BY THE RATHER HEAVY SCROLL BASES CHARACTERISTIC OF THIS FACTORY
Lord Wimborne's Collection

station, whence at 9. we proceeded to Delft. Here we spent about an hour and a half. Went first to Jedeloo's; the head man was out. We selected a few trifles, of which we requested the prices might be sent us to The Hague on his return. We explored the other haunts of rubbish in the town, but having found nothing in them we returned to spend half an hour at the station before going on to Rotterdam. We had above two hours to spend in the town, and took all the shops in rotation. Kryser had less than nothing, and besides, was outrageously dear. We picked up two trifles at Van der Pluyne's, and at a little rag-shop on our way to Van Minden's, and when we arrived there, found that he would not do business because it was the Jews' New Year's Day, but he let us "look" and told us there were things at Mr. Casteel's which he could show us any day we might appoint next week, that gentleman having resolved on selling his collection. This abrupt termination of our Van Minden visit gave us time to spend an hour at the Rhyn Spoor station, and to get an excellent luncheon at Zuibach, and butter and curaçoa. At 2. we went on to Gouda, where of course the only shop open was that of Pavoordt, the others being Jews. I never saw his place so bare of goods, we could scarce find anything to bring away. Since we were last here Roman Catholics have built an enormous Church in the main street of the town. I am told their sect is much increasing in Holland. As nothing was to be done at Cohen's or Trijbits' we were soon back at the railway again, and reached The Hague before five in good time for dinner.

20th. We did not go out till noon; then we lounged about generally. None of the Jews' shops being open, we had no fresh fields to explore. But we looked in at Schwaab's (now retired), claimed our Bow figures from Munchen's, called at de Visser's, spent some time with Mr. Bisschop, and left cards

with the Carews. De Visser has moved from his old quarters to a larger house, near by, where he makes sales as an auctioneer, and one of these sales is to take place next week. He has got the old Commis with him, and in his cabinet de travail we detected once more the familiar beer bottle over which we had so many laughs in private. Oh! for the old days of fine Reynolds' portraits, which lurked in his portfolios, by him unsuspected. Now he does business for others as well as himself, and nothing is to be had except under strong competition. M. and Mme. Bisschop came to spend the evening with us.

Sunday, 21st. Went to church. The Taylors, for whom we had secured rooms, came in the morning. As we came out of Church, Col. Taylor told me he had seen in the *Times* that Theodora had a child, a little girl, on Thursday last. I had been very anxious for the event, and am overjoyed to hear it is well over, but surprised I should have received no previous intimation of it. From church we walked home through Bosch. Came back and wrote to Merthyr, etc., to congratulate on my 35th grandchild. At 2. we had a carriage and went with the Taylors to the Bosch, and thence, through the town, to Scheveningen. They were very pleased with Scheveningen which is always pretty, but which was less gay than usual. To-morrow is to be celebrated the 50th anniversary of the Grenadier Guards, their Jubilee. There is to be a Review, and in anticipation, the town to-night is being beflagged, and the Theatre, opposite our window, is illuminated with the Hague stork, etc.

22nd. Before anywhere else this morning, I looked into the Musée, where there is a Battersea enamel portrait, transfer printed, of Charles Edward in his female disguise. I greatly covet it. As it is printed there must be other copies—why cannot I find one? Soon after

breakfast groups began to collect in the street, and by 11 o'clock the troops, etc., were passing the Hotel. We followed to the Maliebaan—Col. Taylor with us, and wishing to go into the enclosure, showed his passport, which admitted us all easily. It was a very pretty sight altogether. The King and Queen did not attend, but his old uncle, Prince Frederic, was there on horseback though 82 years old—also in carriages, Prince Frederic's old sister, Princess Marianna (about whom there are all sorts of funny stories) and the Princess de Wurd, his daughter. The day was fresh and bright; fresher than it had been for some time past. I remember the Review which was going on at this very spot on our first visit to The Hague together, I think in the year 1867. We came away before the Review was quite over, but we were there upwards of two hours. One of the most interesting things we saw, was a group of six old Waterloo men carrying a Standard among them. In the afternoon we took the Taylors to call on the Bisschops and see their pretty house. Mr. Weckenlin came in while we were there. Afterwards C.S. and I looked over some prints at de Visser's, and then made a cursory survey of Sarlin's shop on our way back to dinner. The old man had died since we were last at The Hague, but I do not think that his sons and successors are more reasonable in their prices than the old man himself. There is to be a great display of fireworks to-night. We did not care to go to the fireworks ourselves, but arranged that Col. Taylor's son (an Eton boy) should see them, and he accompanied Mr. Carew, who is one of the members of the Embassy here, with whom we had made the acquaintance on our previous visit to The Hague. Fortunately it was a fine night, for thousands went to see them, and it was curious to see and hear the masses returning when the display was over. There is something to me rather appalling in the sound of a great crowd. Be they

never so good tempered, I cannot but think what it would be in a popular émeute.

23rd. We made our excursion to Leyden and Haarlem to-day, taking the former first and reaching it about ten. We went to all the well-remembered shops, which were emptier than I ever saw them. Climbed the mound of the old Keep, the view from which could never have been very fine, but which is now almost entirely shut out by trees. As we lingered there we heard a beautiful chime from one of the churches, after which, one clock following another struck the hour of noon. Before we left Leyden the weather had changed and rain supervened, which became worse and worse as the day went on. We got to Haarlem soon after one, and got two hours there. On our way into the heart of the town, we passed a confectioner's in the Kruis Straat called Fiord, where some years ago we had seen a very nice collection of Oriental china. They are nice civil people, Italians by descent, and were very pleased to show it to us again. The only considerable purchase we made was at Franse's, a pair of circular Oriental bricks or tiles, with figures, etc., which had once formed one piece and had been cut asunder. There are two rag-shops in the Klyne Houtstraat worth a visit; we got a pretty tiny silver box there to-day. It poured so with rain that we were glad to take the train when we got to the station, nevertheless we enjoyed our day's ramble very much. Called at Dirksen's on our way home to ask him to bid for us for some prints relative to Charles Edward which are to be sold at de Visser's auction to-night. Since dinner Col. Taylor and Mrs. Taylor have been to our room to see our purchases. They return towards England to-morrow.

24th. To-day we made an excursion to Delft and Rotterdam. At the former place we bought most of the things we had seen the other day at Jedeloo's, among them an ivory

snuff box with a portrait of Henry Hoost, with all manner of revolutionary (or patriotic) emblems. When we left Jedeloo's, finding we had a good deal of time on our hands before the next train started for Rotterdam, we went to the pottery works to see what the modern productions were like. They have a very fine glaze, but the general colouring and execution is very inferior to what was done of old. It is all so raw and inharmonious. All we saw was blue and white; they have hardly yet aspired to polychrome, or only in a few specimens. Proceeding to Rotterdam, we spent two hours there, and only found a few bits of Leeds ware at old Van Minden's, everything else he showed us was so very dear that it was quite impossible to buy. He took us to Mr. Casteel's to see some things that were there for sale, but Mr. Casteel was out, so we did not see them, and after this we walked hastily to the station and returned to The Hague; it was very windy and the sun very warm, but the weather is much improved since yesterday. I fancy this will be our last visit to old Van Minden, whom we have known twelve years. He tells us he is now 73 and is going out of business. Poor old man, we have had some amusing scenes with him. As we drove from the station at The Hague to our Hotel, we called at M. Bisschop's. He tells us our Heinrich Hoost was the patriot Burgomaster of Amsterdam, and for a long time it was prohibited to have his portrait. He showed us a medallion in which the head of this hero is concealed under a kind of composition, and could only be seen on the whole thing being heated at the fire. Back in good time for dinner, since which C.S. has been out doing commissions in the town.

25th. Breakfast soon after 7, and soon after 8 we were once more wending our way with the faithful collecting basket in hand, to the Rhyn Spoor station. By 9 o'clock we were at Gouda, where we spent nearly two hours. There was nothing

to be bought there. We had got a trifle from Cohen's in exchange for a bowl we had from him last year, and found defective, and bought of him a little mother-of-pearl portrait of the "Ferdinand Cardinal Infant". We called at Trijbits' but found him quite reduced, a sad specimen of drunken imbecility. Having so much time to spare, we walked about and enjoyed ourselves. We went quite through the town to the river. On the Dyke there were soldiers assembling, apparently for rifle practice. It was market day and the country people were still coming by the roads, though already the town was very full, and the market-place was a busy scene. The dear old chimes played out delightfully, and though the weather was not all that could be desired, as there were frequent showers, we were as happy as possible. We were back before midday, and soon out in the town. Called at several of the shops. Went to say good-bye to Mr. Bisschop. Found at Dirksen's that he had made purchase for us of several interesting prints relating to Charles Edward at de Visser's sale. Sarlin called us in as we passed his shop; he had put by some blue and white plates for us, which we took, together with two grand bowls, covers, and stands of old Bow, which were cheap at £2. 10. After this we made a long course to call upon Mlle. Deden, one of the Queen's ladies, whom we had known with her both here and in London. However, she was not at home. As time was running short and we had several things to do, we took a carriage and went first to call on M. Kanitz, who was also out. Thence to M. de Muyser, in the Java Straat. He has a good many things and sells, but there was little to our taste. Only a good Chelsea figure of Milton, which I remember, before he bought it, at Utrecht. Perhaps we may, eventually, make him an offer for it. We ended our long day's work by a visit to the Ash-teroon, but found nothing. At table d'hôte said good-bye to

our old friend the Admiral. One of the Spanish attachés whom we had met here last time was at table d'hôte. All the evening has been taken up with preparations for a trip to Amsterdam to-morrow. C.S. has been packing up such things as we are to take over to be conveyed thence to England. Some of our purchases are to be forwarded by Sarlin with the plates, etc., we bought of him to-day. Very sleepy to-night having had a long and busy day. It must have been my sleepiness which made me forget the curious scene which we had witnessed the previous night (Wednesday). At one o'clock a tattoo was beat and the grenadiers, who have had their review on Monday, assembled in the Maliebaan and marched thence to their barracks, carrying lighted flambeaux and Chinese lanterns, and accompanied by *thousands* of people, some in carriages but mostly on foot. They passed under the windows of our Hotel, we were already gone to bed, but, of course we got up to look at the procession, which was indeed a most remarkable one. The light thrown on the buildings by the flambeaux reminded one of Rembrandt pictures, and there was shouting and crowding and music, which altogether made it a most unusual sight. I heard afterwards that they had gone as far as the King's palace and were much hurt at his not coming out to look at them. No doubt it was then too late, but what a pity he did not bestow upon them the light of his countenance in broad daylight at the Review on Monday.

26th. Laden with such things as remained to be packed, we set out for Amsterdam immediately after our early breakfast this morning, and arrived there by 10 o'clock. We stop now at another station, much nearer to the centre of the town, and on our arrival we were fortunate enough to find a nice little open carriage (the day being perfectly lovely) and in it we pursued our researches for the next seven hours, without

intermission, but with few results. First we deposited the goods at Van Houtum's, which we wanted him to pack for us. His old assistant is gone and his present class of goods is very inferior to what we are accustomed to see with him. However, C.S. managed to find two respectable Chinese dogs for the Collection. Having, en route, ordered our places at the table d'hôte at Brack's Doelen, we went on to Blitz on the Klovenier's Burgwal. The first thing I saw there was a piece of linen, printed in red, with a picture of George III. and his family with inscriptions, emblems, etc., very rare. It is needless to say that we carried it off in triumph. Our next visit was to Speyer's, where we stayed a long time, and next made up our minds to buy the salt-glaze stone-ware dinner service which I have known here since 1876, and always coveted. We also bought a beautiful group, which I believe to be Capo, and one or two other trifles. At Ganz's we found a salt-glaze tureen which matched and added to the service. At Stöchen's we found a few pieces of Leeds ware, very dear; at Soujet's a lovely blue teapot and sucrier decorated with a rose of salt-glaze stoneware, and lastly at Thyssen's two "long Eliza" bottles. We went to Boasberg's and to Van Galen's. They have both, but especially the latter, a most beautiful selection. But the prices are prohibitive. The weather has been throughout most lovely, and we had a very enjoyable day. Having dined at the Brack's Doelen we returned to The Hague by a 7.15 train.

27th. Called on the Bisschops to say good-bye, and then spent an hour at the Municipal Museum on the Prinse Gracht, which was a very great treat, and deserved more time, but we had it not to spare. I do not know why we never knew of this valuable collection before. This was the last incident of our very agreeable stay at The Hague; we left it at 3, came on to Utrecht, where we have put up at the Pays Bas. Got

there in time for dinner, at five, and afterwards went to see old Van Gorkum, who seems to have been dealing in fine things since we were with him last, and who promises to take us to see a collection in the neighbourhood next week. Went early to bed, and we were waked about three by the watchman's rattle and the ominous sound of the fire bell. For above an hour all seemed to be in commotion, and the people of the house were all astir. But after that it was quiet, and we learned in the morning that the fire was in a street far off, that only one house was burnt down, and that nobody was hurt. Meanwhile, I read some of *Henry IV.* and then went to sleep again. I am now going through Shakespeare's historical plays, and am more delighted than I could conceive possible.

Sunday, 28th. Again a most transcendently beautiful day, the third we have had in succession, and Holland looks not only itself again, but more charming than ever. What can I say of this beloved Utrecht! We went out directly after breakfast to enjoy it and its brilliant sky. A congregation was just coming out of the Cathedral, so we got in to look at it. It must have been very fine, as also the cloisters, which are in very bad repair but are undergoing restoration. I do not remember to have been there before. No letters for us at the post office, passed by the grand old Paushuizen where Adrian VI. was born, and went to the Archbishop's Museum, where we spent a couple of hours. N.B. Reliquary in Champlevé enamel, representing the death of Thomas à Becket. N.B. Our lantern, of which there are two similar here, is said to be a sort used by the Priests when going to visit the sick. While we were still at the Museum a gentleman came in who is publishing an illustration of its treasures. It gave us an opportunity of more minutely examining the old enamel reliquaire, which is perhaps the gem of the collection. From this Museum we went on to that in the ugly modern

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Stadthuis. It contains much that is interesting, and one always learns something from these visits. It was past three when we got back to our Hotel. Soon after we started again and now we had a most delicious walk; beginning at the Spaniards' Ort we went round by the Canal and the Gardens, ending with the dear old Maliebaan, which is a great pleasure to see once more. Then home to dinner, and after it to attend the English service in a building near the Cathedral. It was well performed: a congregation of twenty people. Glorious moon to light us home about 8.

29th. Went the round of the shops and picked up only one or two trifles; Hamburger's things are beautiful, and we spent a long time over them. But his prices make them impossible for us. We looked at some pieces of Leeds ware which they have, and which we can well bestow in England. He asked so much for them that it would not be worth our while to trouble ourselves with them. Made an engagement with Van Gorkum to go with him next week to see a local collection. In the meanwhile prepared ourselves to set forward to Friesland. The weather to-day was very different to yesterday, dull with frequent light showers. We dined à part, about four o'clock, and a little before six went on to Leeuwarden.

30th. We intended to have visited the shops to-day, and then to have gone forward, but a gentleman who was at breakfast happened to mention Sneek, which reminded us that we had never seen that town, though it was one of the places that we had always been advised to visit. So we chartered a carriage and to Sneek we went. It was a drive of about two hours and a half, and we arrived about two o'clock. The weather was misty when we first set out, but presently the sun burst out and we had a lovely afternoon, with one of those cloudless sunsets of which one treasures the remembrance

(notably at Vienna and at Foy in 1875). The road was excellent, all upon clinkers, and lined on each side by trees. It lay through a very rich pasture country, here and there dotted with substantial homesteads. It happened to be butter market day, and we met with numbers of people coming and going. All gave a cheerful salute as we passed, by way of welcome it would seem. Our driver on arrival stopped at a nice little pothouse and seemed somewhat surprised when we told him to take us on to the Hôtel de Wynberg. There we found that the table d'hôte did not begin for some half-hour, so we walked a little about the town, visited the only antiquaire we could hear of, Pino, who had nothing, and bought some trifling pieces of silver of the jeweller (Feenstra) in the market-place. The number of carts and other conveyances which we saw in attendance before our dinner was quite wonderful, arguing great opulence in the district. It was almost as remarkable that when we had left dinner they had all disappeared, the market being over. We took a stroll in the town before leaving it. Went into the Town Hall, where they still show pieces of plate (as they had done at Kampen, some years ago, when we were there). The most remarkable building in the town is the old Water Post, which was on the point of being destroyed some years ago, but was mercifully spared and repaired. Left Sneek soon after four; of course it was dark before we got back, so when we came to the primitive half-way house, into the shed of which we were driven, to give the horse his bite of black bread and the driver his "petit verre", we caused the carriage to be closed. The fantastic decoration of the farm gates, and the glittering piles of milking vessels at the dairy doors should not be forgotten. It was dark and I was very sleepy when we got back from our most agreeable expedition, but we sallied out again to claim the charming teapot of cauliflower

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ware, all embossed with pastoral objects, which we bought in the morning. We also bought a few trifles of de Vries, whose shop I do not like; he showed some important pieces, which purported to be repoussé silver.

OCTOBER 1879

HOLLAND : GERMANY : BELGIUM

October 1st. Our first care was to call on M. Dirks (Bisshop's learned friend), who received us very cordially, and, though he was very busy in numismatic studies, changed his dressing gown for his walking dress and came out with us. He accompanied us first to the house of the Conservateur of the Musée, M. Corbelayn Battard. This gentleman brought the keys and admitted us to the Musée. It contains very little worth notice, and is not improved since we saw it last, some years ago. But all these local collections have a certain interest. From the Musée we went to the Town Hall. The tapestries therein have been sadly cut about for the convenience of doorways. Were shown the Library where a dear stupid old man would have kept us all day expounding the merits of his Dutch books, but we were too busy to stay with him. M. Dirks took us also to the house of one of the Directors of a Hospital at Marsum.

This Hospital is in the happy possession of some most beautiful silver "schotels" and ewers, of repoussé work of the finest period, and said to be the productions of Viana. It so happened that this Director had the said silver objects at his house for their more safe keeping, and thus we had an opportunity of examining them at leisure. They are certainly very exquisite, and quite one of the Lions of this part of Friesland. We had wished to drive over to see M. Cammingha's Castle at Boutum, which is said

to be one of the curious edifices remaining in these parts, and full of ancient relics of other times, but M. Dirks told us that it would be impossible to gain admission. The whimsical proprietor had refused the King. Later in the day, while poking about among the smaller shops, chance led us to a shop in Spielmans Straat (where the old lady might have sat for one of Rembrandt's pictures) and we were taken to M. Lemai, a tailor of the Felden, who showed us some very pretty silver, etc., and then took us on to the house of a confectioner and amateur, M. Wigtersma, who has a large and varied collection of china, Delft, ivory, silver, etc. We learnt from him that the great authority on plate in the town was M. Keiker, himself a worker in metals, and who had executed some very fine work in repoussé silver. We found that he was also a friend of the Bisschops, so we ventured to make ourselves known to him, and got him to accompany us to De Vries' to look at their specimens, which he at once declared (as we had shrewdly suspected) to be "galvano plastique". M. Keiker is a charming old man. He has many pictures in his house, some of them very good. Among them two works of the Bisschops. Before going in to dinner, we called at Huisinga's and bought a pack of old cards, after which we paid a visit to M. and Mme. Dirks, to thank them for all their attentions and to show them a medal representing Charles I.'s death, which we got at Brussels, and which he pronounced to be a desirable one. We improved this busy day, which has also been a very wet one, by taking the train at eight o'clock for Groningen. The most striking building in Leeuwarden is the old prison, into which, when the new prison is ready, the objects of the Musée are to be admitted. At Groningen tried to get in at the Doelen, but it was full, went on to the Trigge, where we had stopped a few hours on our way through last year, and where we found ourselves very comfortable.

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Our rooms are all decorated with landscapes painted on canvas, as represented in the models of interiors shown at the Museums of The Hague and Utrecht. The former said to have been executed for Peter the Great.

2nd. Walked about Groningen; visited its only curiosity shop, kept by Drent, and found nothing. Went to the Bosch, outside the walls, where we were on our first visit some years ago, and which is a pretty spot. A funeral was going on in the cemetery opposite to us. We looked in as we passed. The demolition of the fortifications is proceeding rapidly. Took a last look at Groningen's fine church spire. The outline of the town is very picturesque. It is unlikely that anything should lead to our coming here again. At half-past two we left by train for Arnhem and arrived between eight and nine. An intelligent man, a wine merchant, in the carriage with us, whom we found to be named Ledebøer, the same who had given us the information about Sneek. Put up at the Hôtel du Soleil. Too late for dinner. We had assuaged our hunger by "butterbrods" at Meppen.

3rd. Made an excursion by train to Zutphen; a lovely day, left about ten, getting back before four. Our first object on reaching Zutphen was to make out our old haunts, but the hotel on the Place, where they offered us "Dukes with Champions" (meaning to say Ducks with Champignons) was gone, and the Jew's shop where I fought with the little boys, superintended by the police, to get the furniture mounts, was gone also. All seemed changed, except the dear old town itself. We went into the church and delighted in the font, and the corona, and all that remained of the ancient splendour. In the Sacristy, or whatever it is called, the books are still chained to the desks as at Wimborne. We made a point of getting into the Musée. We waited there a long time before the Custos appeared, surrounded by some twelve or thirteen

policemen who were on duty there. Indeed, we had time to make another little course into the town in the interim. The Musée has nothing very interesting to exhibit; less indeed than last time. The archives which we then saw piled away in rubbish boxes have, *we will hope*, been properly stowed away. But more probably they have fed some dead-house fires. We inquired about some shops of antiquaries. All we could find was a small Jew's shop, where the woman told us it was fête day and she could not do any business. However we called in a friend who as "a good Christian" could negotiate for her, and presently in came the husband, and it ended in our buying a pretty little snuff box, the only thing they had, at 10 florins. All our renseignements made, it ended in our making a delightful walk on the beautiful Boulevards overlooking the town, as we had done on our previous visit (How many years ago?). I love Zutphen for its beauty and for its reminiscences. But this time the chimes did not play the old familiar tunes, whereat I was somewhat disappointed, nevertheless the day was a very pleasant one. Got back in time for table d'hôte. In the evening I had one of my sleepy fits, and so I lay down on the sofa till bedtime, and then slept it well off till the next morning at seven o'clock.

4th. A charming day in a new place, but before we went out for our day's excursion we visited the shop of the only "antiquar" we could hear of in Arnhem, one Cohen, who keeps a draper's shop, but has a little blue and white Oriental, some of it very good. At twelve our train started for Nymwegen, and if the weather had not been dark and misty, all would have been perfect. As it was, however, we thoroughly enjoyed ourselves. We walked from the station into the town, and by a chance inquiry found the shop of the only dealer which the town can boast, named Koster. At first he seemed to have absolutely nothing, but presently we

found he had some of those Leeds plates, etc., of which we are in search, and this, together with the negotiation which followed, took up a great deal of time, more than I could have wished to have spent with him. He sent his son afterwards to show us about the town, and the lad also took us to one or two shops where objects can occasionally be found. Of course the principal point of interest at Nymwegen is the remains of the Old Castle of Charlemagne, a most picturesque ruin, with which we were quite delighted. The Chapel recalled to me, I know not why, the building just without Ravenna, and the octagonal church at once called me back to Fulda and Aachen. It is most beautiful. The weather was so heavy that it was no use to go up to the Belvedere for the view across the Waal. So we went back, as by appointment, to the Town Hall, where there is a small Museum, containing Roman and other remains, dug up in the neighbourhood. The building also contains some large 17th century rooms, well tapestried and with good and ample fireplaces. We had not time to go into the Church, but reserved that for our next visit; we *must* come here again. In the Market Square there are other very picturesque buildings. The fortifications are being rapidly cleared away, which gives a desolate and unfinished appearance to the approaches to the City. It was amusing to see the greater part of the Koster family at the station, when we reached it, to bring us the box which contained our morning's purchases, and to see us off. Returned to Arnhem for dinner.

Sunday, 5th. No English Church. A most lovely day. We went into the Exhibition in the morning, and though everything was done on a grand scale, in imitation of that of Paris, we came away thoroughly disgusted with the want of taste which all modern Dutch productions displayed. Of the value of their machinery we could form no opinion, but as to art and beauty they are utterly deficient. It was, however,

a pleasant lounge. A curious group of people there from Java, among them a woman with distorted feet, who seemed hardly able to walk. In the afternoon we had a carriage and took a drive, crossing the Rhine bridge and so on to Elst, a neat town, or rather a large village, in which there is a church with a beautiful brick tower. We got out and looked about.

6th. Went over to Utrecht by appointment to meet Van Gorkum, and took him our recent purchases to pack up and send to England. There was to be a sale of curiosities on the morrow in the neighbourhood of the town; we had a carriage and went with Van Gorkum to the "view." We saw nothing in our line; a little fine blue and white but nothing more. The drive, however, was delightful and we had a charming view of Utrecht's villas and environs. Returning to the town, Van Gorkum took us to see a small collection of figures in a private house, they were nearly all badly mended, and they had an exaggerated idea of their value. For a small Battersea writing box they said they had refused 500 florins. Much of our short visit to Utrecht had been consumed by our call at the Banker's, M. Knoll; we had to go there for a fresh supply for our journey, and it took us a very long time to get it. On our way back to the station we went to Hamburger's and concluded for a little cabinet we had seen here the other day, together with a Medusa head by Wedgwood and Bentley, and some Bow melons, £20.

7th. Left Arnhem by the 10 o'clock train and reached Hanover at half-past seven, a very good journey though a slow one. We stopped at every little station. Our route lay by Zutphen, Oldenzaal, Osnabruck, and Minden. The most striking feature of it was the magnificent Castle of the Prince of Bentheim with its fine surrounding woods. Farther on we came to the Weser and Weserberg. At Minden (reminiscences of Prince Ferdinand) there was a wait of a few minutes

for refreshments. The Crown Prince of Sweden was in the train during the first part of our journey, and left it at Osnabruck. We have put up at the Hôtel du Rhin, which seems comfortable, a light dinner and now to bed. Not sorry to have exchanged our Arnhem quarters, where we were tormented with mice, and fleas, and mosquitoses, for the quiet rooms here.

8th. We were not early in the morning, but were out soon after ten. Went first to Seelig's (where we found his son-in-law, Sarlin). He has now a large shop, but very little in it of any value. However, we found what delighted us, in the form of some yards of satin (which had never been made up) decorated with all the insignia of Frederic the Great, his double eagles, *Suum cuique*, etc. We took it home and think to use it in making a screen. [This is now in the collection of Lady Bessborough at Cavendish Square.] From Seelig's we went on to our friend Dax, of whom we bought twelve years ago. The old man was delighted at seeing us again and sold us a very nice antique ring, which he says was dug up here. He promises to make all sorts of researches for us. We took a tramway and went over to Herrenhausen, which, from its associations, I had long wished to see. Walked some time about the grounds and gardens, which are very pretty. The house not so big as our Kensington Palace. On our return to our Hotel we had just time for a hurried dinner, and then took the half-past three train to Berlin, where we arrived in about four hours. Put up at the Hôtel de Russie, where we had the same little apartment as last June, when we were here during the Congress. C.S. walked from the station, a long lonely dreary way, and I was very glad when I saw him come in all right. Berlin is, as far as I can judge at present, very dull and quiet.

9th. Having arranged our rooms and breakfasted, and



PART OF A LARGE XVIIITH CENTURY DINNER SERVICE DECORATED WITH VIEWS OF SEAPORTS IN SHAPED PANELS IN THE CENTRE AND VIEWS ROUND THE EDGES. THE BORDER IS DECORATED WITH EMBLEMS IN GOLD ON SEPIA
Lord Wimborne's Collection

taken everything very quietly, we got out somewhere about 12 o'clock. There had been several packets of letters to open, which had been awaiting us here, but they contained nothing important except the fact that all were well. We set out to the curiosity shops. Spent a long time at old Lewy's. C.S. is bent on making out more about one Bottengruber whom M. Lewy told us of last year, and who seems to have lived at Breslau, and to have decorated Oriental and Dresden china at Breslau in the year 1725 and 1728, according to his signature and date on several pieces extant. One of these, an Oriental plate, having the subject in pink camaieu, purporting to be emblematic of the month of March, is in Lewy's possession. He says he sold the other "Month" to a Russian Prince. The old man was glad to see us again, and exclaimed on our entering that he had been thinking of us, for that only two days ago he had found a fan which he had told us of last year, and which he had then mislaid. So the fan was produced to my great delight, and, of course, I carried it away with me. It is most interesting. A caricature of the inconstancy of the French, with verses entitled "Chacun à son tour"; figures with a bilboquet (?), a pantin, etc., and Rompaneau following each other. But why "Malbrouk" should be introduced as issuing from a tent and chasing them all away, I am unable to conjecture! Altogether I was greatly pleased with my acquisition, to which I added two good tobacco boxes of Frederic the Great by Hamer and Giese. Lewy showed us some magnificent Dresden figures, which he has just shown to an English dealer. From him we went on to Leuschner and Wollnau, both have changed their shops, but had nothing in them. Pribil has nothing.

10th. Weather bright but cold; gladdened by a long letter from Blanche at breakfast. All well. Went out before

midday and finished the shops on our list. Old Meyer is dead. We made small purchases of his son; some silver buttons, enamelled medallions, etc. I added one fan to my collection, viz.: a silk one with stippled medallion portraits of the King of Prussia and his Queen Louisa. Balsano has some good Wedgwood plates, but too dear. Berlin is cold and looks very dull.

11th. We went after breakfast to the Gewerbe Museum, and stayed until it closed at three. It contains many fine things. We were fortunate in falling in with the " Directorial Assistant ", M. Pabest, who, at our request, took the two fine Bottengruber pieces out of the case that we might examine them. Only one of them has any signature; it is dated " .Wrat (Breslau), 1728." M. Pabest went through a great part of the Museum after this, pointing out many interesting things, and taking out many of the specimens to show us. There is a Grès example with the arms of England upon it that I should very much like to possess. M. Pabest thought it possible that the Director, Dr. Julius Lessing, might be able to give us some further information about Bottengruber, so, on leaving the Museum, we went to his house and caught him just as he was coming in. He could not tell us much, but gave us the name of a learned man (Dr. Lucks) at Breslau to whom we might address ourselves on the subject. Dr. Lessing told us of several collections that we ought to see before leaving the town. Drove home from his house to be in time for the table d'hôte. It had been a lovely day and was a nice evening, so we strolled out after dinner. Went to find out where Sir John Walsham lived, with the view of making a visit to-morrow, and met him at his own door and had some talk with him.

Sunday, 12th. To church at Monbijou. A dull service and sermon. When it was over we went into the Museum, which in previous visits we had failed to see, but we know

most of it from the reproductions. A dull rainy morning. In spite of the weather we walked up to the Walshams and spent some time with them.

13th. We had thought of going to Potsdam to-day, but the weather was so unfavourable that we gave it up and visited the Berlin Palaces instead, the Alter Schloss, and the Monbijou. I had forgotten the former and was surprised to find how fine it is, both in its spaces and decoration. Especially pleased with the plate and the way in which it is displayed. We should have liked to examine some of the family pictures, but we were shown over with a large party, and there was no time to stop and ask questions. We went up by an inclined plane, and slipped about in slippers in a curious way, as we did last June at Munster, and, with more reason, in the Mosque of St. Sophia. After we had gone through the regular routine, we applied to the Castellan with Dr. Lessing's card, by virtue of which we were taken to the porcelain gallery and the private rooms. The china is prettily disposed in niches. There are some very good pieces of Dresden, some very fine Rose du Barry Sèvres vases and some real Sèvres Bleu de Roi. The Oriental is not remarkable, nor do I care for the Berlin, still less for the Russian sections. From the Schloss we went on to the Monbijou. Interesting relics of former sovereigns and their wives, especially of Frederic the Great, most of which have been brought from Potsdam. As objects of art they do not rank high. The Gallery of Oriental china contains a very few specimens which are very fine indeed, but for the most part its contents are rather mediocre. We spent a long time at the Monbijou, and came in early for dinner. The old Baron, with whom we made acquaintance last year (Baron Cohn), was at table d'hôte to-day. Went out again afterwards and bought Balsano's Wedgwood plates.

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14th. Two delightful days follow here, but I have not skill to write worthily of them. The first of them was devoted to Potsdam. We went by a train that started at 11, and had nigh met with a bad accident on our way to the station. Our cab ran against a heavy waggon at speed, and we must have been overturned had not the wheels become so instantly interlocked that we came to a sudden standstill instead. So we got out and left our driver to extricate himself as best he could, while we walked on to our destination. We walked into the town and went first to the sole curiosity shop, to see if by chance we might find anything there and to get renseignements. Then we made our way to one of the entrances to the Sans-Souci Palace, where a porter let us into the grounds by way of the new Chapel. The gardens are beautiful. We paused to admire the statues surrounding the central fountains, and to take note of them, and then we ascended the 150 steps that took us up to the Palace itself. Charmed with it; Louis Quinze taste in decoration, Watteau pictures, etc. One garniture of the finest Dresden vases. After going through Frederic's rooms, we were shown the other side, which is badly furnished. Voltaire's room is in a very rococo style, with carved birds, etc., coloured on the walls. Not good. The Gallery at the back of Frederic's room, with its French pictures and china, very charming. By the time we had left Sans-Souci the rain had set in, and continued to descend in torrents for the rest of the day. Nothing daunted, we walked on to the Orangerie, where there is nothing remarkable but some indifferent copies of the finest Italian pictures. Then we made our way to the Neue Palais. Had a long walk all along the grounds, before we reached the point at which it is permitted to enter them. This Palace is very fine. Its principal hall 100 feet by 60. Delightful Theatre, many splendid rooms. In one of them May-flowered Dresden

vases on brackets about the walls. Some of the furniture of the rarest. In so short a survey as we were able to take, it would be impossible to see all, or to do justice to it. The Grotto room is the least pleasing part of the whole edifice, but it had an interest for me. I remember when I was here last (about 1834) we were shown it by an old man who had been Frederic the Great's attendant, or one of his soldiers, and was very full of reminiscences. In order to get back into the town, we were directed to go along a road which lay through the beautiful grounds, and after a long walk, we found ourselves in front of Sans-Souci, the fountains playing between us and the Palace, and forming a background to the equestrian figure of Frederic. Two delicious Sphinxes on either side of the long approach up which we looked towards the Palace. The view was as striking as it had been unexpected, and had the weather favoured us the whole excursion would have been perfect. As it was we enjoyed it immensely. The afternoon was wearing away, so we were glad to get a carriage at the Brandenberger Thor, by which means we reached the Marmor Palace before dark. It is a lovely little place; we had not quite as much light for it as we could have wished, but still we could see enough to appreciate the wonderful Wedgwood which it contains. There are two mantel-pieces covered with black vases, four or five with blue and white, one with green and white, and pink ground and white. One cabinet with magnificent plaques. Wedgwood is here in perfect keeping and harmonises with the severe Pompeian character of the decorations. The Palace is prettily situated on a Lake, which they called the Heiliger See. When we left it was too late to do more than go to the Hotel and dine, after which we walked to the railway again and reached it just in time to see our train go off. However, by that which left at eight o'clock we reached our Hotel at Berlin by nine.

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Soon after which, being very sleepy, I went to bed, grateful for so enjoyable a day.

15th. Our first visit this morning was to Meyer's shop, but we made no more purchases of him. Then we went to Lewy's, where C.S. hoped to have got some further information about the former owner of Bottengruber pieces, preparatory to our visit to Breslau. Old Lewy was, however, absent, and his son could tell us nothing. Next, to the Gewerbe Museum, where we had a very agreeable interview with Dr. Lessing, who showed us many interesting things. Remember the chest with cipher of William and Mary, very fine. Thence we walked to the Brandenberger Thor; a heavy shower, after which the sky cleared and we had a lovely autumn evening, the lights and shades splendid, and the foliage of the Thier Garten still luxuriant. Last week there was hardly a yellow leaf; the late rains are beginning to tell. We took the tramway and went to the Charlottenburg Palace. Very fine china decorates the apartments but we were utterly unprepared for anything like the grand display in the two china Galleries. They contain some of the very rarest specimens, especially in blue and white. By favour of Dr. Lessing's card, we gained admittance to the "Kuche collection", where among other desirable pieces, I counted eighteen fouetté blue dishes of the choicest tint and largest size. This Charlottenburg visit has been the crowning treat of our very pleasant little stay at Berlin. Having walked a little in the garden, we once more took our seats in one of the tram carriages and returned to our Hotel through the Thier Garten, Dorothean Street, etc., rather late at table d'hôte. Since dinner I have read the *Merry Wives of Windsor* with great delight. I have been going through the historical plays of Shakespeare from *King John* to *Henry VIII*. since I came abroad, and hope to read them more carefully again.

16th. Went to old Lewy's to try to get more information about the Bottengruber teapot. The old man is impracticable about that point, but he has brought me, from Leipzig, a fan printed with George III. and Coronation, having all the accessories duly represented and described. A great treasure for me. We went to see the Walshams, and then returned to pack up and start for Breslau. Our stay at Berlin has been most enjoyable. We left by a three o'clock train and reached Breslau at half-past ten. For me a less agreeable journey than usual as I did not feel very well, but I went to bed as soon as I reached the "Goldene Ganz" and got up, all right, this morning.

17th. We spent most of the day in the very few shops the city boasts, and found very little to repay our pains. However C.S. thinks he is on the track of some Bottengruber pieces, so our journey is deferred and we are not to proceed to Dresden to-morrow. Went to the Banker's for a fresh supply of money and made an appointment with Dr. Lucks to go with him in the morning to the Museum, of which he is a Director. We brought him an introduction from our new Berlin friend Dr. Lessing, and so "the silent hours stole on" and we did not go back to our Hotel till six when we dined. Accident to the feet of a certain terra-cotta gilded lion which we had bought in the morning.

18th. By 11 o'clock we were at the residence of the Herr Prof. Lucks, who accompanied us to the Altertümer Museum, which is a very interesting collection of Silesian objects. Among them we remarked a very large ware jug with the Crucifixion and other scriptural subjects in high relief and dated 1417. Prof. Lucks spent an hour with us at the Museum and left us to complete our researches alone. The three Bottengruber plates are exactly of the same kind as that which Lewy showed us, Oriental porcelain painted with sub-

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jects allegorical of the months in red camaieu. Two of them are badly broken, none perfect. After the Museum we went to the Kreuz Kirche and its crypt, St. Bartholomew's Church. Fine monument in the choir of the former. We then went on to the Dom, where we stayed a very long time. The most interesting object there is the grave slab wrought by Peter Vischer. There is a fine recumbent monument of a Bishop in front of it, about a century earlier. It was about three o'clock before we left these Churches. Then we went to some shops, and then to the Rathhaus, which is one of the finest and quaintest things of the kind I know. In the great Saal I was glad to see again the clock with hour glasses which I had always thought of in connection with ours which came from Fulda. The date here I find to be 1606. Ours, I think, must be a little earlier. Made a fruitless search at the Banker's for the missing feet of the (yesterday's) Lion, and ended our long day's walk between the two Mackauers' shop. We did not dine till near 7, after it, about 8, C.S. went out to try and buy some miniatures, which we had seen and refused in the morning. He found every shop deserted.

Sunday, 19th. Left Breslau at 10. Once more we have travelled through that beautiful country which brings us to my dearly beloved Dresden. I remember how we were struck by it three years ago, when we had been travelling for some time through the dreary level ground of North Germany. Görlitz is especially charming. Our train stopped there nearly an hour, but much as we should have liked to explore the town we were afraid to run any risk, and so we did not leave the station. Had there been an admitted three hours as in going through Cracow last year, the case would have been different. How charming that little peep of Cracow was. I often think of it, and with what pleasure! The first part of our journey to-day was enlivened by brilliant sunshine



A WALKING-STICK HANDLE OF SEMI-TRANSPARENT GLASS. EVIDENTLY AN EARLY XVIII CENTURY PORTRAIT. IT IS MARKED R.D., AND IS CONSIDERED TO BE ROBERT DODSLEY, THE FOOTMAN WHO BECAME A FAMOUS PUBLISHER. HIS FIRST PLAY WAS PRODUCED IN 1735, AND HE WAS SOON WELL KNOWN.

AN XVIII CENTURY GLASS CUP AND SAUCER DECORATED IN GOLD IN THE CHINESE STYLE, WHICH WAS THEN SO GENERALLY ADMIRRED AND USED ON ALL CERAMICS

A CURIOUS GLASS VASE, PROBABLY EARLY CONTORTIONAL MANUFACTURE

From the Countess of Besborough's Collection

but, before we reached Dresden, the rain came down in torrents. We had to change trains at the Neue Stadt station, for the Alte Stadt. Everything was slow and dilatory, and it was near 7 when we reached our old quarters, the Hôtel Victoria. I had a pleasant book to read in the train; Mrs. Edwards' *Selection from the Poets* (in Tauchnitz), where are included many old favourites. Before leaving Breslau I secured the miniatures; they are sadly damaged, I fear irrecoverably so, but the silver frames may become useful. The Mackauers sent into the country in search of a known "Bottengruber", and their "commission" returned late last night. We saw what was the result, viz.: a Chinese plate, decorated in red camaieu, with a bacchanalian subject, in the form of a tile, laid on the plate (in the manner of our Wedgwood ware plates painted with fables). The plate is signed at the back, like old Lewy's, and those at the Museum here, "Bottengruber & Wratt; 1728". It is badly broken, and the price asked is £6, which, of course, C.S. (notwithstanding all his Bottengruberian ardour) declined to give. All the facts that we can get about this artist are now obtained. So the subject rests.

20th. A long morning's ramble in the shops, which look fuller than ever, but where I saw very little to attract my sympathies. We got at Mr. Elf's a darling little money box and a good Böttger head. A trifle or two is put aside for us at Salomons', where we are to go again. We lingered so long in each place that we did not get through nearly so much as I hoped we should have done. In one of the shops we came across an American gentleman, who told us he had a large collection at home, and was in London some time this spring and wished much to have seen our things. I think I made out his name to be Trumble. He corroborated what we had already heard, that the Americans are now paying great attention to

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antiquities and making collections everywhere. Came in for table d'hôte soon after 5. Found pleasant letters from home at the Post Office to-day.

Tuesday, 21st. We were out soon after 10 this morning. Went first to Weiss's to look again at some Oriental vases he offers us for sale; and then proceeded to the Grüne Gewölbe, where we spent two hours with the usual pleasure. Paid a visit there to the Director, Grässe, and got from him an order to see the Porcelain Museum, which is now closed to the public, and undergoing its annual cleansing. Here we spent another two hours in great bliss. There is little more for me to remark about this wonderful collection. I know it well, and love it well, but on looking at the small number of pieces which represent English Ware in it, I was surprised to find that so many of them were glaze stoneware, mostly very interesting specimens. There are three mugs of the "Midnight Conversation", one of which is of the same crisp quality as ours, and the other two of a darker and coarser texture. There are also two groups of figures, most quaint and original, which are very possibly of Fulham manufacture. When we left the Museum at half-past 3. we went to some of the shops till dinner-time, but invested only in a few buttons and a pack of cards.

22nd. Spent some time at the Gewerbe Museum, which, considering what a recent institution it is, has many good things, and seems to be proceeding on a right plan, though it appeared to us that the Ancient and Modern pieces were rather too much intermingled, and without sufficient description of each article. From an educational point of view this is a mistake. After the Museum we spent the rest of the day at various dealers, but with little result.

23rd. A bright-looking morning, though colder, and a cloudy afternoon. We did little but drive about; call at one

or two shops, pack up and make arrangements for our morrow's journey, when we are to turn our faces homewards. At Weiss's we had seen a pair of yellow Oriental vases, with which we were rather tempted when first we came to Dresden, but these we definitely declined. On going to the Post Office to give instructions about any *future* letters that might arrive, we were surprised to find several letters there awaiting us, contrary to instructions. However, as it has happened, so far it is all right. One of these letters was from Ivor giving me news of most of the family, all well. Also there was a very long letter from Enid describing the principal events of their late journey to Rhodes, Syria, Cyprus, etc. Most interesting. They made quite a royal progress, and were received with great distinction everywhere. Furthermore this post brought newspapers giving a report of Arthur's meeting at Cardiff, for which place he is to be a candidate, and enclosing a portrait of him. Altogether I should have been very sorry if all these despatches had miscarried. We had intended to visit the picture gallery and to go to the Kunst Gewerbe Museum again, but we did not manage either.

24th. Up at 5, but our train from Dresden did not leave till 9. We got into a carriage which required no changing, and so, without any more trouble, we reached Hanover at 4 o'clock. Our route lay through Magdeburg, where we made such a pleasant stay last year, and which I explored many, many years ago. No adventure to-day. I read a good deal, and, sometimes, slept. On our way, in Hanover, we went to see Dux, who had nothing for us, and called on Seelig to arrange to go on the following day with us to Herrenhausen, of which, he assured us, he had the entrée.

25th. According to appointment, we were with Seelig by 10 o'clock, took a carriage and went to Herrenhausen. It was a lovely morning and the drive through the grounds, or park,

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was very pretty, but on reaching Herrenhausen we were greatly disappointed to find that *no* interest could get us permission to see the interior of the old Palace. We were taken into the Picture Gallery containing a great number of portraits of the House of Hanover, most atrocious daubs, only interesting in a genealogical point of view. One picture saddened me. A group of the last King, his Wife, and Family, including the young child, Princess Frederica, with whom we have made acquaintance this year in London. One cannot think of the reverses in her fate without feeling melancholy, and she so charming. The so-called Museum is miserable. On the ground floor are one or two relics of mediæval times, despoiled from Churches or Convents, but here carefully preserved and saved, also some casts of Hildesheim and other monuments. Among other things of interest at Hanover are the stables, where they showed us the real and living "White Horse of Hanover". There are some 18 fine specimens in the stalls, all well kept and tended as in any English home. Some of the horses had a label dating them as far back as 1856. It was a great disappointment not being able to see the interior of Herrenhausen, as we fondly imagined we should have done. If ever we come abroad again we must manage these things differently, and with better introductions. Returning to the City we walked into the old town, with which we were charmed, as indeed we were when we were here for the first time in 1867. The Town Hall is splendid. Another time I must get into the interior. Delicious old houses on every side. Passed through the Courts of the Alte Schloss to the Parade ground, where there is the Waterloo Column. I afterwards regretted not having ascended it for the view, as the day was so fine and the atmosphere so clear. However, time pressed. Walked past the old Tower and by the water side. After this Seelig, who had been our guide, took leave

of us. We went to the City Museum, where there are a number of bad pictures, and a *few* antiquities. Let us hope it is only a commencement. Returning to our Hotel at 3, we dined, and at 4 took the train for Cologne, which we reached soon after 9. Put up at the Hôtel du Nord. In the train made the acquaintance of a Prussian officer, and his wife, an English woman. C.S. had some pleasant talk with him on military matters. He gave us his card, Capt. Detmer, West Inf. Reg., No. 55. I cannot but be struck with the gentlemanly bearing of such Prussian Officers as we have come across. [The previous day at Hanover, four young Uhlans shared our table d'hôte dinner, gay, lively, merry boys, perfectly well bred. They told us that one of them rejoiced in the name of Cæsar, and was actually descended from the great Emperor.

Sunday, 26th. We went to the church in the Rhein Strasse. [The service ill done by an excitable German, speaking broken English and using wonderful gesticulations. I believe he is a converted Jew. Some of the expressions he used were so ridiculous that it seemed hard for his congregation to maintain their gravity. I should be sorry to "sit under him" again, though I have no doubt he is a good man and means well. As we came from home we looked at the fine church Sta. Maria in Capitolio, but found it closed. Walked in the Cloisters, which are fine and interesting, 11th cent. Looked into the Cathedral, walked round the Town Hall, etc.

27th. [Took a carriage and drove about to the shops. They contain nothing and are all of the most wretched description, except Bourgeois', which is perhaps one of the best shops on the Continent. He has many beautiful things which it is a pleasure to see, but his prices are quite prohibitory. One Grès I should like to have had, bearing the English arms, price £25. Also two stone tiles with figures of Charles V.

and his wife with Imperial and Portuguese arms, £16, and so on. Pallenberg's is a large modern upholsterer's shop, full of reproductions, many of them very creditable. I was glad to have seen what was being done in that way. Later in the day we lounged out on foot and went to my old favourite, the church of St. Gereon, which I can never see without the greatest pleasure. Conceited Custos, who boasts of speaking all languages, and says he means to become a priest. On our way back we looked into the Church of St. Ursula. It is her fête. A priest was preaching with great energy to a crowded congregation. At the entrance to the Choir were altars adorned with magnificent Châsses, which I should like to have had a near inspection of. Of course under the circumstances we could only realise from a distance what they were. I may hope to return to see them when no ceremony is going on. Much amused during the last four or five days in reading Harrison Ainsworth's *South Sea Bubble* and *John Law*.

28th. Dull raw weather, notwithstanding which we spent a very pleasant day. Wrote some letters before we went out, one of them to M. Garnier, who is sending a friend to England to make drawings of various objects of art, some of ours among the number, and who promises me a fan of the Fall of the Bastille, which will be a valuable addition to my collection. Went to the Museum, where we spent a couple of hours very agreeably, chiefly in that portion of it containing pictures of the Cologne school, by Wilhelm, Stephen, Bartholomew Bruyn and the imitators of Van Dyck. I enjoyed these pictures very much when I saw them some years ago, and was very glad to see them again. The Roman remains are very interesting, especially the mosaic pavements. Of the modern pictures I have not much to say in praise, with the exception of the full-length portrait of poor Queen Louisa of Prussia, by Richter, which pleased me very much, and

must, I should think, be considered a fine work, but as I have often said, I am no judge of pictures. Went to the St. Apostels' Church, and to that of Sta. Maria in Capitolio. Great restorations are going on in both. Much has been done at Sta. Maria's since we saw it some years since. They are both very fine. I know not why, but these Romanesque buildings excite my sympathy and love much more than the magnificence of the Cathedral, grand as it is. Went into the large Salle of the Gürzenich. The portal at the Rathhaus is undergoing repair. After a visit to the Banker's for money, and to the Post Office for letters, we went to the Church of St. Martin. Very charming. The roof of the nave struck us as being in construction much like the Angevin Churches of the West of France, temp. Henri II. Can there have been any connection between the countries and their artists; Henri II.'s daughter Matilda married a Duke of Brunswick. Got some Tauchnitzes on our way home, and finished our day with a few minutes in the Cathedral at dusk.

29th. Left Cöln by a half-past eight train for Aachen, which we reached soon after ten. One of the most glorious autumn days I ever saw. We drove about Aachen, leaving maid and luggage at the station, and having visited its few and ill-provided shops, with very little result, went to the Cathedral, which is always a fresh joy. We did not undertake going over the Treasure again, but enjoyed ourselves in loitering about, unmolested by guides or sacristan. From the Cathedral we went on to the Town Hall, a noble structure which, like all the public buildings in Germany, is undergoing repair. The Market-place full of stalls and groups of people, clustering round our ancestor's fountain, over which his effigy sternly presides. Soon after 1, we went on to Liége. Nothing could exceed the beauty of this part of the journey. The scenery is quite lovely, and the golden

autumn tints were lighted with the most brilliant sunshine. At Liège we had only time to go the round of the shops while daylight lasted, but it was not worth the trouble, and henceforth we must consider Cöln, Aachen, and Liège as useless for all collecting purposes, however interesting they all may be, and are, in themselves. We dined at the Liège station and came on by an evening train to Brussels, where we found ourselves at our Hôtel Mengelle before ten o'clock. A letter from Ivor awaited me, written at Dowlais, where all seems to be again prospering.

30th. The day has to be spent in driving about to the shops, and in paying a visit to M. Fetis and his beautiful Faience collection. He has lately married a wife who seems a nice person. M. Fetis made C.S. very happy by assuring him that the bottle he had bought at Breslau was a fine piece, and was Delft of the manufacture "à la tête de Maure". We found very little in the shops. A pair of very large candlesticks, Wedgwood, at Cools', a chaufferette at Moen's. Volants have undergone a sad and sudden change. He has lately been to Paris and has brought home some high-priced things which have turned his head, and now we shall never be able to buy of him advantageously any more. Mme. Hauja of The Hague was in his shop when we went in, she is going to make a grand sale here next week. Since dinner the American Consul, who is staying here, has taken us to see some vases belonging to a friend who is lodging here. They are fine Japanese, but no more, and the gentleman seems to have refused a price for them, which *we* should have thought quite above their value.

31st. We were to have left Brussels by an 11 o'clock train, and perhaps to have spent an hour or two at Ghent on our way, but C.S. got up with one of his violent headaches, so this was out of the question, and we thought ourselves lucky

to be able to get away by three o'clock. He was much better by that time, and we got a comfortable carriage and he slept all the way to Bruges, where we arrived about five. Found table d'hôte just commencing, and joined it. As soon as it was over we went out. Called at the goldsmith's, Dryepont's, and bought of him a fine copy he had made of the celebrated inkstand in the Salle de Justice here. Ever since our pleasant visit to this place with Ivor, I have been trying to get a copy of this inkstand made, that I might give it to my son as a souvenir of that happy time. I have been unsuccessful because I was told that the City authorities would not allow it. At length permission has been granted at the request of the Crown Princess of Prussia, who was anxious also to possess a copy. The artist to whom the task was confided, having got the model, executed another. Indeed I think he made two more, and so my wish is gratified. I am to give £20 for it, and I mean to keep it as a Christmas present for Ivor. Mrs. Berrington has kindly "ceded" to us two of her ware plates, transfer printed with the arms of England, and she has procured for us the large ware dish having a portrait of Prince Ferdinand of Brunswick, which we had admired at De Clerc's when we went through Ghent last month. I believe it is made at Gennep in the Grand Duchy of Luxembourg, or so at least M. Fetis told us, from a description we gave him of it.

NOVEMBER 1879

AT HOME

Nov. 1st. We left Bruges by an early train, the express, joining the steamer at Ostend, and had a beautiful passage home, reading Disraeli's pamphlet, which has given me great pleasure, especially by his descriptions of the scenes that

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Enid had been lately visiting. With the book and a little sleep I got over the trajet very comfortably. There was an hour's delay at Dover, but we were at home by six. Ran to see Blanche before dinner. Our trip occupied exactly seven weeks, and has been a very agreeable one. Not, however, very productive so far as collecting is concerned, though it has added a fine pair of Bow figures and two most interesting fans to our possessions.

3rd. Busy unpacking and rearranging. A friend of M. Garnier's called to provide for photographs being taken of some of our Ware objects, on which he is writing a memoir in the periodical called *L'Art*.

5th. We were up early and while we were at breakfast, M. Beau came to do the photographs. Luckily it proved a very bright day, and he was able to work till three. He executed 24 specimens, most of them having an historical interest. Capt. Wundt called in the morning, bringing me ten fan leaves which he had purchased for me, some of them very good. Also Narracott came about the things we had brought over for his principal, so that altogether I had a most busy day, and at four I kept an appointment at Fenton's with Merthyr and Theodora, who are starting off the same evening for Holland, accompanied by Lady Westminster. She is within three days of being 82, and it would seem rather a long journey for her to undertake; however, she was looking forward to it as much as any of them. I had made notes about all the dealers, etc., for them that they might go to in the various towns they were about to visit, which I hope will be of use to them, as it took me some time to make out the list.

6th. Though I worked very hard all the morning, I had scarcely got matters in order by half-past one, when it was time to leave the house, as we were to go down to Canford

by a train at a quarter past two. Cornelia had asked me to bring her down her jewels, and they kept me so long at the Banker's looking for them that our plans were utterly disconcerted, and we only reached the station in time to see the train move off. However, there was another train in an hour's time, and by that we travelled, reaching Canford at seven. Reading Thackeray's *Humorists*.

7th. Afternoon, walked with Cornelia to the new Ham-preston Lodge. Lord Alington had been out duck shooting with Ivor and C.S. Saw him afterwards.

8th. C.S. went into Poole to see some of his agents, riding the little mare, whom he brought down for such occasions. In the afternoon I drove with Ivor and Cornelia towards Bear Cross, where we left the carriage and went up on the heath, where they are making some new plantations.

Tuesday, 11th. It was thought advisable that C.S. should begin his canvass by calling upon one or two of the leading gentry of Poole and Parkstone, and as he wished me to drive with him, I did so, and was repaid by charming weather and an interesting country. The extent of the building since this was my home is perfectly marvellous. Called on Lady Colquhoun, Capt. Bates and Mr. Forbes, and so on to Branksome, Mrs. Berry's. None of the ladies were at home but C.S. paid visits to Capt. Bates and Mr. Forbes, and at this last place I was made to get out to see a fine tea service of Bristol china. Having dropped C.S. at the Antelope, where he was to attend a dinner, I drove home alone. The dinner was that of the Red Star Rowing Club, in connection with an excellent coffee house and workmen's club, got up by Mr. Belbin and the Liberals. C.S. had to speak and got on very well. On another day, I think Thursday, 13th, we set out on another round of visits, and began with Mr. Belbin, at Longham; on a tenant of Ivor's, but an opponent in politics, a

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very nice man, from whom I acquired much information which interested me about this workmen's club; after this we called on the clergyman, Mr. Berry, at Branksome, and on Colonel Patey, but they were out. Cornelia had one or two pleasant drives on other days. On one occasion she drove me, in her pony carriage, to see Lady Greathead at Uddens, another time we went to the Forts at the Knoll, to Henbury, etc.

15th. I heard from Amy that dear Mrs. Layard, Sir Henry Layard's mother, had died the previous day. This will be a dreadful blow to Henry, whose time and energies are now being so painfully engrossed by affairs in Turkey. On that evening C.S. went into Poole, to meet some of the Committees of sections, and on Monday he attended a Penny Reading there, where he gave a selection from Froude, choosing Rizzio's and Darnley's murders.

18th. There assembled at the house a most agreeable party, most of the people remaining to the end of the week. I had, that Tuesday, a long solitary walk to the Keepers and round by Break Hill in pursuit of Ivor, whom, however, I missed. It was a lovely evening and I was sorry that we did not spend it together. The guests assembled comprised Lady Salisbury, her two eldest girls, Mr. and Lady Florence Chaplin, Lord and Lady Wolverton, Mr. and Lady Clementine Mitford, Lady Fanny Marjoribanks and Lady Georgie Churchill, Lady Dorothy Nevill, Bernal Osborne, Lord Brooke, Arthur Balfour, Mrs. Keppel, and Mr. Wynne Finch. Each night there was a band of music, they danced a little, played cards, etc., and abundance of talk. Cornelia took some of the people over to Bournemouth, for a bazaar, on Wednesday. I stayed with Lady Wolverton, took her a walk in the garden, called with her on the Damers, showed her the John of Gaunt kitchen, the porch, and so forth. The Wolvertons are building a new house, and eager for all sorts of hints

about furnishing. Meanwhile, C.S. went to Blackheath to poor Mrs. Layard's funeral, returning in time for dinner.

20th. In the afternoon I formed one of a party, with Cornelia, Lady Salisbury and Lady Dorothy Nevill, to see Kingston Lacy, which notwithstanding its fine things looked very dull and desolate. Every day there were shooting parties, and some 2000 pheasants were killed before the end of the week. By Saturday all had left except Georgie (Churchill) and Fanny (Marjoribanks), the latter being then joined by her husband. Country neighbours, such as the Damers, Greatheads, Dugmores, etc., dined here in the course of the time.

24th. Georgie went away, as did the Marjoribanks, the following day. Meanwhile Lord and Lady Bury came that he might attend the great Conservative dinner on Tuesday. My Monty had come here on the Monday night after a Freemason's dinner at Wimborne, but left the next morning. It was a great treat for me to have this peep at him. And now we come to *the* great event of the season, the Conservative dinner at Poole, where C.S. appeared as the future Candidate. They left for it at 5, and did not get back till past 1. In their absence the Damers joined Cornelia, Lady Bury and me at dinner, and when they left us we three ladies sat over the Hall fire, somewhat impatient for our husbands' return. We little know in this world what is good for us! Their being so late, at which we were inclined to chafe a little, probably saved this house from being reduced to ashes. There was a light supper and some talk over the events of the evening. It must have been $\frac{1}{2}$ past 2 ere I was in bed. C.S. sat by the fire and I read to him, as is now our usual custom. I had just finished a Psalm, when we heard some stir in the passage, and found the butler, who had been providentially up thus late, had discovered that a room immediately over the

children's wing was on fire. Looking across the Court we saw the flames already mounting high. The butler and the other servants were already busy with the little hose engines. We rushed to rouse Ivor and Cornelia, who were both asleep, then got the 7 children out of bed and taken in blankets into the great Hall, had the fire bell rung, and by that time found the engine from the stables at work. Ivor wanted the Wimborne engine sent for, and I made my way in the darkness and with scanty clothing to the stables to search for some one who could go for it. Of course it did not arrive in time to be of any use, but in the meantime all the servants, the dependants, I might say all the village, had worked, and, thanks be to God, the fire was got under in a couple of hours or so. Damage had, of course, been done, the roof burnt and some rooms gutted, but less harm was done than if it had been any other part of the house, and mercifully there were no accidents. No one was hurt. We went to bed again at $\frac{1}{2}$ past 5. C.S., tired with the morning's shooting, the exertions of the dinner and its speeches, and the excitement of the last episode, soon dropped asleep, which was not my case.

26th. Breakfast at 10. After it the Burys went away. We were all to have gone to town to-day, Ivor and Cornelia proceeding thence to Bayham, but now we have deferred our journey to to-morrow. C.S. has gone into Poole this afternoon, and I have been walking a little with Ivor. The weather is very calm, which was a most happy circumstance when the fire was raging last night. Since I have been here I have been a good deal occupied about the collection. The photographs made for M. Garnier (see Nov. 5) have been sent here for us to look at, and I have had to write descriptions of them and supply the inscriptions. Also Capt. Wundt has been furnished with descriptions of the subject fans, and their



EXAMPLES OF THE RARE AND EARLY WARE OF BRISTOL, IN THE COLLECTION OF WHICH LADY CHARLOTTE TOOK ESPECIAL INTEREST. MANY ARE MENTIONED IN THE JOURNALS AS MOST FORTUNATE DISCOVERIES

The Schreiber Collection

lettering, recently acquired. I last evening got a proof from him of an article on my fans which he is preparing for the Christmas No. of the *Queen*, and I sent it back by the same post corrected. [Captain Wundt was for many years art editor of the *Queen*.] Altogether this has been a most busy and agreeable visit. But for the concluding incident, it would have been perfect. But my *one* feeling is of deepest gratitude that all has ended as it has done.

27th. C.S. and I came up from Canford to town with Ivor and Cornelia, who thence went on to Bayham. [Lord Camden's place in Kent.]

28th. Called at Mortlock's and Willson's in the course of the day, and I got a charming salt-glaze stoneware mug at Litchfield's. Capt. Wundt brought me three charming old English fans. Visit from Col. and Amy Layard.

30th. Went to Westmoreland Street Chapel. Heard a striking sermon from Mr. Haweis, chiefly on the necessity of making one's Will. He alluded to Delane's and Sergt. Cox's death. After church we paid a visit to Lord Oxford, who has been ill. He received us in his dressing-gown, very old but very picturesque and becoming, in which he looked like an ancient Venetian nobleman. He showed us many interesting things, especially his Stuart Memorials. Later in the day, we walked down to see Lady Dorothy Nevill, and later still sat awhile with Blanche.

DECEMBER 1879

AT HOME

Dec. 1st. To Narracott about our latest importation. Went out early to Bonham's where Hamburger's sale is preparing, nothing very good, but interesting to us as he has brought over the Leeds ware we saw at his place, which was

too dear for our purpose. It will be curious to see what it fetches here. Long talk with Tuck. Went on to try to see Bihn, who has written me word he had come to England and brought some fan leaves. I had also called on Saturday. He was out each time. Arthur, who has himself gone to Paris, sent his little Mildred with her governess to have luncheon here. The child is wonderfully improved in health since last year, and is a dear, intelligent little thing. I wrote most of the afternoon after she had left. A worry about some things I had lost, but I now hope are only mislaid, as I have found one of them (a book) this afternoon.

2nd. Called at Mortlock's to buy a wedding present for Miss Hambro, who is going to marry Capt. Oke-den. We chose a dinner service, modelled from a pattern we had lent, the plates octagonal. Walked on thence through Wardour Street. A curious trial is coming on. A lady is trying to prevent Mortlock from copying some of the old shapes, saying it depreciates the value of some ancient specimens she possesses. We are doing all we can to find him other pieces of the same form and decoration to prove that hers are not at all unique. Indeed the pattern is a very well known one, but as it always will happen, we cannot lay our hands upon a specimen at this moment. I found a saucer of the same in the autumn, and now the search is for a cup. Ivor is also interesting himself in the question. We think it is most meritorious of Mortlock to produce these revivals of the ancient taste, which can only tend to the improvement of art, and we are constantly lending him examples for that purpose. They are far from being forgeries, as the name of the manufacturer is always added, besides which no connoisseur could ever mistake them for antiques. Called at Partridge's. He showed us two very curious groups, marked with the anchor dagger, each representing a clown riding

upon two horses, and lettered in gold "Price's Horsemanship". Very interesting, not pretty or refined, and very dear. He wants £40 for them. Coming home we went again to Bihn's. This was our fifth call, but we found him at home, and were well rewarded for our perseverance by some excellent fan leaves which we brought away with us, among them, "The Nations of Europe playing at Piquet".

3rd. My sister Mary came up from the country. We persuaded her to stay here. Mary Glyn and her husband also in town. They dined with us before going to the play. In the morning I got a letter from Maria telling me that Richard was laid up with congestion of the lungs. I made a hurried visit to Roehampton by train to inquire about him personally, but got back in time for dinner.

4th. Ivor and Cornelia being on their way through town called here and I saw them again at Hamilton House later in the day.

Friday, 5th. Mary [Lady Huntly] went home to Orton in the afternoon, her Maggie calling here to accompany her. Ivor had persuaded C.S. to go down with them this afternoon to Canford to have some duck shooting. He had appointments in Poole for the early part of next week, so the two plans harmonise very well. I had meanwhile arranged to go down to Roehampton, so I had a brougham, and went on there after depositing C.S. and his luggage at Waterloo Bridge. Saw the Glyns at the station. Found Richard doing as well as could be hoped, and after having spent an hour there, drove back feeling rather lonely and desolate. On my return found old Haines awaiting me, so it was lucky I did not comply with their wish that I should stay and dine at Roehampton. Haines had brought me a fan leaf with the Humours of Bartholomew Fair printed on it. I am not sure whether it is one of the original publications of Setchel or whether it is a

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reproduction, but I am delighted with it. He also brought me a curious knife and fork, on which we have had our eyes for more than a twelvemonth. The handles are piqué, or inlaid in silver with acorns and oak leaves, with a minute portrait of a King (? Charles II.) in the midst of them. The price rather high, £6. The good man looked over some of my things and spent a good part of the evening here.

6th. Baron Ferdinand de Rothschild called to look at a quaint picture of the Stamford Bull-running, which Mary had left for his inspection. She picked it up somewhere in the country. As an object of art, it is vile, but in an antiquarian point of view, most curious. The "blue woman" who rode the Bull is a conspicuous object. I remember seeing the "blue woman" of the year (there was always one) about 1831 or 1832. The brutal sport was abolished about that time or soon after. Employed the long evening in pasting fan leaves into the book, with my maid.

7th. The said maid wanted to go out for a holiday, so I got up rather early to enable her to catch a train. I was a little chilly in the morning, the weather being miserable, and I feared I had taken cold, so I did not go out. Read over the fire; first Freeman's account of the Bayeux Tapestry, then some of Thackeray's *Humorists*. Wrote a good deal, and late in the afternoon had a long visit from Charlie Glyn. I see that Morley's *History of Bartholomew Fair* has a copious notice, with illustrations of the fan.

8th. Before 12 set off for Roehampton, calling at Willson's on the way. It was bright and sunshiny there, whereas it had been fog and gloom in London. I had the comfort of finding Richard much better, and was allowed to see him for a few minutes. While there Mrs. Bagot came in. I had driven down and persuaded Maria to let Ola return with me for a couple of days. I was to have gone on to Henstridge to-day,

to pay Merthyr a little visit, but I did not like to leave the neighbourhood while Richard was so ill, and therefore I put it off. I have constantly been having reports of his state, twice a day at the least. Within the last hour I have received from my good friend Mr. Octavius Morgan the present of a gigantic fan, 2 feet long, which he bought at Nuremberg forty years ago. The decoration, not printed, is very poor, but it is a curious specimen.

10th. I had expected C.S. to be home to-day, but he wrote that he delayed his return till the morrow. Took Ola back to Roehampton.

11th. C.S. returned to-day. He had been round by Bath with Mr. Dugdale, to see Mr. Williams, who is to be his Parliamentary agent in his contest at Poole. He came home very poorly. Mr. Waring is holding meetings and tea parties this week.

13th. At Lady Wolverton's request went to look at a beautiful salmon scale blue dessert service at Mortlock's, and afterwards paid her a visit to report upon it.

14th. At Church. In the afternoon Lady Dorothy Nevill called. The weather very severe still. C.S. not well, yet he would go down to Poole the following day (Monday) to keep an appointment he had made to see some of his friends there. In his absence I finished putting some fans in the book. Capt. Wundt had brought me another batch on Saturday. Among them, one commemorative of the death of Frederick, Prince of Wales.

Tuesday, 16th. A day of thick fog. I did not go out. C.S. returned in the afternoon, not worse for the journey. Call from Narracott to ask our opinion of a plate belonging to Prince Leopold, an evident forgery.

17th. Poor Mrs. Hunt came to luncheon. She has lost her husband, and is returning to Spain. Lady Wolverton

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and Mrs. Glyn called. They also had some forgeries, on which they wanted our opinion, *after having bought them.*

18th. Went out with C.S. in the afternoon. He is better. Called at Mortlock's, at Catchpole's, and a new shop, Samuel's, where we saw a magnificent Bristol vase. He wants a very large price for it, talks of £150.

19th. Got up very tired after a bad night. In the evening, we had a little alarm about fire. Some soot at the back of the Library grate had become ignited, and though one of the fireman from a neighbouring station soon extinguished it, I felt anxious lest there might be any latent mischief. We had promised to go down to Orton to see a man who offered as butler, so we left by the 10.10 train and got to Peterborough soon after midday. Called at Heath's on our way to Orton and bought of him an Oriental perforated ball, and an O. Brisset head of Charles I. We spent about two hours at Orton with my sister, saw the servant, and then returned to town, which we reached about six. A good long sleep in the railway carriage did me good.

20th. Workmen here in consultation on the Library grate. We discovered that in the dining-room to be also faulty, and not fit for a fire. So now, the drawing-rooms being all dismantled, we are banished to the boudoir. I called at Samuel's to speak about his vase; he was absent. Went on to Alford House where there was a meeting of the Needlework School. Thence I accompanied Mrs. Wyndham to the school itself, where we all helped in the preparations for a gigantic Tea and Christmas Tree given to the workers and their friends. Princess Christian came to it and stayed some time. In the course of the proceedings there was a pretty interlude of music. Lady Downe, Lady Folkestone, and Messrs. Wade sang. I got back soon after eight o'clock having been employed at it since one.

Sunday, 21st. At church. The weather continues most inclement. Looked in to see Blanche's babies on our way home. C.S. was over at Roehampton yesterday. R. Du Cane is recovering.

22nd. C.S. went with me to Samuel's, and after some negotiation, it ended in our buying the Bristol vase for £75, just half what he had talked about at first. Went afterwards to Mortlock's. He presented me with a lovely walking cane mounted with a Chelsea head, marked with the gold anchor, which I never saw on cane heads before. I took the occasion to bring him a good specimen of Plymouth, the larger of the blue and white mugs which we got from the Prideaux collection in 1868, and the afternoon was engaged in looking out for Christmas presents to take down to my grandchildren at Canford, and we called on Lady Lilford. Saw her husband and his boys, but not her. Before seven Samuel brought me home my vase, which is very fine and fills a vacancy. I had long wanted a piece of that size and shape for a particular table, and I had desired such a vase ever since I had missed that of Mr. Bulteel at Plymouth, of which this is the counterpart, and for which I offered £100. But, "Tout vient à qui sait attendre".

23rd. My grandchildren Rhuvon and Mildred came in the morning to thank me for books I had taken them the previous day. This and household matters occupied me till it was time to start. We left London by the 2.15 train, and got to Canford soon after five, C.S. going on to Poole and joining me later. Only Rosamund (Lady de Ramsey) and her husband—Blanche and hers, who came soon after us, formed the party. Our stay at Canford extended to Saturday, the 3rd of January, and we had a very pleasant visit.

Thursday, 25th. Christmas day was given up to the children. After luncheon we gave them our presents and

they sat up late and danced and were very merry. Besides the seven in the house, we had three of Maria's girls and Blanche's two babies.

26th. I drove over to Merly to pay a visit to the Miss Weinholts, two nice old ladies who rent the place, with whom I had made acquaintance at dinner two evenings before. I should mention that there had been some neighbours to dinner this week, Pateys, Dugmores, Lawsons, Dr. Stephenson, etc. There was a conjuror on Friday evening who performed to a numerous audience in the Gallery, after which the farmers, neighbours, children, etc., had tea in the Hall.

27th. Chiefly remarkable for a charming *tête-à-tête* walk I had with dear Ivor, first to his new tennis court, and then round by Oakley, a two hours' excursion.

Monday, 29th. A large influx of visitors. Lady Margaret Charteris and two daughters, Mr. and Lady Muriel Courtenay Boyle, Madame Murietta, and her brother-in-law, Lord Brooke, and his sister, Lady Eva Greville, two Miss Churchills, Arnold Keppel, Mr. Bond, Mr. Brymer, Mr. Walmsley, Mr. Ford, Sir William Dyke, Dacre Du Cane, to whom were added next day, Mr. Digby and his sister, Lady Eda Ashley and her neice, Col. Bridgman, etc. Quite a houseful, to make room for whom, some of the children were sent to Bournemouth. The little Du Canes also went on Saturday. To-night there was dancing. A very good Italian band.

30th. Formal opening of the new Tennis Court, which is a great success; most of the party were there all day, though some of the men went shooting, and we had luncheon there behind the dedans. Ball at Wimborne, which most of us, myself among the number, attended.

31st. Tennis again. Very nice dancing, ending with an impromptu cotillon at night. As the old year passed away,

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NOTES CERAMIC

we formed a circle round the piano, holding hands (I had Ivor's) and sang "Should old acquaintance be forgot", ending loyally with "God save the Queen".

JANUARY 1880

CANFORD

Jan. 1st, 1880. A Ball at the house which was attended by most of the neighbours and kept up with spirit till near four o'clock.

3rd. I walked on the terrace for an hour alone, basking in the warm sunshine, and watching the dewdrops disappear before it. A most delightful day. After luncheon took a 2.27 train for Henstridge again, where Merthyr's carriage met me to take me on to the house. C.S. travelled with me thus far and then went on to pay a visit to his sister at Melbury. Merthyr came in from hunting as I arrived. He is adding to the house, I don't know if he is improving it, and there is scarcely a nook to live in, so he could only receive me alone. I had a charming afternoon with him and Theodora, looking over all the treasures they picked up in Holland, chiefly Battersea enamels, of which they have some very good specimens. Quiet evening with them and Lady Westminster (see Nov. 5.). C.S. has been a great deal in and out of Poole this week, I think he is tired and seems harassed, but all seems to be going on well for his prospects. Mr. Walmsley is very energetic for him. Ivor has determined to do a great work in levelling the "Ladies' Walking Field" at Poole, and draining some adjacent mudland, which will give employment to many poor people this year of distress, and save the rates of the town; this is considered, not only a very charitable act, but a valuable political move. It has caused us all a great

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deal of excitement this week, as it was announced in the local papers.

4th. I got up tired after a bad night. Bright moonlight succeeded by a glorious day. My foot hurts me so much that I could not undertake the walk of a mile to church. I read at home and have since written here.

5th. C.S. met me at Templecombe, and we went on together to Bath, where we had an appointment to see Mr. Williams about election matters. We took one or two of the shops on our way back to the station, but were not tempted to buy anything. Reached town in good time for dinner. I had a visit from Katharine, who, on her way from Hatfield, was spending a few days with Arthur, and I also saw Maria. I wrote a good deal, paid Christmas bills, settled house matters (our old butler Smart having come back to us) and read. My book was Miss Freer's *Anne of Austria*.

12th. At length I ventured out with C.S. in a cab, having a little shopping to do, and two salerooms to look into. There was nothing worth the trouble, and, how I know not, I was rewarded for my boldness by a severe chill.

16th. Ivor and Cornelia went through town. The former came and paid me a long visit on the evening of that day, when also I saw Maria.

17th. Merthyr and Theodora came in just as we were finishing luncheon. This was as unexpected as delightful. We flew to the enamel cabinets, and saw and talked all we could during the short time they were able to spare, before going off to their train.

18th. Lady Dorothy Nevill and her daughter came to see me.

Monday, 19th. Two of Maria's charming boys came to luncheon.

20th. My dear husband left me to keep an engagement he had made to meet some of his supporters at Poole. I busied myself with accounts, and with making some partial transcripts of catalogues, which have kept me very busy the last few days, when I have been equal to working.

21st. Mrs. Austin to luncheon, and a call from our clergyman, Mr. Page Roberts. C.S. got back from Poole between 6 and 7, having had a very satisfactory evening with his friends, and having spent an hour or two at Canford on his way up. I am better, and have struggled through without any doctor, but I don't feel quite safe yet. The weather is bitterly cold, which is much against invalids. Our drawing-rooms have been now reinstated for the season, and I must begin to resume my occupation of them. *Anne of Austria*, finished: I am now reading *Jeanne d'Albret*.

From this date to Tuesday, Feb. 3, I never went out of the house, the weather and my cold continuing very bad. I saw scarcely anybody. My reading was Miss Freer's *Henri III*. I worked at the Catalogue, and superintended the washing of the enamels and regular cleaning of the enamel cabinets, also I got washed the contents of two of the small china cabinets. Brymer (Schreiber) came up to us for one night on Friday, 23rd, and Maria looked in once or twice. C.S. dined and slept at Roehampton on Thursday, 29th, but I did not venture. Most days I have managed a couple of hours of music, as my chief recreation. We have had the drawing-rooms opened again. On Saturday, 31st, Haines paid us a long visit and brought me a beautiful badge (in metal set with paste, etc.) of the Anti-Gallican Society. [An example of this badge is illustrated here; the tea service at

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Canford showing the same coat. There is considerable information about the "Laudable Association of Anti-Gallicans" to be found in *Notes and Queries*, 7th Series, vol. iv. (1887) pp. 67, 151 and 292. The porcelain is, I believe, mentioned on p. 67. The Association does not belong to the "Anti-Jacobin" period, but to the time of George II. and the earlier part of the reign of George III. There is mention of it in 1749, 1756 and 1771, but it does not seem to be known how or when it became extinct. Its objects were "to promote the British manufactures, to extend the commerce of England, and discourage the introduction of French commodities". It published a map of North America in 1755, showing the British possessions and likewise "the encroachments of the French". It held its meetings in various London taverns. According to Larwood's "Signboards", several public-houses at the end of the 18th and beginning of the 19th century bore the name of "The Anti-Gallican Arms". One of these was in Shire Lane, on the site of the present Law Courts.]

FEBRUARY, 1880

AT HOME

Feb. 2nd. I saw one of the firm of Dickinson who is getting up an exhibition of miniatures. He wants me to lend some of my enamels as specimens. Adolphe Beau also called; he proposes photographing and publishing the best pieces in the collection, but I do not think it will be done. We hardly like the publicity of the work coming out by subscription, and it would be too expensive for us to undertake it privately just at present. The Election looming in the future must make us careful awhile.

3rd. C.S. went down to Poole to spend there the rest of the week, and I proceeded to Orton, in hopes the change



THREE PIECES FROM A VERY INTERESTING CHINESE SERVICE BEARING THE AT ONE TIME WELL-KNOWN ARMS OF THE ANTI-GALLICAN SOCIETY
FOUNDED IN THE REIGN OF GEORGE II AND LASTING DURING THE EARLY PART OF THAT OF GEORGE III
Lord Wimborne's Collection

of air would take away my cold. I had a good journey, and, leaving at 2.45, arrived before 5. Saw Monty Corry [Disraeli's Private Secretary, afterwards Lord Rowton] at the station, and had some talk with him. He was going down to see Lord Salisbury who was ill at Hatfield. Ever since I have got to Orton I have been very quiet, having kept indoors the whole time, but finding plenty of occupation, reading, writing, *knitting* (for a new expected grandchild), and trying over new music. There has been no addition to the family party, except Miss Cook, the music mistress. Lord Westmoreland came over to luncheon on Saturday, 7th, and my husband joined me from Poole, later in the afternoon. He is overjoyed at the result of the Liverpool Election. Though I hang on to my old Liberal creed, I cannot help, also, being glad at the defeat of this mischievous Irish Cabal, in its attempt to dictate to the rest of the Empire.

Sunday, 8th. A bright sunny day, and much milder. All the family (C.S. included) are out, or at church. There was a Battersea box, with portrait of Cromwell, in a sale at Christie's this week. C.S. saw it and liked it. We got Willson to bid for it for us, but I heard from him this morning that we did not get it. The price it fetched was £14. Took a little walk under the Wellingtonias with C.S. this afternoon.

9th. Next day went on by train to Holdenby [the home of Canon Alderson, who married Katharine, Lady Charlotte's second daughter] where we stayed till the following Thursday. I carefully nursed my cold. I spent a pleasant time with my Katharine. The only time I left the house was to walk up with her to the church.

Thursday, 12th. We returned to town. It was a most lovely evening with a remarkable sunset. Ever since this return to town, I have considered myself on the sick list.

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My throat affection has become almost chronic, and by Monty's advice, I have consulted Dr. Morell Mackenzie. [Afterwards Sir Morell Mackenzie; famous in connection with the German Emperor Frederick's last illness.] I have seen such of my children as have been in town and received a few other visits, but I myself have been nowhere, only driving out for a couple of hours at a time in the brougham Ivor has lent me, he and Cornelia having gone to Paris to give *her* a little change, her health being bad. They have gone on to Cannes and may prolong their journey to Florence to see the San Donato sale.

Tuesday, 24th. C.S. went down to Bournemouth, to begin thence the canvass of the Parkstone voters, and remained there till the following Saturday when he came back to spend the Sunday, returning the following day, to spend another week at Bournemouth, viz., till Saturday, March 6.

MARCH 1880

POOLE: LONDON

8th. C.S. went down to the country again, this time taking up quarters at Poole, which was more convenient for prosecuting some part of his canvass. There, he was that same evening greeted with the news of the intended Dis-solution. It was very fortunate that it found him on the spot, and that he had been able, already, to canvass some of the outlying districts. During all these absences of his, my life was quiet and monotonous enough. I saw hardly anybody, devoted myself to the catalogue, and took the appointed daily drive, all very uninteresting. The principal event of the interval was the concert given at Maria's house for the benefit of the Turkish refugees, Mme. Goldschmidt [Jenny Lind] sang, Mdlle. Janotha played, Blanche sang a



ENGLISH BATTERSEA ENAMELS, PRINTED IN COLOURS. 1. THE BADGE OF THE ANTI-GALLICAN SOCIETY. THIS EXAMPLE IS PRINTED, THE EAGLE IN BLACK AND THE REST IN RED. THE MOTTO WHICH APPEARS ON PORCELAINS, ETC., IS "FOR OUR COUNTRY." 2. THE BEAUTIFUL MARIA GUNNING, COUNTESS OF COVENTRY. A TRANSFER PRINTING IN BLACK FROM A WELL-KNOWN PICTURE BY COTES. 3. GIBBON, THE HISTORIAN, FROM A PORTRAIT BY SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS WHICH WAS EXHIBITED IN THE WINTER COLLECTION AT BURLINGTON HOUSE IN 1884. 4. GEORGE II PRINTED TRANSFER IN RED; IT IS MENTIONED IN A NOTE OF HORACE WALPOLE, WHO TOOK CONSIDERABLE INTEREST IN THE BATTERSEA WORKS, WHICH WERE STARTED ABOUT 1750 AND LASTED ONLY A SHORT PERIOD. 5. SIR ROBERT WALPOLE IN COURT DRESS; A TRANSFER PRINTED IN BROWN

The Schreiber Collection

Rubenstein duet with Mme. Goldschmidt, who also sang Swedish songs. The room was crowded, Princesses Mary and Fréderica attended, the whole thing was a great success, and the proceeds of it, coupled with the donations of friends, enabled Maria to send £500 as a first instalment to her sister at Constantinople. The children came and told me all about it, and I had worked hard in getting tickets sold and collecting subscriptions. Mr. Goldschmidt paid me a visit the Monday following the concert to tell me what a satisfactory meeting it had been.

9th. My sister came up to stay with me, with her two daughters, to go to a Drawing Room on the 12th, and on the following day, 13th, I left town to join C.S. at Poole. A visit from Princess Frederica [the Princess of Hanover, since married to Baron Pawel von Ramingen, and now living at Biarritz] on Monday, 8th, and on the Friday, 12th, an agreeable evening with Mr. Soden Smith, are the only little incidents worth notice. I had a charming journey to Poole. It was a most lovely evening, and I, who have been prisoner so long, thoroughly enjoyed it. I arrived about 6, and here I am installed at the Antelope Hotel till this great contest for the Borough is concluded. I found C.S. ready for 'dinner, after which we went to an outdoor meeting of Waring's on the steps of the Town Hall. Of course C.S. had a window at a neighbouring house from which he witnessed all the proceedings.

Sunday, 14th. C.S. at Church. In the afternoon we took a long walk together all about the town, coming in for a 4 o'clock dinner. The weather clouded and the wind from the east, but I hope no harm done, though my throat is still very troublesome. Ever since I have been down here, I have had a strange "Exposition" of sleep. I suppose to make up for my many wakeful nights in London.

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15th. A bright March day, with hot sunshine and cold wind. I worked at the Catalogue till 12, and then drove over to Canford to see the five youngest children, who are left there, and I walked about the garden with them, and got back before 4, having in the meantime had an interview with Mr. Paterson. [The then Canford agent.] C.S. came in for his dinner punctually; unluckily there was some mistake about it and he had to wait. As he is working so hard at his canvass he is getting rather overtired, and it is not well that any of his arrangements should be put out. He canvassed again from 6 to 9, and I mooned and wept over a book that I had just received, *The Memoirs of the Cambridge A.D.C.*, which had many notices of my dear, dear boy, and recalled many memories. But he is at rest. This unnerved me, and I was the less prepared to receive with equanimity the intimation conveyed in a telegram from Mr. Ford that Ivor was, after all, about to stand for Bristol. There are now three Liberals in the field there and it is therefore thought a Conservative would have a good chance. The political moves in my family are becoming most perplexing. Last week I was startled by the announcement that Monty had gone up to canvass Youghal, which is about the most hopeless thing he could do, standing against a Conservative Home Ruler. Arthur [Lady Charlotte's youngest son] has long since been a Candidate for Cardiff in the Tory interest; his chance will not be improved by the fact that the Dissolution caught him out of England, and he did not get back to his post till Friday night. To add to all this confusion, I read in this morning's *Times* that Merthyr has accepted the requisition of the electors to come forward for his native town of Merthyr Tydfil as a Liberal. Here are two on one side and two on the other, and C.S. fighting here. I wish them all success. There must be some men of both

creeds in the House, and they cannot be better men or truer, according to their convictions, than these my belongings. For myself I am different from them all. I hold on to my old Whig principles in domestic policy, but I go with the Conservatives in their Eastern and other foreign policy, and I utterly abhor Gladstone, and all his works, politically speaking. Drove out to call on Lady Colquhoun at the Elms; she was not at home, came back early and behold! there has just come a letter from Mr. Ford by the second post which makes it very doubtful whether, all said and done, Ivor is not on his way to Florence instead of Bristol. If it should prove so it will be a great relief to my mind.

17th. To-day's drive was to Hamworthy to call and see poor old Mac. Patey. I afterwards called on Col. Patey's wife in Longfleet. All of a sudden I find Monty has left Youghal (very judiciously) and is standing for Wareham hard by. It is curious that the conterminous Boroughs should be contested by the same family in opposite interests. I wish *both* may succeed.

18th. C.S. told me that he was going to canvass Hamworthy, so I drove out in that direction to meet him and to see if I could be of any use. I met him but could not even give him and his canvassers "a lift", so he toiled on on foot. He came back late very tired but went out again after dinner. The Licensed Victuallers held a meeting this evening to discuss the answers they had received to various questions they submitted to the canvassers. The result was that C.S.'s answers were the most satisfactory, so they decided in a body to give him their support. Mr. Walmsley, his son, and Mr. Marston called in the evening, to tell us all about it.

19th. Just as I was going out for my daily drive, C.S. came in with Mr. Walmsley and his son and asked me to take

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them to some outside houses in Parkstone, which I gladly did. We went to the Ladies' Walking Field also. All this time my information about my boys' movements has been very varied. It appears that Merthyr has no intention of standing for his native place, but Monty had suddenly thrown up Youghal, and had announced himself for Wareham, and that Ivor had gone quietly on his way to Florence. These pieces of intelligence came in one by one and I was satisfied on the whole; when this morning's post brought me a letter from Mr. Clark, telling me that Ford's representations had induced Ivor to change his plans once more, that he had returned from Florence and was on his way to Paris, whence he might be expected in London forthwith. This is extremely vexatious. I *do* hope that Ivor may not be persuaded to stand for Bristol. I wrote him a long letter addressed to Hamilton House, and then in the afternoon I was told that he would not be coming farther than Paris in the first instance. But it is hard to know what to believe. As for politics here, all is said to be going well, but Mr. Budge came in this morning and said that the other side are becoming so furious that they attack our friends in the street, and last night hurt some of them seriously. The Mayor and the police are all against the Conservative Candidate, and wink at, or rather encourage these things, which are beginning to be serious. I had, this morning, visits from my old maid Prescott, who lives near here, and from Mr. Pearce; and then I drove over to Wimborne to get some photographs of Canford for Mme. Bisschop of The Hague, who writes me word that she has come to England, and is employed on a fan for my approaching silver wedding, and wants to put Canford in the background. My time here has been spent very quietly with my books, and I have seen and heard little of election matters, C.S. being out all

day and every evening canvassing, and only coming in for dinner at 4 o'clock.

Sunday 21st. A day of rest which we were most happy to spend quietly together. C.S. is getting very much worn by this long canvass, and looks ill. I wish heartily it were over. At four we walked out together, and went to look at the workshop in Parkstone where C.S. is to hold a meeting to-morrow night. It does not seem a very convenient place, but is the best that could be got. All this time we had most lovely weather, a brilliant sun, and a sky as clear and blue as any in Italy. But the wind is in the east and my throat does not get well; however, I am all right otherwise, and immensely enjoyed my walk this afternoon.

22nd. The morning was ushered by a telegram from Ivor, announcing his arrival in London the previous night, so I wrote again by the midday post to do my best to prevent him from standing for Bristol, which I am sure is a false move for him. Mr. Dugdale came to see me in consequence of my having written to ask him to do so. I am sure the arrangements for the meeting that is to take place at Parkstone to-night are very incomplete. I don't like the room, the access is almost an impossibility for a crowd, and if a crowd once got into it, I feel certain the building would give way beneath it. It is settled that C.S. is to have a little platform erected for him in front, so that he may address a meeting standing below. But how is he to get to it? and how is he to prevent the mob crowding after him? It has been threatened that his opponents will never allow him to get as far as the place of meeting, and I should not wonder if they were as good as their word, for the town is getting very excited, and on Saturday night there was a great deal of uproar, and, I believe, some damage. Mr. Dugdale has gone over to confer with the head of the Constabulary, but I

am afraid it is all too late to prevent mischief for to-night. Indeed I dread what this night may bring forth. However, I am obliged to appear unconcerned, and I go on writing up my "stoneware" catalogue as if my mind were well at ease. In the midst of all I got a second telegram saying that Ivor and Cornelia are to be at Canford to-night, where they want to see us, and that they go down to Bristol to-morrow. According to the wish expressed in this telegram I deferred my usual drive till late in the afternoon. I went straight to Wimborne station on the chance of their arriving by the 5.15 train, in which case it was hoped that I might persuade Ivor to go in and show himself at the Parkstone meeting. As they did not come, I went on to the house, saw the children, and then walked to Mr. Paterson's to have some election talk with him. While I was there, they came and told me that another telegram had arrived at the house to the effect that they were not coming down, so I hastened to resume the carriage and to return to Poole, where I arrived just before C.S. went off to the eventful Parkstone Meeting. It was a lovely evening, with such a sunset and such an after-glow to the East. C.S. and his friends set off in an open carriage and by a circuitous route joined their band of supporters at the cross-roads, without encountering the crowd of opponents, organised perhaps to delay their passage, and through which I had made my way just before. I confess to have felt very anxious, though I said nothing. I dined alone. Mr. Williams, our agent, came to see me and talk over matters in the evening, and I had not long returned to my "salt glaze" Catalogue, when, about ten o'clock, a loud sound of drums, trumpets, carriage wheels, and the (awful) voices of a multitude, announced to me that the meeting was over, and that they were all returning from it. I threw open the window. There was great enthusiasm, and all said

that the meeting had been a great success, "quite triumphant". C.S. did not escape (after his brilliant speech) quite unscathed; on one or two points of their route homewards they encountered a volley of stones, one of which hit him on the face as he passed the middle hall. Mercifully it did him no further harm than to make his nose bleed, but from the size of the missile which they brought in with them, he *might* have been seriously hurt. How grateful I am that all is so well over, I cannot sufficiently express. The crowd remained cheering in front of the Hotel for a long time, meanwhile, some of his Committee were assembled in the adjoining room. Mr. Walmsley, who, through an accident to his train, had been kept from the meeting, came in to see us. It was midnight before we got to bed. I was overtired, and had a more wakeful night than any since I have been down here, so I had recourse to Henry IV.'s Life to while away some sleepless hours.

23rd. Letter from Cornelia to say Ivor has agreed to stand for Bristol and goes there to-day. Later on I got his address in a local paper. Received a lot of papers from Arthur, whose candidature seems to be going on very well at Cardiff. After one I drove to Bournemouth, looked in at the old curiosity shop, but found nothing. A visit from the Miss Weinholts. C.S. went out canvassing again directly after our early, four o'clock, dinner, and is to have another little meeting at Parkstone at 8. I shall be very glad when he is safe back. A certain legal case on the subject of ex-officio guardians was decided yesterday before the Lord Chief Justice in favour of the Conservative, which is to them the occasion of great delight. I am sorry to say the savage element of the roughs is hourly increasing, and various small outrages are recorded. Mr. Williams has memorialised the Mayor for more protection.

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The worst feature of all is the uncalled-for spite against the Manor, evinced by the frequent incendiary fires in the heaths and plantations. How glad I shall be when all these days of bondage are over. My husband came back soon after ten from his canvass and meeting. All had gone off very quietly and there were no mobs to disturb him going or coming. After his return there was a sort of consultation with Mr. Williams and Budge, and I did not go to bed till late, but I had a good night.

24th. At breakfast came a badly printed report of C.S.'s speech of last Monday, so the greatest part of the day was taken up in writing it out afresh, and I did not drive till after dinner, about five. Then I called at Mr. Patey's, whom I did not find at home; went on by Lytchett and returned by Hole's Bay. All seems to be going steadily so far as the canvass is concerned, but the fear seems to be that Waring will bribe, or decoy away a number of the Conservative voters at the last moment. They say that he is in a state of fury and declares that if it cost him £40,000 no friend of Ivor's shall ever sit for this Borough. C.S.'s speech must have touched him to the quick, and has, I doubt not, added to his wrath. But he brought it on himself. There were no personalities till he began it.

25th. A great discussion with young Mr. Walmsley and his partner Mr. Pope, as to what was to be done in the matter of a notice that has been published by Mr. Styring denying their authority in their own brewery. C.S. went out early to Parkstone, and I had to see them with Mr. Williams. There were several interviews on the subject in the course of the day, but no result was come to. Mac. Patey came in the morning to see Mr. Williams about the Hamworthy voters, and at half-past one I drove out and took Mr. Williams to see Canford. We had only time to spend about half an

hour there; found the children playing in their garden. I went to see poor old Mrs. Allen [a lodge-keeper at Canford Manor], who is lying on her death-bed, and so took leave of her. It is such a lesson to see one of one's fellow creatures in this state when one is surrounded by the raging conflicts of parties, all so engrossed by the things of this passing world. C.S. went out again after dinner. Luff came in to see me. This affair of the Walmsleys is very vexatious and seemed to threaten untoward consequences. I had a bad restless night.

Good Friday, 26th. Went to Church at St. James's, a cold, dreary service. Mr. Blissett preached extemporary. Saw Mr. Forbes as we came out of church. Later, C.S. and I walked. Went over the Coffee Tavern, stopped at the Post Office to send a telegram, called at the railway station and then went on to Mrs. Dugdale's, but she was too ill to appear. Went on to Taylor's, for C.S. to thank him for his help. Then we returned to dinner. It had been a charming walk, thus by Sterte and Tattenham, and I enjoyed it, for the weather was perfect, though still an East wind, but it was very moderate and not strong enough to spoil the enjoyment of the country in this bright spring time. It is so merciful that it has not been wet during the canvass. We had engaged to go to an entertainment at the Temperance Hall to-night, but some of the supporters came in to us after dinner, and explained that it was going to be a very secular affair, very unsuited to Good Friday, and that the strict people of the party would be scandalised, and so we forbore, which we were very glad to do, as we were both very tired. This state of things begins to be very wearisome. I am grateful to say it will soon be over, as the polling is fixed for Wednesday.

27th. We breakfasted at 8. C.S. was in and out all the

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morning. There was an alarm that through some inaccuracies in the Sheriff's notices he might have to put off the Election till the Thursday, but mercifully this difficulty has been got over. I had some letters to write and then applied myself to the "China Books" and wrote up all the Tassies, an interesting though not an extensive branch. Meanwhile my maid was employed in cutting notices from the newspapers, of the elections (four in number) in which mine are interested. All of a sudden I was called to the windows by a great commotion and shouting in the street. Some twenty men had dressed themselves up in the Liberal colours (Black and Yellow) and were parading the streets in procession. Some in a waggon, some on foot, two on horseback. It was a curious and very unattractive sight, and would have been ridiculous but for the conviction that it was organised for the purpose of intimidation, and that it would lead to breaches of the peace. We dined at 3 so that we might drive together after dinner to the Parkstone district, where C.S. had still some voters to see. Several people came in after we had dined, so it was nearer 5 than 4 o'clock when we got out. Went to the Branksome Estate, where there were two voters to be seen. We had to leave the carriage and to get a little boy to be our guide. So, by a by-path we came to a cottage where the inmates knew me a quarter of a century ago, and wondered that I looked so altered. And while C.S. did his canvass I amused myself with the cat, and the dog, and the child, the two first insisting on coming to my lap. After this little détour we called at Mrs. Thos. Belbin's (she was out), and then at Mrs. Forbes's, who had been expecting us, and then, after C.S. had done a little more canvassing, we went home. It was then past 7. o'clock. Mr. Waring is advertised for a meeting at the Town Hall to-night, and subsequently at Parkstone. At present the streets are very quiet.

C.S. has gone out again. There has been a rather laughable embarrass since we came in from our drive. There was no more work wanted doing in the Ladies' Walking Field, and the superintendent said some fifty men ought to be discharged. This would have been madness on the eve of an election. By a sudden inspiration I suggested that the surface drainage had to be done, and this idea has been adopted.

Sunday, 28th. I had a bad night, and got up very weary, so instead of going to church I lay down and slept while C.S. went. Then I was better. We afterwards walked together. Went first on the Quay, and thence to the Ladies' Walking Field, and so home. We were out about two hours, a lovely day, but still with an East wind, which I don't regret, because it keeps off the rain, which would be very inconvenient for the canvassing. Came in between two and three, saw Mr. Williams for awhile. Wrote a lot of letters, dined at six, have since had Mr. Budge here, and young Dickinson has brought a report of Waring's last night's very abusive speech. How glad I shall be when this is all over. I must not hope too much, but *rest* will be a great thing. C.S. is getting very weary. I trust he will keep up his health and spirits to the end, and that, as everything is uncertain in this world even under such promising circumstances and appearances as the present, he will not be too much cast down should he not be successful. The peals of bells to-day have been delicious.

29th. C.S. was busy in the house most of the morning, thinking over a speech for to-night amongst numberless interruptions. He went out to canvass between twelve and two, and then came in to work again. I then took a drive for about an hour, for it was a most lovely day. Went up beyond Constitution Hill. People poured in, one after another, and there were all sorts of things to be talked about

and settled, all too many for me to recall; each in itself important, but leaving too faint a record on my mind to enable me to write about them. We dined soon after six; ere our dinner was quite over, the bands, which had been out holiday making, came and played under the windows, finishing up with "God save the Queen", and while this was going on, and we were standing at the open window to listen to them, his friends came and told C.S. that it was time for him to move to the large room at the back of the house, where the Conservative Meeting was about to be held. It is the last meeting that can be held before the Election, which is awfully near. Once again I pray that if it go not well, my dear husband may be able to take the result philosophically, and that he will not break down from the reaction, when all the hard work is over. I have gone on quietly with my Catalogue to-day, and have extracted bibelots and the Chelsea seals. I have not read very much since I came here, but have finished Miss Freer's Memoirs of that bold, bad man, Henri Quatre. When one reads of such doings how can one wonder at the French Revolution. When the meeting was over they came and told me how successful it had been. There were no interruptions and the crowded audience was very enthusiastic and listened carefully to all the speeches. It has been a curious day. In the morning there was an interview with detectives, and in the evening it was rumoured that these said gentlemen had been found out and secured, and shut up in one of the Liberal Committee Rooms. I don't think this was strictly true, but it was one of the exciting reports, founded on fact, which add to the worries of an election. I had one of my wakeful nights, and read a great deal of the Life of Marguerite de Valois, Philip's Queen. Nevertheless, I was up early, and ready to go out with C.S. as soon as he came at eleven, from the

[Town Hall, where he had been attending to his Nomination. [This little ceremony completed, we went for a walk together. [We went to the Ladies' Walking Field. It was just before the men's dinner-time. On seeing us they collected in a body and gave a lusty cheer. [Then C.S. addressed a few words to them en masse, and afterwards canvassed one or two individual voters of their number whom we had not seen at their own houses. All seemed very enthusiastic; then we walked about a little till about two, when we had the carriage and drove. [We went down to the Sandbanks, where I have scarcely been since the old picnicking days when the children were still in the schoolroom. We drove some way towards Point, and C.S. canvassed one or two voters. How delicious was the scent of the pine-trees! On a miniature scale it reminded me of the pine groves of Ravenna. Returning thence we struck into the main road, and went on to Bournemouth, where we made some calls. [Young Dickinson went with us to show us where to go. As we got near Poole, we met Mr. Waring's carriage richly decorated with *the* waspish colours, and on reaching home a letter was put into C.S.'s hands giving him the *lie* on the subject of the Paraguayan Loan. Luckily he had his Parliamentary Blue book with him so he was able to answer all Waring's disclaimers and slang, by appealing to the authority of the Loans Commission. Waring had caused his letter to be placarded in the streets, so C.S.'s reply will appear as prominently. [There was a hurried and disjointed dinner, in the midst of which C.S. was called away to a meeting of his Committee men, in which he gave them a final address on the conduct of the Election, impressing on them the necessity of the election being carried on with the utmost purity. I trust that they strictly attended to his injunctions. [The other side are said to be bribing away merrily, and are keeping a number of

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public-houses. The news from Bristol is less good to-day. They are nervous about the result there, and very anxious about *this* place, but nothing more can be done than has been done. C.S. has worked like a horse, he has canvassed every day and every evening indefatigably, besides making his speeches and directing others. Everybody seems to have worked well, and the list adds up wonderfully in his favour, but on the other hand, the enemy are bribing wholesale, and it is expected that in the course of to-night they will have bought away a great number of the votes from their promises. By this time to-morrow we shall know all about it.

31st. After the long drive in the country, I looked forward to a good night, but I worried about things which did not concern me, and the result was that I woke after three and did not go to sleep again. (I am now amusing myself with Miss Freer's *Marguerite de Valois*.) I got up at six, and *here* I have been ever since. The glorious weather is gone and to-day we have had heavy rain from the West, so I did not go out, nor indeed should I like to have done so under any circumstances, for the town has been in a perpetual turmoil. The polling began at eight and closed at four. Various friends have been in to tell me they thought everything looked promising because our friends flocked to the poll without any demur, but, on the contrary, with much enthusiasm. However, what can we know (under the Ballot) till the poll is declared? At four o'clock those beautiful bells began to ring. It is a joy to hear them. Soon after C.S. and all his people came in one by one, and C.S. dined. The counting of the votes was to begin at the "Guild Hall" at half-past five, and he has gone there. The result, according to the last estimate, would appear to be very uncertain. I only pray that, whatever comes, he may be strengthened to bear it with resignation. I have employed my solitary day

by abstracting the Wedgwood entries from the Catalogue. It has helped me to turn my attention from the momentous issues of this day on my dear husband's prospects. There remain a good many pieces to be entered in my dissecting Catalogue. I must try and get on as far as I can with my book, before they return to tell the result. I went on steadily working, till interrupted by the shouts of the crowd, and by Mrs. Williams rushing in to tell me it was all over and that my husband had won. She was soon followed by others, and the majority was said to be 80, but presently there came a pause, the noise ceased in the streets, and it was rumoured that all was uncertain. Again the confident announcement was made, but the numbers were brought down to 51, or perhaps 41. Still C.S. did not come back from the Hall, and some one brought word from the Central Committee Rooms the votes were still in course of being counted, so that nothing certain could be known, because nothing was settled. There was a short period of intense suspense, until at length Dickinson, who had been one of the tellers, appeared and authoritatively announced that C.S. was returned by a narrow majority of six. Presently he came in himself, and all the greeting, and all the enthusiasm is not to be pictured. The bands played outside, the mob cheered, and presently it appeared that it was necessary for him to address them, so he got outside the window of the Committee Room on a frail sort of ledge, and made a speech, thanking them, and announcing that on the following morning he was going over to Bristol to help Ivor's election, but that he should soon return. There were telegrams to send off besides the exchanging of congratulations, but by midnight C.S. had written his address of thanks, and we went to bed.

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APRIL 1880

POOLE: LONDON

April 1st. Both of us up at six. He took his address to the printer's, and then we prepared for our departure. I drove with him in the carriage to the station whence he proceeded to Bristol; an enthusiastic crowd followed us and met us. The numbers were very great and hearty, and the shaking of hands seemed endless. As soon as he was off I returned to the Hotel, to complete arrangements for my own journey, and started from Poole by a train at a quarter before 11, after another scene of hand-shaking and congratulation as I left the Hotel. I had a very good journey, arriving at Langham House soon after two; then occupied myself in unpacking and arranging letters. After dinner I *tried* to read, but it ended in a sound sleep in the arm-chair.

2nd. I spent the whole day alone; it poured with rain, so I wrote letters, verified the salt-glaze stoneware Catalogue, and was fully employed. Just as I was going to bed a telegram came to tell me that Ivor was defeated at Bristol.

3rd. Busy morning. My first news was that dear Monty had triumphed at Wareham, of which I am *most* glad. I was occupied with the tassies and bibelots when Maria came in. She spent the afternoon with me, and had not been with me long when my dear husband returned. He is wonderfully well, and does not seem a bit tired after all the exertions of the canvass; indeed I believe he is all the better for it, since the result has so nobly rewarded his labours. [Thank God for it. How can I be sufficiently grateful?

Sunday, 4th. Another wet day, so I dare not venture to church. He is gone there. Drove over to Roehampton and dined there.

5th. C.S. down to Canford by 2.15 train. It was ex-

pected that there would be a triumphal entry on the morrow and it was on the cards that I might be sent for to take part in it. I was far from wishing for such a summons, and it was a great relief to me when, as I sat taking my evening's practice at the piano, I got a telegram to say the demonstration was put off.

6th. C.S. returned from Canford in time for dinner, and left again for Suffolk the next morning after eight.

Wednesday, 7th. He went to vote for the Conservatives there, and to see a new tenant for his Willisham Farm. He got back for a late dinner. Arthur's defeat at Cardiff reached me by telegram late the previous evening. In driving out to-day I tried to find him at home, but he had not yet returned. Bought at Samuel's a very curious knife and fork, the handles decorated with the heads of Charles II. and his Queen in amber, and inscriptions, "Augustus, Rebecka Fuller, 1674".

8th. Drove a little with C.S. The Bisschops of The Hague came and paid us a long visit in the afternoon, looking at our things. We dined with the Clarks, met Mrs. Thornhill, Mrs. Wigram, Mrs. Jones (Fonmon), Mr. Ford, etc.

9th. Tried again to see Arthur, but he was out. Went on to Hamilton House where Ivor and Cornelia had arrived the previous day. While we were there Louey Alderson [sister of the late Lady Salisbury], Mr. Ford, the Clarks, and Maria came in. In the afternoon I drove about with the latter; we went to see about the sale of the poor Turkish refugees' work. Had a glimpse of Blanche at Hamilton House. All the Elections are going against the Conservatives, and this Government will soon be out. One of the first things I expect is the return of Henry and Enid from Constantinople. *He* is sure to be superseded.

10th. Our silver wedding day. [The first thing that

greeted us this morning was a basket of white flowers from Exeter House (Roehampton). [Lady Charlotte's eldest daughter, Maria, wife of Mr. Richard Du Cane, lived at Exeter House, which was formerly occupied by Lady Charlotte after Sir John Guest's death, where she and her family lived till 1863. That year Lady Charlotte bought Langham House, 11 Portland Place, and lived there till the expiration of the lease in 1889, when it was pulled down and the present mansions built. In July 1889 Lady Charlotte, who was becoming blind, went to live with her youngest daughter, Blanche, at 17 Cavendish Square, where she remained and still worked upon her catalogues and collections until her death in 1895.] Temmy too sent me a present of lace. ["Temmy" was the familiar name of Miss Kemble, governess to all five of Lady Charlotte's daughters and a great friend of the family. She married Mr. Austin about 1870.] I don't think that it occurred to any of the rest of the family that I had been married to my dear good husband a quarter of a century. Time flies so fast. Went out early and caught Arthur at his breakfast. Was grateful to find him looking so well, and in such good spirits, after his defeat. We had planned to leave England for a fortnight's holiday this evening, and to take another Honeymoon in a trip to Holland, via the Queenborough and Flushing route, but there came a letter from Mr. Williams requiring C.S.'s attention in London, so our journey is put off, at least for the present. The enemy threatened a petition, I know not on what grounds. Late in the afternoon I went as far as Mrs. George's. Her husband is ill in the hospital and she besought me to help her by buying something. I brought away a pair of very fine Worcester mugs, and a pair of faience cocks, which we believe are a sort that M. Fetis asked us to look out for him when we saw him on the 30th of October last.



GROUP OF ENGLISH ARMORIAL CHINA : THE THREE LARGE MUGS ARE OF XVIIIITH CENTURY WORCESTER : THE LARGE CUP WITH COVER IS OF BOW. THESE STYLES OF HERALDIC PIECES WERE FREQUENTLY SENT OUT TO CHINA TO BE COPIED IN THE HARD PORCELAIN OF THAT COUNTRY
The Shreiber Collection

Monday, 12th. Certain repairs and redecorations were necessary at the house, to fit it for the coming season. So it was determined that we should go away for a few days, and, as the Dutch journey had to be given up, we prayed Maria and Richard to take us in during the time the workmen were in possession. The morning was busy with accounts. We dined with Ivor, meeting Mr. and Mrs. Clark, and in the evening we drove down to Roehampton, where we remained till Wednesday, 21st. [Mr. Clark was manager of the Dowlais Iron Works for many years.] Maria left home on the following morning for Paris, where she was to meet Alice on her return from Constantinople. She got back with her on the following Sunday evening, 18th, all safe and sound. Meanwhile we had been staying down there quietly with Richard and the children, and "Temmy", and I began very comfortably. [The first morning I occupied myself in cutting paragraphs about the elections out of the newspapers, and though rather tired, I was pretty happy. But towards the evening there came a telegram from Mr. Dugdale, drawing attention to a notice in the *Echo*. C.S. was out, but I sent for the *Echo* at once, and when it came it was found to contain a paragraph to the effect that the Liberals of Poole had decided to petition against C.S.'s return. I have not had much peace since. [The statement has been contradicted in other papers, and in letters from the spot, but the party are very furious and would strain every nerve to unseat him if they could only manage it. So until the day for lodging petitions is gone, we can have no security. It is quite true that C.S. and all his friends have been most careful and scrupulous to do everything in accordance with the law. But it is quite possible that the adversaries may petition merely to cause vexation, and on the chances of something turning up in the course of the proceedings. *We* have no notion that they

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can have any colour for such a course, but they are desperate and there is no knowing what they may attempt, especially as they have a moneyed man like Dalston to support them, who declares that he would spend his last farthing to spite "The Manor" and its friends. C.S. was in town every day.

15th. I went in to arrange for the packing of the faience cocks, which M. Fetis has empowered me to buy on his account.

16th. I went with "Temmy" down to Putney to see the house she has taken, and after that I went to Mrs. Somes and sat some time with her.

Saturday, 17th. I expected C.S. to come back early from London that we might walk over to Richmond, where I was anxious to call on Mrs. Haliburton, but he was detained in Town, and we had only time, on his return, to go and see Mrs. Chapman at Roehampton.

Sunday, 18th. Church at Roehampton. After it he and I called at the Somes's. In the afternoon he walked over to Combe Wood with Richard, and from 5 to 7 I had a pleasant practice to the accompaniment of Mr. Somes's violin, at their house. While I was out Ivor and Cornelia had called at Exeter House to ask us to take them in for a few days, two of the children having the scarlet fever, and the doctors being anxious that Cornelia, who is very far from well, should be as free as possible from infection. Later in the evening Maria and Dacre arrived, bringing Alice home.

19th. In town making arrangements for Ivor and Cornelia's reception and having the boudoir fitted up as a bedroom for them. They came to Langham House that evening.

Tuesday, 20th. The next day I was again in town most of the day, and on

Wednesday, 21st, we returned home for good. It had been rather a confusion, the house being in great measure

dismantled, and everything in disorder on account of the workpeople. We had not even all our servants in their places. However, by degrees all settled down, and on

24th, two of their children (Freddy and Henry) [the present M.P.'s for E. Dorset, and Pembroke and Haverford-west] came to join them at our house. Ivor and Cornelia stayed with us from this Monday, 19th April, to the 1st of May.

26th. The morning's post brought us a letter from Mr. Budge, saying that the Liberals had been busy with their petition, that it had been sent down to them from London, that six Ratepayers had duly signed it, and that on Saturday night it had been sent back to London in order to be filed. This is terrible news, and affected C.S. very painfully. He had a keen recollection of all he went through when his return for Cheltenham was petitioned against some years ago. In the afternoon there was a telegram from Budge to the effect that the petition had not been finally decided upon, but was to be laid that evening before Mr. Waring for him to settle whether it was to be filed or not. This was some alleviation, but the suspense was dreadful. I went out and called on Mrs. Alfred Morrison, whom I had succeeded in interesting in the question of the poor Turkish refugees' embroidery. Alice drove with me. Arthur dined with us. Late in the evening Merthyr looked in. He was only passing through town. We had had Lord and Lady Londonderry to dinner on Saturday. They were only in London for the one day, to attend Princess Frederica's wedding; Ivor was also present, and the Queen was very gracious to him, sending for him out of the circle to talk to him. But to return. That Monday night was terrible. My dear husband could get no rest and we whiled away the time as best we might.

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27th. All Tuesday was one painful suspense. Late at night we heard that up to five o'clock the petition had not been filed, and there was yet hope, but the time allowed for filing it was not to expire till 12 at night. We were in constant communication all this time with the agents on the spot, but they knew scarcely more than ourselves.

28th. At length the papers brought the welcome assurance that the petition had been abandoned. There was a fine paragraph stating that the party had a strong case, but that circumstances made them consider it better not to proceed. The real meaning of which being that they had failed to find any grounds for their petition, and that if they had been able to make anything out in the course of an inquiry, which was unlikely, Mr. Waring would have been unable to avail himself of it, his own malpractices having been such that he would have been quite unable to stand for Poole had the seat been vacated. The same paper contained the Gazette with Ivor's elevation to the Peerage as Baron Wimborne. Oh, what a relief it was to find we were free from that dreadful petition, but our equanimity could not return all at once. The Clarks, Mr. Franks, Miss Charteris, Alice and Dacre Du Cane dined with us to-night. A pleasant little party.

April 29th. Meeting of Parliament. I drove with C.S. down to the House, which assembled at one. He took Dacre with him, whom he afterwards showed all about the two Houses, making him very happy.

30th. C.S. went down to the House again at 2, and took the oath. Meanwhile Mons. Gasnault from Paris came to see the collection and had luncheon with the children (who were very naughty), Ivor and Cornelia being out likewise. Spent some time with Mrs. Morrison. Constance and Charlie and Blanche dined with us, and we had some nice music, which was a treat to me.

MAY, 1880

AT HOME

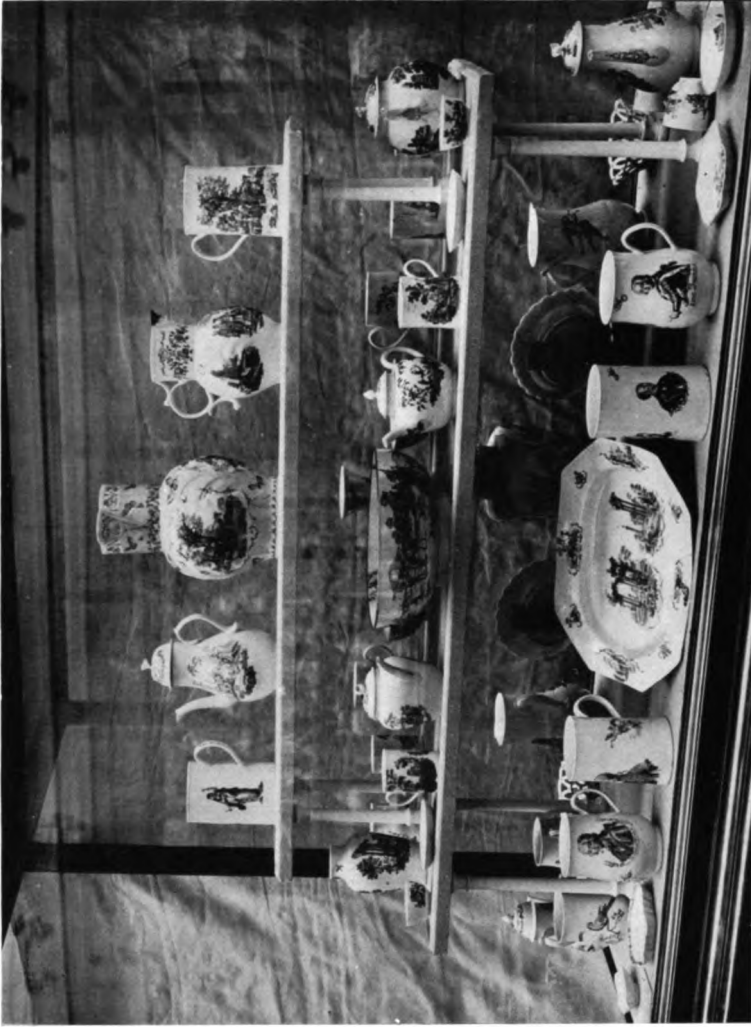
May 1st. Ivor and Cornelia left us to go to Blenheim. Lady Bowen called about the Turkish work, and I also went to Mrs. Morrison's again upon the same subject.

Sunday, 2nd. At church, and a little walk afterwards as far as Mrs. Huth's. [The children went away. Henry Eliot [now Earl of St. Germans] and Mrs. Cartwright called.

3rd. Went to see some Bristol china which is about to be sold at Christie's; of the good specimens we have better; there was nothing to tempt us. Tiffin of Salisbury has also a sale at Sotheby's this week of very inferior objects. Nellie Alderson came up to town. [Now Mrs. Wyld, wife of Captain Wyld, late of Coldstream Guards, of Tile House, Denham.] She was to have stayed with us, but Constance has taken charge of her, as we had settled to go down to Dorsetshire for a few days. The Poole people have been clamouring for C.S. to pay them a visit, when they wish to give him a triumphal entry. They have fixed on Tuesday. At one time it was proposed that Ivor should have gone with him. But Ivor felt that it would be bad taste for him to glorify himself on the elevation to the Peerage, so that fell through. It was then settled that I should accompany him at least as far as Bournemouth, where he determined to put up. So to Bournemouth we came by the 2.15 express. A lovely afternoon. Reached the Highcliffe Hotel by 6 o'clock. Mr. Williams was staying there. Saw him and Mr. Budge and Mr. Dugdale after dinner. The people appear to have been arranging a great ovation. Mr. Williams has just been here talking about it, and says it must be their own spontaneous act; that C.S. cannot be a party to any expenditure on the occasion; nor does he intend to be so. But all these little difficulties and worries make the *working* of

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politics very distasteful. [There is such a virulent spirit of party bitterness in the Borough that it is hard to steer one's course aright amongst them all. Meanwhile we were blessed with such delicious weather. The sea upon which our windows look out is as smooth as glass. [There is most brilliant sunshine and a cloudless sky. Soon after 2 a carriage came to fetch us and we proceeded towards Poole. At Ashley Cross we were met by the crowd, consisting of carriages, horsemen, and pedestrians, bands of music, and banners. The horses were taken off and wire ropes attached to the carriage, by which we were drawn along, some hundreds of the sailors and yachtsmen officiating. There were about 80 conveyances of one kind or other, and full of enthusiastic friends, and a still greater number of men on horseback. We got Mr. Dugdale into the carriage with us, and the Union Jack, to my no small amusement, was hoisted on the box. Some 8 or 10 individuals swarmed upon or about our conveyance. Just as the procession was starting, Mr. Budge came and told us to dismiss all those visionary fears (of bribery, and so forth) with which Mr. Williams had in the morning possessed our souls, since the whole proceedings were defrayed by private contributions under the auspices of the Conservative Association. Our minds being set at rest on this most delicate question we applied ourselves to acknowledging as best we might the magnificent reception that was given us. We were met on all sides by deafening cheers, and waving of handkerchiefs. The streets and houses were profusely decorated with flags and emblematic banners, having inscriptions suited to the occasion. We were drawn thus through the High Street, by Layland's Market Place and back by the High Street to the Ladies' Walking Field, where a large area was spaced out with festoons of flags, at the extremity of which a platform decked with evergreens had been



A COLLECTION OF TYPICAL WORCESTER PORCELAIN WITH PRINTED DECORATIONS
The Schreiber Collection

erected, etc. [This we mounted, a number of friends soon joined us there, and the speeches began. Mr. Dugdale opened the proceedings. [Then C.S. made a long speech. Major Lang followed. Mac Patey pronounced a long and graceful eulogium on Ivor with congratulations on his Peerage. They gave me a round of cheers, which was duly acknowledged, and then we descended to the field, where we walked about among the people, listening to the bands, and receiving warm and hearty shakes of the hands from numbers of the new constituents, their friends, "Sisters, Cousins (especially Cousins) and Aunts". When we had perambulated for a sufficient time we retired and went to Mr. Budge's, where we were offered tea, and where the carriage fetched us again to drive us back to Bournemouth, which we did not reach till 8 o'clock. It has been a most successful demonstration, such as, they say, had never been seen before in Poole.

5th. To-day, in the afternoon, we went into Poole by train and walked about there for some hours. Visited the Reading Rooms, the Industrial Schools, the remains of antiquity, such as the town wall, etc., called on some of the canvassers active in the late contest, as Mrs. Milledge, Miss Saunders, Tanner, Burden, and others. Saw Mr. Budge. Luff had called on us before we started and went into Poole with us.

Thursday, 6th. Interview about accounts with Mr. Williams in the morning. In the afternoon we returned to London. Again a lovely day and brilliant sunset. Reached home about 8. Found that Ivor had returned to town and was stopping at Blanche's, where I went to see him before dinner. He came and spent part of the evening with us.

7th. Busied myself in removing from C.S.'s sitting-room to my own quarters in the drawing-room. Maria came to luncheon, bringing her son Arthur with her. I happened to mention that Ivor was to take his seat to-day, on which

she expressed the strongest desire to be present on the occasion. Accordingly C.S. drove down with her to the House soon after 3 (having on the way got the necessary cards at the Chamberlain's Office for the next Drawing Room) and then C.S. sent in our names to Sir William Knollys (Black Rod) and he very kindly allowed us to occupy his Box. Accordingly we had an admirable view of the whole proceedings. First a number of Peers came to take the Oath. Then there were three processions. The first was that of Lord Barrington, then Lord Watson (a Law Lord), and then came Ivor ushered in by Lords Digby and Bury. We could hear the Patent read over, and saw every minutiae of the ceremony. When it was over the Prince of Wales and the Duke of Connaught came in to be sworn. Ivor looked very well, and went through it all with perfect dignity and composure. Afterwards took Lord Sherborne to the Aquarium and drove on various errands. Saw Ivor in Queen Anne Street [this was 15 Queen Anne Street, where he was staying with his sister Blanche, then Mrs. Edward Ponsonby] before dinner. He had not remarked our presence in the House, though when he walked up to take his seat I was so near him that I might have touched him, but I bent my head then and turned away lest the sight of his old mother looking on might disturb his serenity. I had no idea of being present till Maria had suggested it. Nelly came to stay with us.

8th. Took Nelly to have a lesson for her Court Reception, in which Alice joined. In the afternoon C.S. accompanied me to the Miniature Loan Exhibition, and to Christie's, where the late Lady Carrington's things are to be sold next week. There was not much among them to interest me. Ivor had been at lunch with us to say good-bye as he was to return later in the day to Blenheim, whence he, Cornelia, Henry, and Freddy proceed on Monday for a month to Scot-

land. At Ivor's request we went to Willson's to look at a fine writing table he had just bought there. After this I took Nelly to try on her Court dress, and so ended a busy day.

9th. We have been at Church, also paid a long visit to Mrs. Hutchins. Bright sun, very cold wind. I rather dread the Drawing Room. All attempts at a Journal failed me after this. I had a busy season, taking out two grandchildren, Alice Du Cane and Nelly Alderson. They were at the Drawing Room, and a Court Ball, and various other gaieties. C.S. was a constant attendant at the House and I saw but little of him.

JUNE 1880

June 24th. I had one day to go down to Poole alone to lay a foundation stone at St. Paul's Church.

JULY 1880

July 21st. Later in the year we went together to Canford where we attended a fête to the Poole Sunday School, in honour of the Sunday School Centenary. This was given by C.S.'s invitation. 3600 attended. Then we went down to Canford again on 31st of July that C.S. might be at the Conservative Demonstration at Poole the following Monday. Henry and Enid came to us on the 12th of June and stayed 5 weeks. Then again from the 8th to the 12th of August.

SEPTEMBER 1880

September 7th. Parliament was not up till Tuesday, 7th Sept. My chief occupation all the season was the selling of the work of the poor Turkish refugees, sent to me from Constantinople by Mrs. Hanson, which I have done to the amount of £500, and, I hope, put their sales on a sound trade basis.

NOTES CERAMIC

SEPTEMBER 1880 TO APRIL 1881

CÖLN : FRANKFURT : WURZBURG : MURNAU : OBER-AMMER-
GAU : MUNICH : AUGSBURG : NUREMBERG : BAMBERG :
BAYREUTH : DRESDEN : BERLIN : HAMBURG : BREMEN : OLDEN-
BURG : LEER : LEEUWARDEN : AMSTERDAM : HAARLEM : THE
HAGUE : GOUDA : ROTTERDAM : DELFT

13th. And so the season passed on, full of work of one kind or another, and it was not till Parliament had been up nearly a week that we found ourselves at liberty to get away from Town. At last we started on the long-promised Continental trip. We took a new route, leaving home at 8 o'clock for Queenboro' and so across by boat to Flushing.

Tuesday, 14th. Went on by train at once and reached Cöln at 2. It was rather tantalising to pass Middelburg, Bergen-op-Zoom, Breda, etc., without stopping. They all recalled pleasant memories. We had three hours to wait at Cöln before our train went on to Frankfurt, and we amused ourselves by strolling about the town and visiting the Cathedral, which is now said to be completed, though there would seem as much to be done as when we were there last year. All the scaffolding remains in place. The old glass windows are always my delight, and the most remarkable thing I saw was the window given by the Railway Co., bringing, as it were, the ends of the world together. How astonished the first architects would have been. By train at 5 to Frankfurt. Put up at the Hôtel de Russie.

15th. Went out to explore the shops. Found it was a

Jews' holiday, and every place shut up, except one, where we got a beautiful Bow Coffee Pot, painted in birds, but unfortunately cracked. After a little drive, returned to our Inn to prepare to proceed on our journey and got to the railway soon after one, expecting to go on by an express train, but it was taken off that very day, so we had to proceed later by a slow one which was very crowded. However, we were at Wurzburg before dark. An enterprising young American woman in the carriage with us. Hôtel de Russie. The house was very full, troops returning from Autumn Manœuvres. They resumed their march about daybreak and a grand noise they made all about the town. A bad night and tired in the morning.

16th. After breakfast set out, as usual, on a voyage of discovery. The only good dealer (Charolt) was away at the Baths. Drove about, and crossing the bridge ascended the fortress, which is very interesting, and whence the view over the town is very fine. After that visited some churches. Wurzburg is full of fine Romanesque remains, but all spoilt by wretched ornamentation and restorations. Specially the Cathedral. Those Prince Bishops have much to answer for, with their vile Rococo taste. The Marienkapelle has also been badly restored, but not so fatally as the Dom. Curious representation of the Annunciation and Conception on the North Door of the Marienkapelle. After a long day's drive we came in and dined before 6. Wrote to Mrs. Hanson, etc., and read Pepys in the evening.

17th. Now a bright crisp day. 9 A.M. We lounged about Wurzburg all the morning—among other things, walking in the pretty gardens of the "Residenz", and finally going over the Residenz itself, which is vast and comfortless, with a long vista through the rooms, like that most desolate of buildings, Mafra. The first rooms

we went through had a little Empire furniture in them, and were thus disfigured for the Bonapartes. On the garden front is one most magnificent room of Venetian glass, and others hung with tapestries executed by order of Louis XIV. for the Prince Bishop of that day. The room adjoining the glass room is decorated with Tapestries in Venetian subjects done at Wurzburg and signed "A. Pirot V.W.". These are lovely. We joined the table d'hôte dinner at one, and after it took the train and went on to Munich, where we arrived in good time, and were comfortably housed at the Vier Jahrezeiten, having fortunately bespoken rooms.

18th. Called at 5, all arrangements and breakfast over and off (with a small supply of luggage) by 8 o'clock train to Murnau on our way to Ober-Ammergau. It was a bright morning, and the railway journey (passing the pretty lake of Starnberg) was very pleasant. At Murnau we had to engage a carriage to take us over the hills, and before we had got very far, the weather changed to rain. Beautiful scenery. From Etal we had a very serious ascent to be surmounted, for which extra horses were required. We got to Ober-Ammergau at 3 o'clock, by which time the rain had cleared off. Went first to the Burgomaster's for tickets. We had written for some in the "Reserved seats" departments, but he said these had been bespoke long before, so we had to content ourselves with others just in front of those we had wished to have, which were under cover, and proved very good and comfortable. Next we presented ourselves at the Hotel which Gaze had fitted up temporarily for this occasion. There was some demur about taking us in, though we had written beforehand. But at length we were accommodated very decently. We had a charming walk about the village till it was time to come in for the 6 o'clock dinner. Fell in with a German gentleman, Mr. Fd. W. Valckenberg, of Worms, who gave us some

information about the expected proceedings, and took us to see the Theatre where the Passion Play was going to be acted.

Sunday, 19th. Again called at 5. Dressed and breakfasted hastily and soon after 7 went to the Theatre, which was already nearly full, everybody having gone early to secure good places. However, we did very well. The first Act of the day's performance had been the early firing off of cannons and the parading of a band of music to awaken the inhabitants. Again, the commencement of the play was ushered in by cannons, raising the mountain echoes. At 8 the Play began. It was on for some 4 hours when there was an interval to allow the actors to take rest, and the spectators to go to their respective quarters to get some food. We adjourned for a short time to Gaze's, but were soon back at the theatre, and this time we got excellent and central seats. I am not going to attempt any description of the Play except to say that it was most beautiful, and the most wonderful thing I ever saw. I would not have missed it on any account. I cannot imagine anything more impressive or reverential; especially did I like the choruses of the Schutz Geister. The acting of Maier as the Christ was very fine, and St. John's poses most artistic. The most remarkable scenes were those of the last Supper, the Scourging, which is admirable, and, of course, the Crucifixion, which was the crowning marvel. Nor was there the slightest circumstance throughout the whole performance to detract from the devotional solemnity of the scene. My only criticism would be that the part before the Judgment of Caiaphas, Annaas, Pilate, and Herod were a little too protracted, thus rendering the Play rather too long. But it is possible that this was necessary, in order to give time to prepare for some of the tableaux. It was 5.30 before we left the Theatre. We then walked about the village for an

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hour. We happened to meet Maier and asked him if he were not very tired, but he said he was not, which I wondered at. He was for more than 20 minutes on the Cross. But I cannot say he looked less well than he had done on the previous day when we had seen him and watched him for some time in the street. The weather had been most fortunate for us; we had a brilliant morning, the afternoon was warm but overcast. I should have remarked that Maier's countenance and features are not prepossessing off the stage, though most dignified in action.

20th. Woke to pouring rain. We had thought of going through the mountains to Innsbruck, but the weather had evidently broken up, so we returned to Munich by the same route as we came. Left Ober-Ammergau at 11. Left Murnau about 3. Curious scene with the porter there, who insisted on carrying me from the carriage over the mud. Reached Munich, by a very slow train, about 8. In the train with us some very travelled people. Among them an old gentleman who knew all the beauties of England, and especially Stamford, and an American and his wife, whose name proved to be Walker, and who seem to have been half over the world. The Hotel very full on our arrival, but we managed to get put up on the third floor. Bad night.

21st. Both very tired. We got up very late. Went out for a short time in the afternoon, only visiting some of the shops. Found an exquisite pair of Bristol glass candlesticks, which we bought for £3, having been asked £5 in the first instance.

22nd. A finer day. We pursued our visits to the shops and finished them off, doing the distant ones in a carriage. We were a long time at Brey's, who was closed yesterday; bought there a lovely Chelsea flacon, etc., and in small shops obtained two printed last century fans, one of them

English, with dance music, and dated 1793. Letter from Enid this morning asking us to go to Venice, but we cannot.

23rd. Another wet day. We stayed at home writing letters most of the morning, but caught some three quarters of an hour at the Pinacothek before it closed, which was pleasant. Then went to the Bank to get some money; we had seen some cards at Heilbronner's and in Rupprecht's shop when we first visited them, so we went to them again to try to negotiate for them. They were very dear, and we did not make our bargains till after dinner when we went out to them again; we got three packs and two fragments, for which I am ashamed to say we paid £10, and I am so inexperienced as yet in this branch of collecting, that I do not know if they are worth anything. But I must pay to learn.

24th. We were up rather early. Mr. and Mrs. Walker sent us word that they had tickets to go and see the Schatz at the Palace, and asked us to accompany them, which we did. We got there before 10, and spent a most agreeable and instructive hour. Some of the objects are chefs-d'œuvre. We afterwards went to a shop where hopes had been held out to us of finding some fans, and we looked in at some of the Maximilian St. shops again, but we saw nothing that we wanted, and only lost time which would have been better spent in the charming Museum, to which we next bent our steps. We had barely an hour there before it closed at 2, which I much regretted. In the afternoon we took a little drive in an open carriage by way of resting ourselves, for we had been on foot many hours. Our driver took us beyond the gates to show us the colossal figure of Bavaria, situated in a dreary expanse which appears to be a racecourse and where preparations were also making for some agricultural Exhibition. Table d'hôte was at 5. For the last two or three days we have been accompanied at dinner by Miss

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Levitt, with whom we made acquaintance in one of our Spanish trips. The lady she was travelling with had been suddenly taken ill (Mrs. Meadows) and she asked us to let her sit by us. To-day I had Mrs. Gibson on the other side of me, and we got into talk. Dinner over and packing all done, at half-past 6 we left the hotel and came on by a 7 o'clock train to Augsburg, where the Drei Mohren seemed more magnificent than ever. Our rooms look into the Court, which is covered in, where a practice of performers on the zither has been going on, not very successfully; but just at the close there was a beautiful duet by two of the performers. I am very pleased to be in Augsburg again. For Munich I have no affection, beautiful though its collections are.

25th. After breakfast we walked out. Went into the St. Ursula St. where the great Fugger Monument is, and into the Cathedral, where I remember the old stone chairs and bronze doors. But, are several panels of the door repetitions? Surely it was not cast? We went into the four only curiosity shops but found very little, two packs of cards and two fans, one of them revolutionary. In the afternoon we took a charming drive. Went outside the town following the old fortifications, and went to see the Fugger Colony for the poor which is in one of the Suburbs. Ended the day's excursion by going over the Town Hall, 17th cent. but fine. Interested in a picture of the old Town Hall and a Fair or Market held in front of it. Also by the four magnificent terra-cotta stoves in the rooms leading out of the Great Hall, the decoration of which is too much in the Verrio style, though earlier than his time. We dined soon after 5, and left Augsburg at 8 for Nuremberg, where we arrived at $\frac{1}{2}$ past 11, a very shaky train. Found the Hof where we usually stay quite full, and went on to the Red Horse, where we are put up very comfortably.

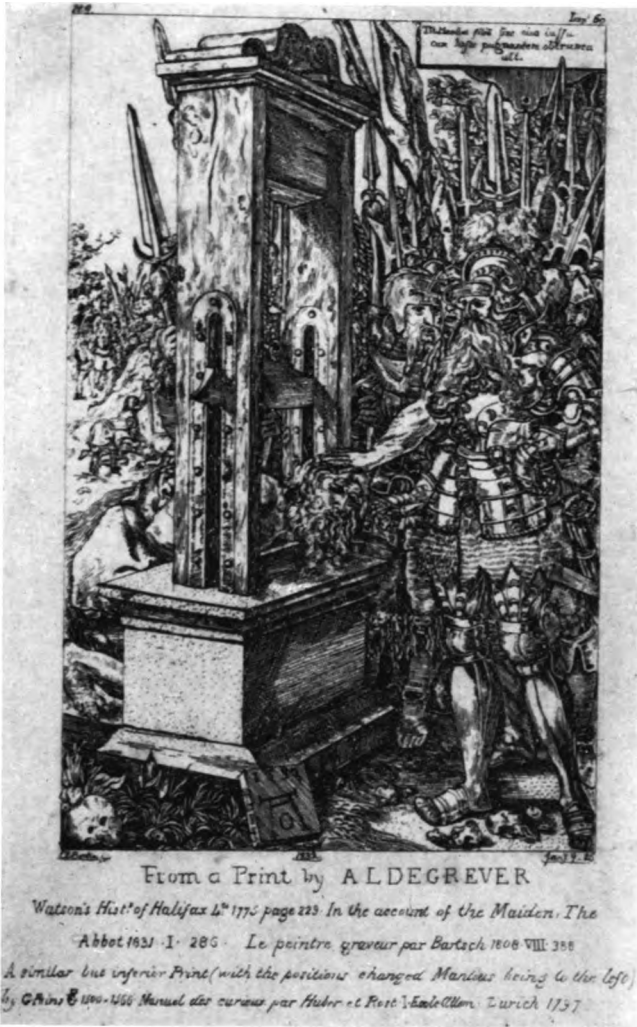
Sunday, 26th. Not very early to-day. Took a little walk in the morning. Looked again at the old fountains, called to see Pickert and promised him a visit on the morrow. Then, later, we took a carriage and drove from 3 to 5. Went all round the town, following the walls and fosse, which are very picturesque. In the morning we had gone up to the Citadel, whence the view over the surrounding country, and to the Hills, was clear and lovely. We drove to the Cemetery and walked about there some time, visiting Albert Dürer's grave. Also drove about the town, looking at some of the most picturesque buildings (among them Herr Fuchs's house) before coming in to dinner. The weather has made a sudden change to-day; from being cold and wet it has become warm and sunny. This was one of the most delicious days I ever felt.

27th. Out about 11. Another beautiful day. First to the Gewerbe Museum, which is very interesting and useful, but is of no use to us. We learned nothing from it. Next to the shops. It was rather a heavy business to hunt through their miscellaneous and, generally, uninteresting stock. A few cards, a terra-cotta piece, and some copper baker's signs were all we found, with the exception of a grand old Nuremberg tile with the head of our Charles II. and Inscription, which entirely repaid us for any trouble we might have had in making the search. Later in the afternoon we went to the Germania Museum and thence to the magnificent San Lorenz Kirche, which is most beautiful. Old glass windows, pictures of Albert Dürer's, grand architecture. I had nearly forgotten that early in the day we went to the Town Hall. Fine fresco in the Grand Hall by Albert Dürer, but falling into ruins. On the opposite side was a representation of Titus Manlius having his son executed under a guillotine, done by Gabriel Weyer. This is the subject of Aldegrever's

etching which I copied on copper some fifty years ago. There is a very pretty fountain in the courtyard of the Hôtel de Ville. A long but very pleasant day. There are a few cards on exhibition at the Museum, from which I hope to gain some knowledge, but it was almost too dark to see them.

28th. After breakfast we went out to Pickert's shop, which is a very labyrinth. It is full of goods, many of them doubtless fine, but very few take up with our collection. However, we managed to spend £5 with him. He is good but very dear. The other principal event of our day was another visit to the "German Museum", where the Director kindly opened for us the cases containing cards, and we tried to add to our information on a subject which now occupies me very much. I fear, however, that I have begun too late to make my collection a very handsome one. As for fans, I have not been very successful in this city, but I got one very characteristic one from Pickert, with a "Masquerade de Venise". After we left the Museum we lounged down to the Troedel Market, once more hoping to find something attractive at old Mme. Neumann's, who sold us some good brass scutcheons yesterday. On our way we turned into a sort of Rag market (like the Madrid Rastro) but we came away empty-handed except that we got a Culloden Medal at Neumann's. Dined at 5, left Nuremberg at 8, and came on by train to Bamberg, where we have put up at the Bamberger Hof, a two hours' run. I am rather sorry to have left Nuremberg, I don't think I shall feel reconciled to any other place for some time to come.

29th. Quite one of the loveliest days I ever remember. A clear bright sky and a warm autumn sun, with a hill air. Most delicious, and the scenery so lovely too. Beyond the expanse of plain, which is richly cultivated, the gardens in full force, is a grand panorama of woods and mountains. In



FROM AN ETCHING ON COPPER BY LADY CHARLOTTE MADE WHEN SHE WAS ABOUT 16 YEARS OF AGE, AFTER THE FAMOUS DRAWING BY ALBERT DÜRER
From a print in the Collection of the Countess of Bessborough

the midst of all this stands the grand old City of Bamberg. Of course our first care was to ferret out all the curiosity shops. We discovered three, one more miserable than the other, and made our way to the Cathedral, which is one of the finest I ever saw, and in perfect order. The East end old Romanesque; the other portions, 12th and 13th centuries. Henry the Holy and Kunigunda buried here in a fine Altar Tomb. Magnificent brasses, upright, of Bishops, etc. In the Sacristy interesting antiquities, relics of Henry, his knife, lantern, etc., but above all the mantle of himself and his Queen. Most exquisite "Stickerei" in gold thread outlined in red, upon a ground of purple velvet in one case, and satin in the other. I believe the velvet to be much older than the satin (perhaps original) but the work has evidently been transferred on to the satin at a later date. The subjects on the mantles are from Holy Writ and Mythology, lettered in description, and forming small medallions. We left the Cathedral quite delighted with it and walked up to St. Michael's Church, which has been visibly restored, but from the terrace around which we got a very fine view of the Town and the surrounding country. We had not time to drive up to the Altenburg. Dined at $\frac{1}{2}$ past 5, and left Bamberg. There is a kind of Museum with some miserable pictures and a few curiosities adjoining St. Michael's Church; and I must not forget that the Archbishop's name is Von Schreiber, and that C.S. thought it due to leave a card on him, which I think will perplex the holy man. It was a pretty sight from our windows in the morning to see the garden produce selling in the street below. Such giant cabbages. All Bamberg is full of memorials of the olden times in the shape of coats of arms, or sacred sculptures here and there let into the walls. Most picturesque are the views from its bridges, and altogether it is a place well worthy of a visit. Far otherwise is

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Bayreuth, where we slept that night, and which we should not have gone to had it not been that our last £50 (drawn at Munich) was so nearly exhausted that we had *just* not enough money to carry us on to Dresden, and there was no banker in correspondence with Coutts at Bamberg. We got to Bayreuth in good time.

30th. Again wasted our time in looking out for curiosities and only found some sort of old clothes shop, worse even than those of Bamberg. Got some money at the Bank and after some sauntering about, in quest of the shops, drove in an "einspanner" to Wagner's new Theatre, which is externally a hideous building and apparently inconveniently distant from the town, but what made him fix upon such a desolate place as Bayreuth to build in, I am at a loss to imagine. The Theatre is simply a large Amphitheatre with the Orchestra *sunk*, between the audience and the stage. It is smaller than Ober-Ammergau, and I doubt if it is as well disposed. Bayreuth seemed a miserable deserted town. Even its so-called Renaissance Palace, very ugly. We did not drive out to the Hermitage, or the Fantaisie, but were very glad to set forward towards Dresden by $\frac{1}{2}$ past 9 o'clock. A long journey, partly through a mountainous country, Chemnitz, etc. Reached the Hôtel Victoria about 11 at night. We are very glad to find ourselves in our comfortable old quarters again.

OCTOBER 1880

DRESDEN : POTSDAM : BERLIN : HAMBURG : BREMEN : OLDENBURG : LEEUWARDEN : AMSTERDAM : HAARLEM : THE HAGUE : GOUDA : ROTTERDAM : LEYDEN

October 1st. We did not breakfast till late. About mid-day we went out to hunt the shops. I was richly rewarded by the acquisition of no less than six fans, which will form a

most valuable addition to my historical collection. They commemorate Blanchard's Balloons, Cagliostro's imposition, Carlsbad in the last century, Costumes in the Revolutionary period, and, best of all, the Separation of America from England, and the Exaltation of France. Four of these were obtained at Salomons' shop. He has the best things in Dresden. We were also at Mme. Elf's and at several other shops. At Lorenz's we lit upon a most curious Italian weapon in an ivory sheath formed as a fan and engraved with Cinquecento arabesques. We afterwards called for our letters at the Post Office and got back in time for table d'hôte at 5. A mild dull autumn day. Since dinner I have been setting the day's work in the Catalogue, etc. I hear that Lady Walker, who has undertaken to show the Turkish embroideries at Liverpool in my absence, is having great success with them, and is writing for more. This will give me some work to do as I must contrive to get some sent to her. She is a stranger to me, but has taken up the subject on the representation of Mrs. Warrington Wood.

2nd. We had sat up till late writing letters the previous night, and again were not up early. Went out about 12. A lovely soft October day; more sun, but more air than yesterday. First to Berthold's shop, who holds out hopes of getting us Wedgwood vases. Our only purchase was two fans at Martin's, one of them commemorating Napoleon's victories "An. VI.". The Porcelain Museum was shut for cleaning. We looked into the building containing the Royal carriages, two are old, of which one is shown as the carriage of Augustus the Strong. Had a very pleasant 2 hours' drive by the river, and to the Grosser Garten, which looked very bright and pretty to-day. Got a fan-paper of Chodo-weiki's, "The Apotheosis of Frederic the Great", and some nice books before coming in for dinner at 5.

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Sunday, 3rd. Went to Church. The service was well performed in a large and new church. A crowded congregation. A great improvement on what, I think, I remember at Dresden in former times. There seems to be a large English contingent. Yesterday as we came from the Grosser Garten, it was pretty to see the English youths playing football in one of the green spaces near the City. There was no sermon, so the service was not a long one. When it was over we went to the picture gallery, where we spent more than an hour most pleasantly. It closed at 2, and we then walked in the Gardens of Zwinger and on the Bruhl Terrace, and so backwards and forwards till about $\frac{1}{2}$ past three. Very happy together exploring the old haunts. It had been a stormy night but the weather cleared during the morning though it was still windy and it is becoming cold. The people say "Der Herbst ist dar". Since dinner, C.S. and I have been looking over a charming book of old costumes, a reprint in the "Liebhabe Bibliothek."

4th. Spent some time this morning at the Porcelain Museum, which is always a joy. Afterwards we looked into a shop of the Meissen Fabrique, which does not improve. Walked about for some hours then, looking at the various buildings and amusing ourselves by making out their dates. Afterwards we went to Lorenz's and Bergmann's shops, overhauling all their (few) goods, but only buying from the latter a pack of Breslau cards of the last century, 1734. Since dinner we have been together looking over another of the "Liebhabe Bibliothek" publications, *Jost Amman's Kartenspielbuch*, which is even more interesting than that with the costumes. Since I came from home I have had my old friend the *Walpoliana* with me and *Pepys' Journal*. I am sorry to say that I have come to the end of both of them. *Pepys* seems to me more delightful than ever.

5th. We meant to have got up very early this morning, and to have devoted ourselves to the Museums, but, somehow or other, our good intentions were frustrated, and it was past 11 before we were on foot. It was a perfect change of weather. From the cold of the last two days we had now returned to summer. We walked to the Japanische Palace, and happened to enter by the gardens, which we had never seen before, and which are extremely pretty. The collection at this Palace (which used to be devoted to china) consists of ancient statuary. This is a subject that I do not at all understand, and therefore I did not feel much interest in it, but it so chanced that we fell in with an old Professor from Braunsberg, who gave us his name as Dr. Weissbrodt, and we got into conversation with him and obtained from him some curious information. On leaving the Museum at 2 o'clock, we walked a little in the Gardens. The view of the town thence is one of the prettiest I have seen. There is no Dome so graceful as that of Dresden. In the course of the afternoon we went to some of the shops. Bought a piece of ornamental silver at Berthold's, and an ancient measuring staff at Salomons'. Afterwards in passing the shop of the great jeweller in the Alte Mart, C.S. saw a curious old repoussé dish with the effigy of George I. of England of which we have taken the particulars. I am going to write and tell Mr. Holmes about it. All this made us rather late for table d'hôte, so we dined à part. In the evening Dr. Grässe's son came to see us and sat with us some time, looking over our cards, etc. His father is a card collector. We are now preparing for an early start to-morrow, our quiet Dresden visit being over.

6th. Before leaving Dresden we went to Berthold's, which is near at hand, and bought some pretty little fans to give away among the children on our return. Our train went

a little before 10. It was a lovely morning after a night of rain, and all the country looked beautiful. We reached Berlin before 1, and were soon at the Hôtel de Russie, where we were installed at our old quarters. The first thing we did was to go to the Post Office, where a heap of letters awaited us; all well at home, thank God. My sister writes to announce Maggie's intended marriage with Lord Harlech's son. We afterwards walked on to some of the shops. Found nothing at Meyer's. Only an unimportant pack of cards at old Lewy's. He has parted from his son, whom we found setting up for himself, and who promises to hunt for us. It was a most beautiful afternoon, quite hot. Came back for table d'hôte at 5. I was rather tired, having had a bad night and then a busy day, and have been asleep since dinner. In writing of the Antique Museum at Dresden yesterday, I ought to have mentioned the chef-d'œuvre which the Braunschweig Professor pointed out to us there, viz. : the three female statues from Herculaneum, the Silenus, the head of Niobe, and the triangular altar. I found these are the originals of the twisted Mosaic Columns which I bought some 34 years ago, and which are still at Canford. They came from the neighbourhood of Civita Vecchia, and are said to be of the early Christian period.

7th. Soon after 2 we drove out. A lovely warm day. Called on Lady Walsham, whom we found at home, and afterwards went to the shops till dinner time. Our only purchase was a pack of Empire cards at Barsch's. Since table d'hôte young Lewy has been here bringing us another pack illustrated from Schiller's *William Tell*. The Berlin shops are a despair. We have now been through the principal ones, and can really find nothing in them.

Friday, 8th. Went to the Gewerbe Museum, where we

found Dr. Julius Lessing and spent an hour or more very agreeably. This was the principal event of our morning. The weather, which had been so warm the previous day, now suddenly changed, and we had pouring rain. Dined with Sir John and Lady Walsham and had a very pleasant evening. Met Lord Odo Russell, Col. Methuen, a Portuguese attaché, Mr. de Soveral, a young man attached to the French Embassy, who played very well on the piano, in the evening. [This was a gentleman other than the one so well known in English Court life and European diplomacy during the last fifteen years.] After dinner some of the young Diplomats came in, Mr. Gough, Mr. Townley, Mr. Milbanke. Lord Odo was full of sprightly talk and anecdote.

9th. Again at the Gewerbe, where we took our Bristol glass candlesticks to show Dr. Lessing. Bought a few engravings at Pribil's and went into one or two other shops, but made no other purchases. A telegram came this morning from Count Seckendorff inviting us to luncheon on the following day at the Neue Palace, with the Crown Prince and Princess, which was of course accepted.

Sunday, 10th. Accordingly before 1. o'clock we found ourselves at the station. A messenger had called from the Palais the evening before to tell us we were to travel by the 1. o'clock express, but the officials insisted on it that they could not allow us to go by it, and although we saw the Crown Prince start by it we were forced by them to take the next train, 5 minutes later. Of course we thought this would upset every arrangement, but after all, it did not matter. When we got to Potsdam we found a Royal carriage at the station awaiting us, and by 2 o'clock, which was the time appointed, we duly arrived. We went up by the private drive along which we had walked last year, and after making the tour of the building, entered at the Garden Front. Count Secken-

dorff came to the door to meet us and soon after the Crown Prince appeared and we were ushered, through the dining-room, into the Salon in which the Crown Princess received us. There was rather a large party in the room. They seemed to be all either of the family or their suite. Princess Christian was among them, who met us most cordially and kissed me when I went in. We soon proceeded to the luncheon. I sat between the Crown Princess and Princess Christian, and C.S. sat on the left of the latter. We were 20 at table. Among them the eldest daughter (Princess Charlotte of Saxe-Meiningen), the three little children (girls) and the sailor son. We talked incessantly all the time, chiefly on matters of art, especially about tapestry and embroidery, and one of the first things the Crown Princess said to me after my arrival, was that she had heard of all that I had been doing about the Turkish work from Princess Christian, and that she wished to have some. She expressed the greatest sympathy for the poor Turks, and hatred of the Bulgarians. She told me she had helped the subscriptions for them, and wished now to be of use. I am to send her some of the dresses when I get back, and in the meantime I am to have some smaller pieces forwarded to her from Constantinople, in time for a Bazaar which, she said, was to take place next month at Wiesbaden, whither she is going. Nothing could be more genial than the manner of all the Royal personages, and our visit, which lasted nearly two hours, was most agreeable. I was interested in seeing our Queen's first little *great* grand-daughter, a fine baby, who was brought in to be looked at. The mother looked so young, it seemed almost impossible she could be her child, or that the Crown Princess could be a grandmother. I had brought one of my fans for the Princess which she seemed pleased with. It had a representation of Queen Louise, her husband, and 2 children. Also I gave her two

Chodoweiki fan-papers. We were back at our Hotel in time for dinner.

11th. We had intended leaving Berlin this morning, but our having gone the previous day to Potsdam caused some of our engagements to be postponed, and so we stayed until the morrow. Just as we were going out, young Lewy brought me a batch of cards from an amateur's collection, and I invested in five more packs. Also in a fan with the "Testament de Louis Seize" rather different from the two I already have on the same subject. We were due at 1. o'clock at the Portuguese Minister's (the Comte de Rilvas) to see his pictures, and other curiosities. We arrived soon after that time. His wife must have been a very handsome woman, and he is a very fine-looking old man. Of the pictures I am no judge. He had heard that we had been at Visen, and had seen the St. Peter of Gran Vasco there, and he was anxious to know whether any of his pictures reminded us of the style of that artist. He has some beautiful Portuguese furniture, and he showed us some of the most magnificent fans I ever saw in my life, also a plaque of the celebrated statue of the Black Horse as it appeared in course of erection. We have a similar one of which we are very fond. Lord Odo had expressed a wish to see the cards and fans I had picked up in the course of our travels. He was to have come to me for that purpose this afternoon, but he was prevented by a violent cold, so it was arranged that we should go to him instead, which we did, taking what I call my rubbish with us. Spent an hour very pleasantly with him. At 5 we went to Colonel Methuen's to tea. He wanted to show us his things, chiefly oak furniture. The Walshams were there; I took leave of her. Her kindness has added much to the enjoyment of our pleasant visit to Berlin.

12th. A visit to the Banker's, and to a book-shop, then

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to the Museum to see the wonderful Pergamon sculptures. These things, together with the packing up, occupied the morning. We left Berlin by a train at 4, and before 9 were at Hamburg, Hôtel de l'Europe.

13th. Such a lovely morning, it was a great relief after the incessant rain of the last two or three days. Our first care was to walk to Froeschel's, where we made some rather extensive purchases. Met there an American lady, Mrs. Moore, who is staying at our Hotel, and who said she was buying curiosities for a Museum, for which her husband had bequeathed a sum of £2000. She has little knowledge, and I do not think her selection will be a very interesting one, but she has picked up a few good things in Sweden, whence she has just come. As she was making large purchases and we did not like to interfere with her, we left our business unfinished with Froeschel, and went to some other shops. At Sig. Stern's, in Wex Strasse, we were coming away in despair, when we happened to ask her if she had any small flacons, on which she produced several, at ruinous prices, but among them a bonbonnière, formed of a male head, and of the finest Chelsea. As they had not realised what it was, she asked a moderate sum, which we most cheerfully gave, and we went away rejoicing. At a little shop, Cohen's, we got one or two nice bits, but the Chelsea head was the triumph of the day. After dinner we went out again, having promised to call on the elder Stern, but he had literally nothing to show us. Then we went to the old Rag-shop (Lehmann's) where I got such nice fans last time. He was out. On our return we went to Mrs. Moore's apartments and she showed us what she had bought for her Museum.

14th. We made a long round to-day. At Lissaner's acquired a lovely Chelsea bird and a Chelsea-Derby figure of "Time clipping Love's wings", all for £5. Thence to Leh-

mann's. He had nothing for us this time except a fanciful pack of cards which only dates from 1830. He is a genial old man and we were glad to find something that we could buy from him. After one or two other calls we went to Frankenheim's in the suburbs. A curious place, quite rural, no shop. The old man seemed to be acting as a sort of merchant with his clerk, his books, etc. He has a lot of things, chiefly rubbish, but we bought a trifle. The weather now was lovely and we extended our drive through these pretty environs to Altona, where we made a search with the only antique mentioned in the address book. Surprised in Altona by a sudden pelting shower. Curious procession, following a funeral to the Cemetery, of men in long black cloaks, with stiff white ruffs round their necks like old Venetian Senators. After dinner we went by appointment to old Auerbach's. I should think he is the Father of Trade here. He told us he was 84. Bought a small silver box of him, and we are to go again to look at some watches. He is quite a character, and gave us some amusing reminiscences. Mrs. Moore came up to our room to look at my fans at night. She promises to hunt for me in America.

15th. Walked about all the morning from one place to another. Our only purchases were at a little shop in A.B.C. Strasse, but they were very trifling. Towards the afternoon we went up to the Kunst Gewerbe Museum which pleased us very much, and where we made acquaintance with the Director, Dr. Justus Brinckmann. We spent a long time at the Museum and came in for dinner rather late, the table d'hôte being nominally 4 o'clock. After dinner C.S. and I strolled out. Walked all round the inner basin of the Alster. On my return I wrote a good deal, copying my Turkish embroidery order book.

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16th. We had thought of leaving to-day, but we found our engagements still incomplete, besides which we had engaged to go with a little dealer (Cohen) into the country to see a collection. Accordingly we breakfasted rather early, and, joined by Costa, we went to Ettendorper to the house of a small proprietor there, who had managed to accumulate the greatest amount of rubbish possible. We went and came back by the horse railway, and were delighted with the pretty environs we went through. It was a lovely morning, so we enjoyed the excursion, but as a matter of business it was entirely lost time. After this we went to the Bank for another supply, and then proceeded to Froeschel's to conclude our purchases and pay it nearly all away. Then once more to the Gewerbe. I took some of my fans to show Dr. Brinckmann, and he promises to collect for me, in return for which I am to give some English Ware to the Museum. It is to be a matter of exchange. Since dinner we have taken our heavy goods to Froeschel's to have them packed for England, and C.S. is greatly troubled to find that the Nuremberg Brick of Charles II. has been broken in transit. A lounge on the waterside completed our day's work. It has been quite warm and very pleasant. We have enjoyed our stay at Hamburg very much. One of its great features was our having made acquaintance with the Museum and its talented Director, another, our having met with the American lady, Mrs. Moore, who has made large purchases at Froeschel's and elsewhere for her Museum. It now became necessary for us to press onwards, so on

Sunday, 17th, about $\frac{1}{2}$ past 12 we left Hamburg for Bremen, where there was a long delay before we could proceed. We took advantage of it to take a pleasant walk into the town and renew our acquaintance with the Dom, the picturesque old Hôtel de Ville, and its adjacent Roland Saale.

Our next train went on from another station, by it we proceeded to Oldenburg. Another delay; leaving the maid with the luggage we walked to the Hotel (the Russie), ordered our dinner, and then took a long ramble, following the avenues of trees that surrounded the town, till we came to the Residenz. It was now nearly dark, but very pleasant. Met with an intelligent boy of the better class, who spoke very good English, and gave us a great deal of information. The next thing was to return to the Hotel for dinner, and then to walk back to the station, whence, in due time, we went on to Leer, arriving there about $\frac{1}{2}$ past 10. The train went no farther, so we slept there that night, and were very grateful to find a tidy little Hotel, kept by one Müller.

18th. Next morning to Leeuwarden, with a pause of a couple of hours at Groningen. Walked into the town, called at Drent's, and were told that Heinrich of Leeuwarden was stopping there with some goods. We had a long walk to his quarters, which were very original ones. He is located in a sort of movable booth with his wares hung up around him in a very nomadic fashion. We peeped at him through the planks of his frail dwelling, and he took us in and showed us all he had, which were of the most inferior description. Got a biscuit at the Friga before rejoining our train, which landed us at the Doelen at Leeuwarden in good time for dinner. After it we sauntered into the town and made preliminary visits to some of the china shops.

19th. Called on M. Dirks. He was just going out when we met him and he took us to see the new building into which the contents of the Museum are being removed. They are being admirably arranged, and many of the objects seem to be of the greatest interest. We made a few purchases with Defries and Huisinga, the most important of which was a metal snuff box, with a subject from

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Ostade, and on the other side with caricature heads of Charles II., Will. III., Louis XIV., the de Witts, Archbishop of Cologne, and Bishop of Munster. Of course Huisinga thought the value of the box depended on the Ostade, but we bought it for the reverse, which C.S. at once saw to be historical, but which for the moment he could not decipher *entirely*. Dined early and went on about 4 to Amsterdam by a tiresome train which obliged us to change at Meppel, Zwolle and Amersfoort. Laden with our new purchases, this was rather serious, a Lion sculptured in wood and bearing the Arms of England having been added to our burdens. However we got on very well until we reached our terminus, and there we were perplexed at finding no conveyances. Our luggage had to be put on a hand truck and the porters wheeled it to a remise, where we at length got a carriage; so before midnight we reached our destination at Brack's Doelen. House very full, but they managed to put us up au troisième until the morning, when they changed us to a pleasant apartment on the ground floor overlooking the bridge, reminding us of that we had at our first visit in 1867.

20th. At breakfast surprised by seeing Mrs. Moore, who, it appeared, had arrived (direct) from Hamburg in the same train that we had joined, en route, the previous night. It was a pouring wet day. We went to the shops. Block had nothing, Speyer very little, but among his stock were some blue and white plates decorated with "Musicians" to which C.S. has taken a fancy. It is rather what the dealers call "a Speculative Lot"; I doubt how it will turn out. At Boasberg's we got four packs of cards, which are a great find for me, and for a wonder very cheap.

21st. Mrs. Moore had moved from the Amstel to the Doelen on purpose to be near us; poor thing, she seems very forlorn and unprotected and clings to us, strangers as we are.

We took her to some of the shops, Van Galen's, Speyer's, Kalb's, Soujet's, Boasberg's, and others.

22nd. Another day's search at the shops. They are full of wonderful Oriental but all much above the prices we are inclined to give. Called on Fred. Müller, the old learned bookseller. He is very ill, but he saw us. We went to show him our Leeuwarden box, and he at once told us that the heads (with their attributes in the form of animals on the reverse) were taken from the caricatures done at the time of the war from 1672-4, when England and France were allied against Holland. He appointed us to come again later in the day, when his Secretary showed us the caricature in question, the descriptions on which he very obligingly copied out for us. As they are all in Dutch we take them to The Hague to get Mr. Bisschop to make us the translation. Quite late in the day we found out that Sloghem had a large Wedgwood service. Being then so near the Jews' Sabbath we could not enter into the question. It is adjourned to next week. Heard to-day from Ivor that they have heavy snow at Canford.

23rd. Looked in at Van Houtum's, now moved to Rembrandt's Plein; his old shop is occupied by Fred. Müller, where we went to see the English prints, but our visit was, necessarily, so hurried that we decided to come another time. Left Amsterdam at $\frac{1}{2}$ past 12, proceeding by a train to Haarlem, Mrs. Moore accompanying us. Spent two hours at Haarlem. Bought a trifle at Franse's, and then went to the Town Hall to see the marvellous Franz Hals pictures. Delighted with them and with a picture of Leicester entering the Port of Flushing, full of charming detail. Went on to The Hague, which we reached before 5, in good time for dinner. Such a clear bright day and a lovely sunset, leaving a golden West. The view of the church through the trees

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from our windows, very striking. We are in our old (corner) quarters au second, where we feel quite at home. In the evening walked down to the Bisschops, with whom we spent some time.

Sunday, 24th. To church. At 2 we took Mrs. Moore to see the Bisschops. She was delighted with them and their Dutch home and pictures. We afterwards drove together to Scheveningen.

25th. After breakfast we went the round of the shops, taking Mrs. Moore with us. The weather was rather uncertain so we drove. Got over the ground very quickly as we did not find very much to detain us, and yet we were out from 11 to 5, and left a few of the smaller dealers unvisited. Sarlin is frightfully dear, but we saw some good things at Dirksen's and Munchen's. De Maan has a new shop in the Spui where we *may* find something, but all we bought to-day was a pair of sporting gloves, dated 1791, and printed with scenes of the chase, besides two packs of cards at Dirksen's for the moderate sum of 5s.

26th. Called at 6. Breakfast at $\frac{1}{2}$ past 7. Off for Gouda by the $\frac{1}{2}$ past 8 train. It had been a stormy night, but was fine in the morning, and it was quite like old times when we walked briskly through the outsides of the Bosch to the Rhyn Spoor station. At Gouda we found a few small objects at Mrs. Cohen's, including a miniature tea and luncheon set. But Pavoordt had broken out into a grand new shop, where the old one of many years ago used to be, and he was more showy than valuable, besides being very dear. We hurried more than we need have done at Gouda, and were for some time at the station before the train came up which was to take us on to Rotterdam. By the time we got there the rain had come on heavily. It continued all day, and very unpleasant it was struggling through the many streets.



THREE EXAMPLES OF ENGLISH EARTHENWARE ARMORIAL DINNER SERVICES. THE TWO FIRST ARE OF WEDGWOOD MANUFACTURE, PROBABLY FOR FOREIGN CUSTOMERS; THE THIRD IS CREAM EARTHENWARE, NOT WEDGWOOD, WITH THE ROYAL ARMS OF ENGLAND AS BORNE FROM 1714 TO 1801
The Schreiber Collection

However, I was protected by the faithful old waterproof. I did not get on very quickly, and once came up to a bridge just as it was opening, C.S. having already reached the opposite bank. Another time I lost sight of him altogether; my only resource being to wait at the point where I had last seen him, being secure that it would not be long before he missed me and returned in search. Old Van Minden has not given up business, as he threatened when we last saw him—very far from it. He had now some very fine plates to show us, but we only bought of him two small whistles in the form of a cock and hen of English ware. A trifle at Kryser's, and at Van der Pluyne's. C.S. made a mistake in reading the train list, the consequence of which was that we missed the train by which we had arranged to go to Delft, and had to take one which went direct to The Hague instead. I think, however, that it was all for the best, as we were thus enabled to get two good hours' shopping there before dinner. We bought some Worcester plates, required in England, which we shall now be able to take with us to-morrow to Amsterdam there to be packed with our other goods. The Crown Prince and Princess of Denmark were at Tennyssen's when we got there. This is now the chief shop at The Hague and I never expected to find in it a lovely Bleu de Roi and gold Chelsea étui and to be asked only £4 for it. I thought they would have know everything, and have charged accordingly. This is a second piece of great good fortune that has befallen us, the first being the Chelsea head (as a bonbonnière) purchased at Stern's on the 13th. We got home rather late for dinner and have since been engaged in preparing for to-morrow's expedition, C.S. packing up china, and I writing up lists.

27th. Again up at 6, and off by 8.30 train to Amsterdam, taking with us all that we required to have packed by the

Speyers. We visited Van Galen, Kalb, Soujet, Ganz, and Van Houtum, but bought nothing from any of them, but we invested in a few prints at Müller's, including a copy of Law's South Sea Bubble, and at Speyer's we bought a toy China cabinet. The principal object of our visit to Amsterdam was to look at the Wedgwood service at Sloghem's, which there was not time for us to examine last week. It is a very fine service, for dinner and dessert. He asked £40 for it, but he eventually agreed to take £35 for it delivered free in London, and we paid him 100 fl. on account. We got so quickly over the business on hand to-day that we were able to leave Amsterdam again at $\frac{1}{4}$ before 5, and reached The Hague before the table d'hôte was over. It had been a cold day but did not rain till our return, and as we had a carriage all the time the weather did not signify, so the expedition was a much pleasanter one than that of yesterday. After dinner we went to Mrs. Moore's rooms, where there was an amusing scene with Sarlin, from whom she has made large purchases.

28th. There was such a storm in the night that it blew our windows open, yet when the morning came it was all bright and sunny, and we walked to the Rhyn Spoor in high spirits and with every hope of a fine day. We had not got very far, however, before the wind and rain returned, and only ceased at intervals during the four hours we spent at Utrecht. Nevertheless, we enjoyed our morning very much. Found at Kosta's some draughtsmen, and some linen woven with effigies of the Duke of Marlborough, and the names of his battles. [These examples are now in Lady Bessborough's collection.] On leaving Kosta's we looked into a new shop of Frankel's, but neither with him nor Van Gorkum did we find anything. All the Hamburgers were away attending sales they are making in London and Paris, but the wife

showed us the fine things they have in their rooms. They have moved into a new house, which is very grand, and formerly belonged to one of the nobles. A stirring scene at the station. The young students had been parading the town in carriages and four, and came en masse to the railway, where they walked about the platform shouting and singing in chorus, all wearing caps of the most brilliant colours, red, green, yellow, etc. Our train back to The Hague was a very slow one and came in after its time, but I am glad to have managed to get through the day without being wet as I was on Tuesday. I have been reading over *Tristram Shandy*. How sad that a man who could write so finely should so have perverted his talents as to create a feeling of disgust in almost every page, yet what beautiful passages one comes upon here and there.

29th. There was a perfect hurricane about 6 this morning; we got up soon after, and breakfasted at 8, and then we went to the Hollandsche Spoor for a train which started a little before 10; it was fine enough for us to walk to it. Then first we went to Delft, when another storm overtook us and I was glad to take refuge in the church porch, and there to put on my waterproof. Jedeloo has given up antiquities, and Delft is not a good hunting-ground. We stayed there about an hour, and then went on to Rotterdam. Took a carriage. Called at Kryser's, to whose pack-house we wanted to be introduced, but he was out, and so was Van Minden. However, we left a message for him, and before we left the station he joined us there with some silver toy chairs and table to which C.S. has taken a fancy. In spite of the inclement weather we went on to Leyden after this, and got one or two pretty bits. There is a new man, Karsten by name, who promises to be very useful. All this afternoon the weather was very stormy and cold besides. On our way back from

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the train we called on the Bisschops, who approved very much of the little silver pieces, so they are to be bought. There is an agreeable and travelled Irish gentleman staying at this Hotel, with whom we have had much talk. Mrs. Moore also is remaining here, pursuing her purchases, which do not always come off very happily.

30th. Called on the Bisschops early, to show them some of our recent purchases, etc. Mrs. Moore went with us and engaged them to come to dinner in the evening. She afterwards accompanied us to Dirksen's, which was rather unlucky for us. We had set apart this day for winding up all our purchases at The Hague, and visiting the remaining shops, but the whole morning was consumed with one thing or other. Among these interruptions was a scene between Mrs. Moore and Sarlin, and a great deal of delay at the Dirksens, which was rather unlucky for us. I bought there the beautiful set of buttons which I had been looking at with desire for the last three years. The Bisschops had arranged for us to go and see a Frisian lady who possessed a book giving a curious account of the reason that the Humalda family changed their names to Sternsee; this had reference to the jewel we possess which was given to Sternsee by Charles V.; and accordingly we were greatly interested about it. They had appointed us for 3 o'clock, so at that hour we fetched them and drove together to the house of Mme. Lycklama and Nyeholt de Heenstra. The lady was dressed in full Frisian costume, which, on her, is exceedingly picturesque. She always wears it, and is, I believe, the only lady who continues to do this, therefore it looks very peculiar, but she is young and very handsome, so she can afford to do so. She has charming manners, speaks beautiful English, and we were quite delighted with her. As we drove away, passing the Bosch, there were the most beautiful evening lights. The

Avenue was quite like a Watteau painting. Such effects ought to be remembered. When we had set down the Bisschops at their house, we went on to some of the shops. Bought a pack of cards at Tennyssen's, and paid their account. Saw Brugman (Van Houtum's old manager), looked in at Jedeloo's (removed from Delft) and only got home just at dinner time. The Bisschops joined us then, and after dinner they and Mr. Saunders and we, joined Mrs. Moore in her room, where she showed her purchases, very few of which are worth taking across the Atlantic.

Sunday, 31st. We walked to Church and went to say good-bye to the Bisschops. Then visited the Museum in the Prince Gracht, and the Town Museum where the fine Ravensteins are. A female portrait by the younger Miereveldt in this room holds a fan of exactly the same form as the dagger fan we bought at Dresden. Later we strolled out again for a short time, and brought away two pretty cups from a new shop in the Beest. We are now preparing for an early start in the morning. There was a pretty little singer called Mlle. Mendez staying here, who is coming out at this Opera next week. Mr. Saunders is going, an agreeable sensible man. We had some speech of the Spanish attaché whom we met here last year.

NOVEMBER 1880

ANTWERP: BRUSSELS: PARIS

November 1st. We had made charming plans for to-day. We were called at 6 and at 8 were ready for the start, and so we got to the station in very good time, and to spare. But there, to our dismay, a piece of our luggage was found wanting, and this led to a series of complications. C.S. was busy sending a message for it when the train came

in. I was hurried into a carriage, and *he* had not time to follow me, his hands being full at the time, so I went alone. Of course I got out at the next station (Rotterdam) and a gentleman who was in the carriage with me, entering into the difficulties of the case, undertook to have our luggage retained at the Douane, explaining all the circumstances. I had not long to wait at the Delphische Port Station before C.S. arrived by one of the short trains. My maid came also. Of course by this time we had lost the Brussels express, so we sent Moody back in search of the missing carpet bag, and went ourselves into the town to make a *chasse*. We went first to Kryser's; he took us to his Pack-house. There was nothing there, but C.S. found some good Worcester plates in an upper chamber of the dwelling-house, and some Chinese trifles besides. We then walked on to Van Minden's, who was not at home. Moody having rejoined us with *the* bag, at the station, we went on by the midday express and at the Douane had another alarm owing to the absence of the large portmanteau which was supposed to have preceded us. This was a fresh complication, but all was happily set at rest on our arrival at Antwerp, where all our goods turned up in safety. We had now less than two hours to spend in Antwerp. We employed the time by visiting Eva Krug and the shops in the Grande Place. Eva had nothing for us, and Von Herck was shut up, because it was the fête of All Saints, so we had not much to detain us at Antwerp, and got off again by a train at 6, which enabled us to reach the Hôtel Mengelle at Brussels by 8 o'clock. It had been a very harassing day, but all's well that ends well, and the vexatious delay at Rotterdam enabled us to make a purchase of which we should, otherwise, have had no chance. Got a good dinner and found a heap of letters. I had been very anxious for some days, hoping for news of Blanche. I had now the great



A COLLECTION OF BATTERSEA ENAMELS AND OLD ENGLISH GLASS WHICH WAS BROUGHT TOGETHER FROM ALL THE
CORNERS OF EUROPE, THE HARVEST OF MANY LONG TOURS
The Scribner Collection

happiness of hearing that she had got safely through her confinement and had a little boy on the 27th. [The child is Lord and Lady Bessborough's eldest son, now Lord Duncannon, who was M.P. for Cheltenham in the Parliament of 1910.]

2nd. A very bright day, but rather cold. Went to some of the shops, and called at the house of M. Fetis. He and his wife were both absent; we were told that they were at the Exhibition building, so we followed thither. With some difficulty we gained admittance, and found M. Fetis busy, superintending the removal of the Ceramic objects which they had sent there on loan. The Exhibition had been closed on the 25th, and the building was nearly dismantled, but some of M. Yvenpool's Brussels Faience still remained there and the magnificent tapestries had not been taken down. After our visit there we had only time to call at Volant's, where we selected some little Oriental figures to be looked over the next day, as it was then becoming dark. Mr. Holmes (the Windsor Castle Librarian) and his bride were staying at the Hotel and we met them at the table d'hôte. He tells me that the Queen has bought the piece of repoussé silver with effigy of George I. in consequence of our letter of recommendation sent from Dresden on the 5th of last month, that it had arrived in England and that all parties were very much pleased with it. It now forms a portion of the National State plate. Went in the evening to the Fetises and spent an hour with them.

3rd. Invested £ 10 in figures, etc., at Volant's, and then made the tour of the other shops. We walked at first but took a cab towards the afternoon to save the daylight. Found very little anywhere. One of the best acquisitions on this visit was a small Battersea plaque, very good and cheap, at Cools Thyssen's. They are going out of business. Theirs was the first shop in which we ever bought anything in

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Brussels, 13 years ago. What changes we have seen in Ceramics since then.

4th. Left Brussels by a train starting between 1 and 2. The morning up to that time taken up by packing. We anticipated some trouble at the frontier, but we found none. They passed us quickly with "objets de collection". Bright cold day with brilliant orange sunset. Curious couple, English, in the carriage with us. The lady "hysterical". Arrived in Paris one hour after our time, and had to stand a long time outside the station, laden with our "brittle wares", before we could get an omnibus for our Hotel, no *luggage* carriages being at hand, so it was very late before we got to our dinner.

5th. We did not go out till past 12 this morning, but remained out, and on foot, 6 hours, viz. : till $\frac{1}{2}$ past 6. It was a cold, still, bright day, and very pleasant for walking. Went to Flaudin's, and some of the old accustomed shops, but found very little in them, and that little extremely dear. Our only purchases were at the shop in the Avenue Friedland, (whereunto it was a very long walk), and at Nelson's. As we passed the Avenue, we saw a group of about 20 people, chiefly women, assembled round the doors of a Convent or Monastery. We were told it belonged to one of the Orders that were to be expelled, and that this little crowd had collected to see them depart and to sympathise. It was said, moreover, that the Dominicans had been dislodged at 3 o'clock in the morning from their quarters opposite. This was a curious episode of historical interest. When we got back to our Hotel we called to see Mrs. Moore, who is lodged almost next door, at the "Couronne". I have been busy writing all the evening.

6th. A fog and very cold, nevertheless we walked, and went through the shops on the Quai. Things are scarce and

very dear. We came away with only one fan, which, however, had good engravings of Henri IV., Louis XVI., etc. In the afternoon we took a carriage, went to Oppenheim's and Fournier's. With the former we acquired a very good Dresden (Marcolini) medallion with head of Böttger in blue and white "à la Wedgwood". Mrs. Moore came to dinner with us.

Sunday, 7th. To Church. Dull weather but less cold. We got in late, having mistaken the hour. In the afternoon we took a carriage and drove. Called on the Danvilliers and the Waddingtons, all of whom we found at home. I was not very well to-day and had an idle fit, no writing or any good reading.

8th. All right again to-day. Went out early. Got some fan-papers at Bihn's, extremely dear, but most of them worth having. He has been collecting them for me all the summer. The morning was rainy. In the afternoon we drove to Danvilliers'. It was his reception day, and several of his friends were there. He received us in his room, arranged with Cinquecento (and earlier) objects, which is quite a sight to see. C.S. showed him some of the trifles we had picked up, but they are all of too recent a date to be of any interest to him. After this visit, the rain having ceased, we walked for some two or three hours. Called at Veyrat's and Liotard's; at the latter we got two Wedgwood and Bentley Medallions, and a very good fan with views of Rome.

9th. We got up early expecting a visit from M. Gasnault, who had called the previous day and left a message that he would come. We waited, however, till $\frac{1}{2}$ past 11, and as he did not come then, we went out, not returning till $\frac{1}{2}$ past 6. It was a bright cold day, but very pleasant for walking. Bought a lovely piece of Worcester and an English bust at Wanitz's. Then went to Bihn's to pay for my fan-papers

and to look over some other prints, which are still under consideration. Then we walked about generally, visiting a great many shops in the Rue St. Lazare, Rue de Provence, etc. In the latter, at Jurnel's, we saw a lovely pair of little Chelsea-Derby figures, seated, and playing on instruments, which were offered to us as "Saxe". They were not dear, but I found out that the female's head had been off, and replaced, which much diminishes their value. So the matter is in abeyance. Our last call was at Fournier's, where we showed the brothers the snuff box we bought of Froeschel, which had been sent after us to this place. They pronounced it Sèvres of the finest quality and very rare. Before leaving the shop I descried an exquisite little Chelsea group, slightly imperfect, but so delicately moulded and coloured as to vie with the costliest Dresden, for which, at first sight, I had passed it by. This becomes one of our temptations. Our walk was a very long and pleasant one.

10th. We went out early. Walked by the Rue St. Honoré to the Place Beauvau, where I got a few Italian cards, taking Worms of the Rue Royale on our way. This is now quite a modern shop. We then went to Mme. Chaumont's, but she was out. After this we took a cab and drove to the Palais de l'Industrie in the Champs Elysées, in hopes of finding M. Gasnault, but we were told that he would not be there till the afternoon, so we walked away, taking the path by the other side of the river and exploring the Rue de l'Université, which yielded nothing. The Duvauchels, where we used to get good things, have retired. At 3 to the Palais de l'Industrie, where we spent an hour very pleasantly with M. Gasnault and M. Garnier. The former has sold all his Collection to the Limoges Museum, and the latter is employed in making the Catalogue of it. Some part of it has been sent



THE EARLY CHELSEA GROUP OF EUROPA AND THE BULL, GRACEFULLY MODELLED
AND BRILLIANTLY COLOURED
Lord Wimborne's Collection

away, but some of it remained in the Exposition des Arts Decoratifs, to which M. Gasnault is secretary. We went through the various objects of the Exhibition with him. Among them are several of those historical and democratic fans of which I am making a Collection. Several of these belong to M. Achille Jubinal. I ought to have said that before this visit we called at Jurnel's and concluded for the Chelsea-Derby figures at £9. They are very charming. The day's work ended with an excursion to Montmartre to see old Osmont, of whom in former days we have purchased Spanish jewels, and many things. The old man had left the shop, but his *bonne* told us that he had been very ill and never travelled now. So I fear that source of supply is at an end. Since dinner Mrs. Moore has been here to show some china, and sat a little while.

11th. Again an early move, made some small purchases at Chaumont's and then went on to Fournier's, where C.S. passed our Oriental purchases (made at Brussels) under review very satisfactorily. I bore away the Chelsea group in triumph; it would be an ornament to any collection. These things being accomplished, we betook ourselves to the Bibliothèque Nationale, for which we had procured tickets, to examine their collection of cards. We were shown two folios which contained all the specimens they had. Some were curious, but I was not much impressed after what I had seen in the British Museum, where, however, I have not made half the researches I ought to have done, and still hope to do. Just as I was coming away, I bethought me to ask if they had none of the cards of Virgil Solis, and then a very stately official (M. Duplessis, to whom M. Gasnault had given us an introduction) handed us down two dainty volumes, over which I could have lingered long, had time permitted, and one of these contained a complete set of his beautiful creations, the

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Apes, the Rats, the Grues, the Lions, complete, all but one, which had been torn out of its place by some ruthless or rapacious hand. This volume of Virgil Solis was the bright spot of our visit. During the afternoon, which was showery, we managed to make some more explorations among the shops, and went systematically through the Rue Châteaudun, which *used* to be very fertile of objects, but now we found nothing there. Dined to-night at Mme. Waddington's where we met Mr. and Mrs. Edwards, of the Embassy, and several Americans. I sat between him and his brother Richard, which was very agreeable. I have tried to interest Mme. Waddington in the cause of the Turkish embroideries, and hope I have succeeded to some extent.

12th. M. Gasnault called to see us at 10, and we spent an hour in talking about various things, and showing him some of our purchases. After that we occupied ourselves in arranging our cards till it was time to go to the Institute, for which M. Waddington had given us tickets. The Séance began at 1. The Salle was crowded. The President, M. E. le Blanc, read a long report about the prizes, of which I scarcely heard a single word, and then M. Wallon advanced to the Tribune and delivered himself of a discourse on the life of M. Caussin de Parceval, the Oriental Scholar. I could only follow it in part and the President took the opportunity of subsiding into a sound sleep, which I *should* have thought very indecorous had I not been sorely tempted to yield to his example. I resisted my inclinations, however, but as soon as there was a change of proceedings we made our escape, without waiting for the Sacred Allegory which was to follow. We took a carriage and paid some visits. Called on Lady Sligo, who was out; on the Princesse de Brancovan, who was absent at Constantinople with her father. [The daughter of the Turkish Ambassador to London, sister



TYPICAL CHELSEA-DEBRY FIGURES.

- (1) Statuette of Bacchus wreathed about with vines and attended by a young faun.
- (2) A Group of Shepherdess and Shepherd feeding each other with grapes. The design is taken, as were many others at this period, from a picture by Boucher. It was engraved by le Bas and entitled, "Pensent ils au Raisin?" (From the Schreiber Collection).

of the late Musurus Pasha.] Went to see poor old Mme. Beavan, who complains of having been cheated by her late companion M. Sibout, but whose prices have now become so outrageous that it will be impossible to buy anything of her again.

13th. Stayed in during the morning. C.S. wrote letters and I arranged and endorsed some of the packs of cards. When we walked we went first to the Quai to buy some of the Card Manuals, Merlins, etc., and then went up nearly to the top of the Champs Elysées to see a gentleman (M. le Docteur Bouland) who was said to possess some blocks of cards. We had a long interview with him. He showed us impressions he had taken from the blocks, which are Italian, but not older than 1803, so we care *less* about getting them. However, we are to see Bihn about them as it appears the blocks belong to him.

Sunday, 14th. To Church, where we arrived in good time and had an excellent sermon. Afterwards, taking Bihn's on our way, we walked up to the Hôtel Drouot. There was a great exposition of things which Hamburger had brought from Utrecht to be sold in the ensuing week. Some of them were very fine. M. Gasnault met us here, and, by appointment, took us to the house of M. de Liesville, whose collection I had long desired to visit. The street is a very obscure one, the house is marvellous. I shall never forget the door by which we were admitted into what looked like a vast workshop. We went up a narrow stair, and at the head, found ourselves in M. de Liesville's presence. His Museum is contained in one immense room, dimly lighted, of great dimensions both as to ground plan and height. The walls are lined with Faience plates up to the very top, so that we could not distinguish the merits of any of them. On all sides were cases filled with books and specimens of various

kinds of art, some of them very good, but the great feature of M. de Liesville's collection was his illustration of the art of the Revolutionary Period. He has fans, faience, buttons, cards, and numberless other objects of the times, very interesting and instructive, though not beautiful. We regretted much to hear that in the last days of the Commune, an Obus head had found its way into this singular building, by which two-thirds of the (then) collection had been destroyed. I was very pleased to have had an opportunity of making this visit. M. de Liesville decidedly beats me in the matter of fans. Heavy rain came on as we left the house, and we were glad to return to our Hotel. At $\frac{1}{2}$ past 6 dined with Mrs. Moore at her rooms at the neighbouring "La Couronne".

15th. Stormy weather. We thought to spend an hour or two at the Louvre, not knowing that it is always shut on Monday. So we went to the building of the Champs Elysées instead, and amused ourselves a long time at the Exhibition of objects of old metal-work, jewellery, etc., then, having taken a hasty luncheon at a restaurant near at hand, we drove down to the Luxembourg, M. Waddington having procured us tickets for the Chamber. We were there long before the Senate assembled, yet already the "Tribunes" were very full; however, we got good places in back seats, and were very much interested by the proceedings that followed. M. Buffet read an oration condemnatory of the Government for their conduct in the suppression or dispersion of the religious orders. M. Jules Ferry followed on the other side, and the proceedings of the afternoon were wound up with a speech from M. de Freycinet in vindication of his own conduct in the late transactions and his reasons for his retirement. M. de Freycinet was listened to with great attention, but the excitement displayed when the other two Senators addressed the Assembly was intense, and the manifestation of it was, to us,

most amusing. Séance broke up a little before 6. We waited till all was over. Léon Say, President. I was glad to have seen all those considerable men.

16th. Violently stormy weather. Went to the Louvre. Spent our time studying M. le Noir's Collection, etc. Before 1, we were back at the Hotel, when M. Richard Waddington came to take us to the Chambre des Députés. There we stayed about two hours listening to a dull discussion on the state of the Magistracy, of which I could hardly hear a word. But I was glad to have been there, to see the sort of thing, and above all, to see Gambetta, in whose tribune we were assigned places, so that we were well "en face" all the time. When we left the Chamber we walked along the new Boulevard St. Germain, looking into some of the curiosity shops, and, later, took a cab and went up to the Rue Dumont d'Urville, to see Mme. Waddington, whom we luckily found at home. We sat with her a long time and took leave, as she was to go to the country on the morrow. M. Waddington had gone already. When we left it was a brilliant moonlight evening, so we walked home all the way from the Arc de Triomphe. A telegram met me announcing that Cornelia had another little boy that very morning. [The Honble. Lionel Guest, Lord and Lady Wimborne's fourth son.] My 38th grandchild.

17th. At 11 went to the Musée de Cluny, and did not get away till past 2. Spent our time there most charmingly. There have been great additions and improvements since my last visit, especially the display of Rhodian and Moresque objects. Mrs. Moore went with us. The rest of the afternoon we employed in making visits; found Mrs. Cavendish Bentinck at home and Mrs. Edwards. Afterwards went to Chaumont and Fournier.

18th. It was a bright morning but cold. We went out

early to see Metayer, who is only in till 12. His shop is greatly changed. We saw nothing and consequently bought nothing. Then we went on to Degournay's, where we found a good pack of Italian cards, and some indifferent draughtsmen, curious however, from having the effigies of the Duke of Marlborough, William and Mary, Queen Anne, and others. We wasted some time in Degournay's (Rue Visconti) and about 2 o'clock went to the Palais de l'Industrie to take leave of M. Gasnault, who has been so polite to us, and to execute a small commission for Enid. We took the opportunity of looking again at the charming specimens of Boucher, Fragonard, etc., now on loan at the Exhibition of the "Arts Decoratifs". When we were prepared to leave the building, we found that a storm of wind and rain had supervened; it was impossible to get a cab. Numbers were waiting in the same difficulty as ourselves. At length we were released by M. Gasnault's kind intervention, but our afternoon's work was much retarded. We found time, however, to call at Lowengard's on a commission about tapestry for Ivor, and to look in at Oppenheim's.

19th. The rough weather of the previous evening and night made us determine to delay our return home for another day, and our arrangements were made and letters written accordingly. It was near midday before we got out. We went first to Fournier's to pay for our purchases. He bought for us a small ornament at the Hamburger sale, which has not yet come home. I am rather impatient to see it, for I believe it to be Spanish, of the 16th century, whereas the Fourniers assert it to be a modern production. I only saw it as it lay in the vitrine at the Exposition, so I *may* have been deceived, not having had much opportunity of examining it or handling it. I can only hope not. We went on to Oppenheim's, bought there a mourning ring with a miniature of a

Viscount Falmouth of 1734, and a small agate ware teapot. Went into Verdier's shop on the chance of his having anything in our way, and was astonished to find a fine piece of Chelsea shell-work, which, after some parley, we purchased, with a Battersea Box, for £10 and £2. Walked all along the Rue Lafayette, de Richelieu, etc. The weather had suddenly become lovely. The finest day since we came to Paris. Having walked nearly five hours, we at length took a cab. Went to Michel's on the Quai des Orfèvres, and made some other researches but without results. I have been reading, with great interest, *Humphrey Clinker*, which I like much the best of Smollett's works. I read *Peregrine Pickle* some years ago, on the Continent, and from what I remember of it, I consider it superior to *Roderick Random*, which I finished a week or two ago. As to Mr. Bramble, he takes me back into the last century, and is quite inimitable. I am now reading the *Sentimental Journey*, which I do not like so well.

20th. Called to see Lady Sligo at the Hôtel Windsor. I had not been in the house since we spent our honeymoon there 25 years ago. Fournier brought us the jewel he had bought for us at the Hôtel Drouot. It proved to be, as I anticipated, a very fine specimen of Spanish Cinquecento art, and we were wonderfully fortunate to obtain it for about £8. It was worth quite 3 times as much, but the ignorant French dealers did not know it. We walked about for some 3 hours. Visited shops, got some Wedgwood plates at M. Falkenberg's, some cards at old Giershoffer's, who has changed to the Rue Tabor, then took a cab. Called at Chaumont's, to hear Mannheim's verdict on the little pieces of silver we bought at Van Minden's. He declares them to be modern. The Fourniers, to whose place we went afterwards, to look at some vases, went into ecstasies over them, so

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various are opinions. After this we drove across the water to Michel's, on to Kohn's, where we bought a good transfer Wedgwood teapot, and, having stopped to draw some money at Arthur's, we finished up with a visit to Bihn's. Brought away 3 Virgil Solis Allegorical Cards, and a curious German book on Playing Cards, published at Leipzig in 1784. We have fixed to leave Paris on Monday, when I only hope it may be less boisterous than at present.

Sunday, 21st. The post brought me an invitation to go to Orton on the 29th, which I have accepted conditionally. We went to church, and had a very good sermon. Some of the hymns were very good and *homely*. It was intensely cold, and sleet was falling as we came out of church. Walked part of the way back with Mrs. Cavendish Bentinck. Had visits from Mrs. Moore and Lord and Lady Sligo. Then some packing was done, after which we walked up to Danvilliers'. He was not at home, nor was Lady Francis Gordon. Thence to the Waddingtons, where we sat for a long time, getting back, quite late, for dinner. We have been in to see Mrs. Moore, and to say good-bye, and now we have finished the packing of our small objects, preparatory to an early start to-morrow.

22nd. Before starting, I ran across to Mme. Chapuis and secured a charming tray of green and yellow Oriental little dishes to be brought over to me by Mrs. Moore. We got off in good time. Travelled to Boulogne in the same carriage with Beresford Hope, who is very amusing, and we had the loveliest passage to Dover. Owing to the Harbour having been improved on the French side, they now run fine large boats, with deck cabins, and nothing can be more comfortable. On my arrival at home I ran to see Blanche and my new grandson. All well. We were absent exactly 10 weeks, and very pleasant weeks they were. Now

comes a week of staying at home. I found an immense quantity of work awaiting me. Piles of goods from Constantinople, and a mass of correspondence thereupon depending. Alice came to stay here, and to help with it all, and I got through it sufficiently to enable me to start comfortably with her on the following Monday for Orton, where we spent the remainder of that week. C.S. did not go down with me.

DECEMBER 1880

AT HOME

4th. Mr. Pretyman and Mr. Cooke were the guests at Orton during the first part of my stay there, and one night the Dean and Mrs. Perowne came to dinner; pleasant people, whose acquaintance I was glad to make.

6th. We left town again for a visit to Wales, Alice again being of the party. We had a merry journey down to Port Talbot. The party at Margam consisted of Mr. and Lady V. Fuller, Mr. and Mrs. Rolls [now Lord and Lady Llangattock, parents of the accomplished aviator who lost his life July 12, 1910, at Bournemouth], Hussey Vivian [afterwards 1st Lord Swansea] and his wife, and the Dilwyns. They all shot the coverts on Tuesday and Wednesday, and C.S. nearly suffered seriously in consequence. Mr. Talbot sent part of a charge into him, instead of into a woodcock. The great mercy was that it did not hit his eye. We all left on Thursday, and we three went up to Dowlais, where we remained over Sunday. Mr. Clark very far from well. Nobody staying there, but Mr. Jones of Fonmon. Most of Friday and Saturday were spent in the Schools and at the Works, which are marvellously extended since I was in them last. They have now taken to the tin-plate trade.

Sunday, 12th. At Church and paying afternoon visits to

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Menelaus, the Martins and Hursts. Luckily we had very fine weather for the visit to my old home.

13th. Returned to London. Took Mr. Morgan, at the Friars, on our way, and spent four hours very agreeably with him looking over his Collection. One good result of this Welsh visit was, that I got several good orders for Turkish embroidery.

15th. C.S. went down to Poole for a cricketing dinner. He stayed over Thursday, 16th, for a Parkstone Concert, and returned the next day, 17th. Meanwhile Alice remained with me all that week, leaving on Saturday. I was at the School of Art Needlework Meeting on Tuesday, 14th. On Wednesday, 22nd, had encouraging letters from Mrs. Hanson about our Turkish work, which I had hardly read before taking up the newspaper, when I learnt that the Hanson's Bank had stopped payment. This was a great blow, sure as we were that it must have a sinister effect on the work we have in hand.

Christmas Day, 25th. There was first a luncheon at Blanche's, and then we went for our Christmas dinner to Roehampton, taking with us presents for the Du Cane children.

29th. A letter from Mrs. Hanson saying she must give up the Turkish Refugee Work. This was a matter of great regret, both on the account of art and that of humanity. So many people are earning their sole subsistence from it, and it is supporting so many families. Of course I write as strongly as I can to have it continued, and put on a permanent footing.

31st. Christening of Ivor's baby in St. George's, Hanover Square, his name Lionel George William. Princess Frederica the Godmother. She came to the luncheon that preceded the ceremony. Her husband sat by me. He seems a very agreeable and intelligent man.



CHELSEA CANDLESTICK GROUPS : IN ONE A BOAR IS BEING ATTACKED BY A DOG, IN THE OTHER A WOLF IS FIGHTING.
OAK TREES SUPPORT THE HOLDERS FOR CANDLES. THE STANDS ARE OF BOLD WHITE AND GOLD

Lord H'imbome's Collection

JANUARY 1881

AT HOME

January 1st, 1881. At Constance's in the afternoon. Each of her children had a Christmas tree, and the only guests were poor dependents and their families, to whom the presents were given. It was a very pretty sight. We took down New Year's gifts to my grandchildren.

On the 10th and 12th of January, I received more encouraging letters from Mrs. Hanson. She hopes to be able to carry on the work, and to transfer the headquarters from Candilli to Galata or Pera. I have seen Mrs. Morrison more than once on the subject, and Lady Burdett Coutts once. On the 13th, I was for a short time at a party at the latter's house. It was a dreadfully cold night, and I ran a risk by going out, but I would not lose the opportunity of speaking to her again about the Turkish work, and telling her that affairs were now more hopeful. She and Mr. Ashmead Bartlett have made purchases of me, and Mrs. Morrison, who is always buying, has given some magnificent orders. The order Marshall & Snellgrove gave through me in the summer has been executed extremely well. I went one day to see the things, also I am trying to interest Messrs. Trollope in the work, through their "Art Referee", Mr. G. T. Robinson, who is an intelligent man. But I have been out very little lately, having been threatened with a return of the weak throat which gave me so much trouble last spring.

15th. Constance and her two boys came to stay here. They are in quarantine before going to school. Long visit from my Monty. On Monday last Arthur was here and his two children came to see me.

24th. Constance remained with us till Monday, when she took her boys to school. I called on Lady Sefton about some

Sèvres vases she has to sell. Have written a good deal and worked at accounts. The Parish authorities have been piling snow in the place facing our house. C.S. has brought the question before Parliament. It is now being removed. Parliament met on the 6th, and he has been a very regular attendant. Owing to the Irish obstructionists very little progress has been made.

25th. Tuesday night the debate went on all through the night. Mercifully for me C.S. came home at 1. I should have been a good deal alarmed had he not returned till morning as there is so much outrage in the country.

26th. He went down again to-day at 1. Found the House still sitting, and was in good time for the Division. It is shameful. What makes the matter worse is the weather, which is of unparalleled severity. Last week there was very little traffic in the streets. The hansoms were being drawn by two horses, going tandem fashion. I have had few opportunities of doing anything about the Turkish Embroideries, but I have had visits on the subject from Mr. Tugwell of Bath, who is furnishing, and Mr. Okeden, who will take, specimens for me to show at Liverpool. Mrs. Hanson writes hopefully of being able to go on with the work. . . .

. All this was written nearly three months ago. From that date to Wednesday, 13th of April, I never left London, and scarcely, indeed, left the house. It was a long season of cold weather. A backward Spring, and I was obliged to be very careful lest I should have a recurrence of my last year's throat attack. However I kept well all along. There are very few incidents to record; the chief event being an Exhibition of Ancient Embroideries at our Needlework School. I was on the Committee, so I had some work to do for it. The opening was on the 28th of March, when there was a Private View. It all went off admirably.

MARCH 1881

AT HOME

Thursday, March 24th. Henry and Enid returned from the Continent. I met them at the station, as I had done on many previous occasions. It was a great delight to have them back again. They stayed with us till the Wednesday following, and then went to take up their quarters in Savile Row, in Monty's house, for the season. We had dinners for them on Thursday, and Friday, April 1st. All of their intimate friends, and our own family, all of whom have been with us except Constance and Charlie, Lord St. Germans' death keeping them recluse. It was a trying and rather sudden thing. Constance has had trying times lately. She was a long time in attendance on Princess Frederica for her confinement, and then there was this trouble, and soon after, the death of the Princess's baby, all of which, with the two funerals, have given her much to do. C.S. has had several visits to Poole to attend dinners, etc. In February there was a dinner of the Conservative Association, with a great deal of speaking. He went to Canford to attend it. On the 9th of April he was at the opening of a Coffee Tavern at Parkstone, whence he made a detour to his sister's at Fontmel before returning to me in town.

APRIL 1881

AT HOME

11th. Mary Huntly has spent a couple of days with us in the previous week. My life had been so quiet and monotonous all this time that there is but little to say about it. I rarely left the house, and my principal interest was in the Turkish work sales. They have gone on better than I could

by any possibility have hoped. Before a twelvemonth had elapsed since I took any interest in them I was able to exceed £1000 of receipts and payments to Mrs. Hanson, but I am anxious about the future. I hardly see how I am to keep up the sales. Through me Marshall and Snellgrove, and Howell and James, and Trollope, and Liberty have bought, but unless the "trade" take up the question heartily and give orders on their own account, I fear the demand will be only temporary. I work and work on, and *will* work, but I am not easy, much less confident. We have a good friend in one Mr. Stephen, who knew Mrs. Hanson in the East, and has persuaded the great upholsterer, Maple, to order goods to the amount of £50, and, through our American acquaintance, Mrs. Moore, whom we met on our travels last autumn, I have got the American Minister's wife at Rome (Mrs. Marsh) to take up the subject. I have sent out three consignments of goods, and she has already disposed of another £50 worth. The Crown Princess has done something, and I presented a dress of the work to her daughter-in-law for her trousseau, and as great a success was achieved by Mrs. Hamilton's friend, Lady Walker, of Liverpool. All this comes through me, and at home I have been fortunate in selling to my poor suffering friend, Mrs. Alfred Morrison, to Lady Marian Alford, the Duchess of St. Albans, Lady Spencer, etc., altogether, as I said above, realising more than £1000 within the twelve months. Still I am not secure of the future, but as Mr. Poynter [now Sir Edward Poynter, P.R.A.] said, "this beautiful Art must not be allowed to die out". After a long and harassing three months, the House took a holiday from the 8th of April, so it was settled that we should go out for a little tour. We had thought of a little excursion as far as Portugal, but politics intervened. A hateful meeting

at Cheltenham was announced for Easter week, and I gave way without remonstrance, but not without disappointment. It is something to get away even to the "Shires" for a change, having been so long a prisoner in London.

Wednesday, 13th. We left by a 5 o'clock train and went to Liverpool. C.S. wanted to look after a nephew and niece there, and found they had left the very day we arrived. However, Thursday morning was radiant with sunshine and I got up full of hopes of a fine spring day. Before we had done breakfast it rained in torrents, and so continued till night. Nevertheless we went out and explored all the curiosity shops in the town, with but little success, the chief purchase being a pair of jugs of doubtful origin from Kidson's. We paid a visit to Mrs. Okeden, through whom I have another small order for work. Drove out of the town to see Mr. and Mrs. Clark, with whom the young Schreibers have been staying, and made an appointment for the morrow with Mr. Gatey at the Mayer Museum. Mr. Gatey came to fetch us before 11, and we went at once to the Museum. Being Good Friday it was closed to the public, and we had it all to ourselves. We spent there some hours very agreeably. Then came in to take luncheon, then proceeded to visit some private collections. A very miscellaneous one at Dr. Grimsdale's, a marvellous heterogeneous one at Mr. Benson Rathbone's, a little way out of the town. We were sorry this gentleman was not at home himself. He is a great admirer of Needlework, but Mr. Gatey has promised to try and interest him about mine. We took Mr. Gatey home and so ended our day's excursion, which has been most amusing and I hope not uninstrucive. However, I have seen enough of Liverpool, and never wish to revisit it. The Irish squalor I witnessed there is painful, and disgusting beyond description.

16th. Got up early, but through a mistake not early

enough for the first train to Chester, so I wrote a good many letters before setting out. Mr. Stephen has sent me the £50 to pay in advance for the order given by Maple. We had been told there was so much to be done in the Chester shops that we were rather troubled at not arriving there much before midday. However we need not have vexed ourselves. Such a wilderness was never seen before. We took up our quarters at the Grosvenor, and then sallied forth. One hour sufficed to see everything. We went first to a great furniture warehouse, Sherret's, I think, where there was nothing but modern china, and then to two or three little shops in Watergate Street, where we saw an amount of broken rubbish that ought to be thrown into the Dee. So we came back to the Hotel, got a little open carriage and drove over to Eaton. A very pleasant excursion. The Duke is building a new house, which is certainly an improvement on that which it had replaced. We walked about the gardens, etc. Astonished at all the accompaniments and dependencies of the place, which I think must consume even the most enormous fortune. Everything most beautifully kept up. It was a very bright day though rather cold. Dined early. Chester was full of excitement about the County Election, consequent on Sir Philip de Grey Egerton's death. There was a large Liberal Meeting going on at this Hotel in the afternoon.

Easter Sunday, 17th. Attended Service at the Cathedral, where the Dean, I believe, preached about the earthquake at Chios. A curious thing happened here two days ago. More than half the tower of St. John's Church collapsed, and leaves a most singular-looking ruin. We lingered some time round the Cathedral, the Cloisters, etc., after Service, then went into Watergate Street to look at old Bishop Lloyd's house with its curious carvings of Arms and Emblems. An intelligent little boy came up and talked to us, and took us to see a still

older house, which they call the Derby House, and then we went to walk upon the walls. Here we fell in with a courteous and communicative tradesman, who gave us a great deal of local information. He went with us as far as the Grosvenor Park, where we parted from him with many thanks. Have since been writing and reading to a grand peal of bells. (N.B. There is a very pretty chime at Eaton in the Chapel tower.) I am reading *Endymion* with much interest, none the less for all the anxiety which poor Lord Beaconsfield's health has lately caused and is still causing.

SEPTEMBER 1881

OSTEND : BRUSSELS : HAMBURG : COPENHAGEN : MALMÖ :
STOCKHOLM : DROTTNINGHOLM : UPSALA

Sept. 12th. Various business and the weather have combined to keep us in England. Parliament adjourned on the 27th of August, leaving us with a good many arrears to make up, so we put off our journey from time to time. At length we started this morning by the well-known 7.40 train from Charing Cross, and after a most beautiful (and unexpectedly good) passage to Ostend, reached this Bruxelles before 6 o'clock. Met by an omnibus from the Hotel Mengelle, where we are (once more) very comfortable. Bertie is travelling with us. [This was Lady Charlotte's 2nd brother, the 11th Earl of Lindsey. He had always been called by his surname before he succeeded.]

13th. A good long night's rest and the change of air (after the long London Session) seemed to have done us good. We breakfasted at 10, and after that took an open carriage and spent 6 hours in going through the shops. They were very amusing, but we made few purchases, leaving several things in doubt, to be reconsidered to-morrow. Old

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Genie (of the Cellar) is gradually selling out and retiring. Le Roy (from the Rue des Petits Carmes) has a beautiful collection of Oriental (in the Montaigne de la Cour) at marvelously high prices. And Cools Thyssen (of whom we made our earliest purchases in 1867) has now a grand shop in the Petite Rue des Ecuyers. It has been a pleasant Chasse. We may bring away a few good things, but nothing very wonderful.

14th. Took a carriage, and after a visit to the Banker's, went to the shops where we thought to make purchases. Brought away a few unimportant objects from Huysmans', Cools Thyssen's, Marynen's, and Volant's, but managed in doing so to spend near £30. Passed an hour at the Tour de Hal, then came in and dined, and soon after 5 left by train for Hamburg. We got into Cöln, however, so late that the Hamburg train was off before our luggage could be passed, so we had to remain there all night. Walked across, with our few hand packages, to the Hôtel du Nord, where we lay down and got a good sleep till morning. Of course we had no luggage with us, so could not go regularly to bed.

15th. Went on soon after midday. Dined at Osnabruck, and reached Hamburg between 9 and 10 o'clock. The country is very dull and uninteresting, rather pretty just about Osnabruck, where the timber-built houses are picturesque. The sun went down as a golden globe, and there was a fine effect of purple and gold after it had sunk from view. Got rooms at the Europa, but very high up, au quatrième. The Emperor has just been received at Hamburg with great enthusiasm, and the town has been crowded.

16th. Went the round of the shops between breakfast and (4 o'clock) table d'hôte. They are very much less well garnished than last year, and I do not expect we shall buy

much. At Signor Stern's we had a great escape. He had just returned from a great sale of the late Queen Dowager's effects at Copenhagen and, among other things, had brought back a lovely set of Bow Seasons, with which we were greatly tempted, but on examining them I found that all but one of the four have been cruelly broken and skilfully repaired. Stern is frightfully dear. Several of the old dealers we knew have disappeared, but at a new-comer's (Diggert's) C.S. discovered an excellent cruche with effigy of Queen Mary. After dinner, having fetched our letters, we drove for an hour to show Bertie something of the city. Cold showery weather.

17th. Finished the Hamburg shops. Our first visit was to Froeschel's, where we made acquaintance with Mr. Paul, from whom we learnt that our (last year's) friend, Dr. Brinckmann, was leaving Hamburg for England in the evening. Accordingly we hastened to the Museum to see him before he went. Found him there and spent a very pleasant hour. He showed us all that he had collected since our visit of last year. After this we went to the Grindelstiege, to see old Frankenheim, but he had nothing for us. After dinner called at Auerbach's, who insisted on our going with him to Holyman's to look at a snuff box, not worth the trouble of a visit. Left all we had bought at Brussels with Froeschel to pack up, and paid for the few pieces we had bought of them.

Sunday, 18th. To the English Church in the Zeughaus Square. A quiet orthodox service. Then we walked about; went to the Marine Institution, whence we had a lovely view over the neighbourhood, shipping, etc. Returned on foot to our Hotel and then went to Mr. Paul's by appointment to see his collection. It is full of fine things, Renaissance, Middle Age, Byzantine, etc. We got back in time for table

d'hôte, after which we drove round the Alster. The first fine day we have had.

19th. Up before 6 and off to Copenhagen. The train left at $\frac{1}{2}$ past 8. We took the steamer to Kiel about 12. There had been a strong wind all the morning, and we expected a rough passage, but it was beautifully smooth, and, after we got out of the river, bright and sunny. I was very tired, and most of the day I stayed below, and worked or slept, but I was on deck a short time as we went into Langeland, and it was warm and pleasant. C.S. was very pleased with seeing the German Fleet as we came out of Kiel Harbour, and enjoyed the passage very much. We landed at Korsör, above an hour before the train went on to Copenhagen (at $\frac{1}{2}$ past 7), so we walked into the little town, which has nothing beautiful in it, but where we found one curious old house with corbels carved in grotesques. In due time we went on by train and reached Copenhagen about 11 o'clock. Hôtel d'Angleterre, very good.

20th. After breakfast we went the round of the shops, 6 in number. They seem to be full of rubbish, and what few things they have are broken. Our sole purchase was a pair of ear-rings of German enamel. We then drove about the town till it was time to go to the Historical Museum. We happened there to fall in with the "Inspector of the Ethnographic Museum", M. Steinhauer, who fraternised, and gave us a sweeping view of that Institution, while waiting for the Historical Museum to be opened. We were quite delighted with this collection, which, I suppose, is the most wonderful of its kind in the world. We lingered there till near 5 o'clock, and so got in rather late for table d'hôte, since which I have been upstairs, where we have very pleasant and snug quarters.

21st. Went to see the Church containing Thorwaldsen's statues of the Christ and the Apostles, and then to the Tower

which is ascended for a view of the City. The ascent is easy by an inclined plane. Very high wind, but bright sunshine. On our way to these churches we found out a little shop where old brass-work is sold, and invested in a pair of candlesticks. Got our letters at the Post Office and then made our way to the Niel Juels Garden, where the King and Queen assisted at the ceremony of unveiling the old Admiral's statue. There was a great concourse of people, and we could not get very near, but the crowd amused me; all perfectly orderly and good tempered. We had tickets to see the Rosenburg Palace and our appointment there was for 1. o'clock, so we had to walk there very fast to get there in time. To my disgust I found that the officious Hotel porter had told a lot of other people (among them some very objectionable Americans) that we were going there, so they were lying in wait for us, and managed to join our party and spoilt it all for me, preventing my getting near or seeing anything. There is so much that is interesting that we must make another visit if we can do so as we return. After this we drove a little. C.S. and Bertie walked about at the Lines; as we had not a ticket to admit the carriage, I would not encounter the high wind.

22nd. First to the Post Office. Letter from Ivor. Here we missed Bertie, with whom we did not join company again till dinner-time. Went again to some of the shops. Bought a cruche and Dresden cup from Henriquez. Drove about. Tried to get into Thorwaldsen's Museum but found it closed. Drove round the Lines and ended with a visit to the old Bourse, which is in course of being restored. It is a charming old place of about the same date as the beautiful Rosenburg Palace, both built under their great builder, Christian. Query: What was the date of Shakespeare's visit to Denmark? Was he ever at Rosenburg? The storm, or rather hurricane, was so tremendous that we doubted whether we

should do wisely to carry out our intention of crossing over to Sweden on the morrow.

23rd. However, when the morrow came, the wind seemed to have abated, and at $\frac{1}{2}$ past 11 we embarked on the steamer for Malmö. We were repaid by a lovely passage. Very bright sunshine but cold. Reached Malmö about $\frac{1}{2}$ past 1, and stayed there an hour before the train started for Stockholm. Got a very welcome dinner at the buffet of the station. Travelled all night, and reached Stockholm before 8 next morning.

24th. Nothing could be more brilliant than the weather, and we enjoyed the scenery as long as the light lasted. A glorious sunset and the wonderful golden glow reflected in a lake as we passed. At about 9 o'clock we all turned out for a very promiscuous scrambling meal, which was quite original and very amusing. After that, C.S. and I withdrew for the rest of the night to the Ladies' Coupée, where we slept, more or less. Beautiful sunrise, but cold, sharp white frost over all. The foliage, however, continues as luxuriant as at mid-summer. Found rooms at the Grand Hotel, and, after breakfasting, set out on a journey of discovery to the shops. We were surprised at receiving at breakfast, a letter from one M. Hammer, saying that Mrs. Moore had told him to expect us, and offering to show us his collection. We did not even know that Mrs. Moore was in the country, and our being here was a surmise on her part. However, nothing could have turned out so fortunately. Hammer is a goldsmith who has been buying curiosities and antiquities for very many years. He has an enormous collection. We went hurriedly through it with him and hope to see it again. He wants now to sell it en bloc, and asks £ 120,000, at which I should think it would be cheap. The Country ought to buy it, but they are said to be poor. There is very little to be bought in any of the

shops here. After visiting them all we took a drive into the country, towards Drottningholm, returning for a six o'clock dinner at which we were joined by an acquaintance (Capt. Yate), whom we had met on the journey from Copenhagen. I am busy making a transcript of my Turkish Embroidery books for the past summer.

Sunday, 25th. Went to the English church, a very creditable building, and the service beautifully performed. At 2 we took a steamer on the Lake to Drottningholm. Most beautiful weather and a beautiful trip. On landing we found a crowd going to see the Palace, and we followed in their wake. It is well worth seeing. The rooms fine, the portraits interesting, and the few works of art and pieces of old furniture in every apartment very good indeed. We found out the Countess von Rosen (Mrs. Moore's mother) lived in a villa in the Park, so we called there to return Mrs. Moore's visit, and they pressed us to come in; they were just going to dinner (of which we made a luncheon) and after spending some time with them, we walked down to the steamer again, by which (at 6 o'clock) we returned to Stockholm. In the present glorious weather it is one of the loveliest things I ever saw. But I have always thought that when we have the sun and a clear sky in these northern latitudes, the effects may be compared to those of Italy. This has often struck me in Holland.

26th. Mrs. Moore had promised to come in early and take us to some shops. However, she did not arrive till near midday. We then went with her to two or three places, calling for Countess Rosen on our way. Only got one or two trifles at an out-of-the-way little shop. After they left us we visited the Ethnographical Museum, and then took an hour's drive about the town till time for dinner. Writing in the evening.

27th. Mrs. Moore joined us earlier to-day. We went with her to see a fine view of the City, and after this we had an amusing little adventure trying to find a small dealer called Terno, in which search we were ably assisted by an intelligent lad who spoke German as well as Swedish. We shall not soon forget his zeal and intelligence. Next we went to our Banker's for money. Then, having taken leave of Mrs. Moore and made arrangements for a little party of pleasure on the Lake for to-morrow, we went to the principal Museum, and stayed there till it closed at 3. Made another purchase at Hammer's on our way to the house of M. Booman (16 Rostrand Garden), who we heard from Mrs. Moore to be the possessor of a fine collection of china and enamels. We had tried to see him yesterday but found that he was out. To-day he pleaded being very busy, and at first refused us, but after a few civil speeches he allowed us to see his collection, which is very large, and has been made with great care and discrimination. We are to call again when the excitement about the fêtes in honour of the young Prince and Princess's arrival has subsided. We had just time to get our letters before going in to dinner. Among them was one from Edward telling me that my Blanche had been very seriously ill, but is now mercifully recovering. After dinner C.S. and I walked across the water to the Telegraph Office to send a message of inquiry about her. Mrs. Moore had come in while we were dining to talk about the arrangements about the party for to-morrow, which does not seem to have gone on quite as she could wish. I suppose, however, that we shall go.

28th. We breakfasted early, and were on the shore by the time appointed, when various delays took place in consequence of arrangements about provisions, so in the end we did not get off till near $\frac{1}{2}$ past 9, and it was very late before

we got to Drottningholm. There Mrs. Moore with her daughters came on board, and we had a charming expedition to Stock-loster, which we reached in the afternoon. We spent about two hours going over the old Schloss, which is well worth seeing. It belonged to the Wrangels and then to the Brays, who married the heiress. It was built some 200 or 250 years ago, and is full of fine things, old tapestries, and many objects of art. There is a considerable collection of armour and a large Library. I was delighted with the old stoves and the fine ceilings. Before returning to our boat we visited the Church, which is of considerable antiquity, but has been spoiled with recent improvements, and whitewash. The West door, of moulded brick, is very fine, 11th and 12th cent. It was dark before we got back to Stockholm. A merry luncheon and dinner had been a great amusement to the party, and there was a glorious sunset, with fine effects upon the lake. We stopped again at Drottningholm to disembark Mrs. Moore and her party, and then went on to Stockholm. On reaching the Hotel had the comfort of finding an answer to my telegram to tell me Blanche was going on well.

29th. Went for awhile to the National Museum; amused ourselves with the china, statuary, etc. This was the day of the arrival of the Crown Prince and Princess at Drottningholm. We had tickets to see the reception at the Garden of the Palace, and drove over accordingly, arriving at Rosen's Villa punctually at 4 o'clock. There was still an hour to spare. So, as by arrangement, we employed the time by making a visit to the China Pavilion, in the grounds, which is a very pretty little building, decorated in the Watteau Chinese style, and still containing a good many rare pieces of porcelain. On leaving this we hastened back to the Palace, and reached it just in time to witness the arrival and disem-

barkation of the young couple. It was a most picturesque sight. As soon as their boat touched the landing-place, the King and Queen went down to meet and receive them, and led them up to the Palace through the garden where we stood. There were children dressed in white to scatter flowers on their path; bands played, and flags floated, the sun shone, and all was bright. Certainly, it was more like a scene in Fairyland, or what one reads of in Italian poetry, than anything else I ever saw. The cheering sounded faint to English ears, and C.S. and Capt. Yate, who was with us, did their best to enliven it. But I suppose it was considered enthusiastic enough, for the Princess came on to the balcony to make her acknowledgment of it. The prettiest part of the scene was the steamers, with all their gay bedeckings, that were moored near the Palace. They had come from the City, and brought vocalists who sang a graceful welcome before departing. The Princess is rather pretty and extremely like Granville Gordon's wife. There was to have been a serenade in the gardens in the evening, and the Countess pressed us to stay for it, but it was getting cold, and we preferred returning to our Hotel for dinner.

30th. Up early, and by 10 o'clock on our way to the railway station, for our trip to Upsala. Capt. Yate, with whom we had made acquaintance on our tour, went with us. A run of an hour and a half brought us to Upsala. We roamed about very pleasantly for a couple of hours. Went first to the Library at the top of the town. Then scrambled about at the old Castle, from the ruins and terrace of which there is a very fine view over the town and surrounding district. At Upsala we fell into the hands of some students, who, hearing that we would like to see the Museum, insisted on accompanying us there, and on showing us the Zoological department and some very bad pictures. We could not



BRILLIANTLY-COLOURED BIRDS IN THE SEMI-REALISTIC STYLE POPULAR IN THE MIDDLE PERIOD OF
CHINESE CERAMICS
Lord H. Ingham's Collection

make out whether the Custodian was away, or whether the antiquities which would have interested us were sent to some other Exhibition. At all events we could not get access to them, so we returned to our Hotel, dined pleasantly, then walked to the station and ensconced ourselves in our carriage, where we dropped asleep and so got back comfortably at 10 o'clock. It had been a very prosperous day, and I was so refreshed by my sleep that I sat up to write for some time after my return.

OCTOBER 1881

STOCKHOLM : AND RETURNING OVER THE SAME GROUND AS
LAST MONTH, AND THEN TO BREMEN : LEEUWARDEN :
AMSTERDAM : SCHEVENINGEN : THE HAGUE

October 1st. The dissipation of the day was to consist of witnessing the public entry of the Crown Prince and Princess into Stockholm. They were to arrive at 1. Most people had got places in windows on the Route to see the procession, but we had not made any arrangements, so we set out on foot to see what we could, and managed to make our way to the landing-place, where we got upon the temporary building erected for the ceremony, and had the best possible view of the whole proceedings. No questions asked; we mingled with the Municipality. Saw the young people's yacht touch the shore, saw them disembark, to the sound of a chorus of voices on the one hand, and a band of military music on the other; then the head official of the City made an address, which the Crown Prince replied to, and then they got into their carriages and the Procession moved away. We walked quickly and got on before to the Courtyard of the Palace, and saw them enter there. It was all very amusing, and a most picturesque scene, but we thought the Princess looked rather chilled by her voyage across the Lake; she is pretty and

graceful and seems happy; may she continue so. The whole ceremony was over before $\frac{1}{2}$ past one. We made our way down through the crowd to our Hotel, got a carriage and drove to Ulricsdaal. A beautiful drive and a very interesting Château at the end of it. After some trouble we found the old lady who had charge of the place. It contains many things of interest, *some* good old china, some fine cabinets, and productions of Swedish art. Did not get back till after sunset. Then came dinner. Then came the fireworks and illuminations. The fireworks were let off on either side of this Hotel, and I had a great sight of them (between the intervals of writing) from our apartments. But C.S. and Bertie went into the town and walked about. Capt. Yate, who has been with us very much during the past week, went on by the Lake towards England to-night. We have found him a very agreeable companion. Anything more picturesque and beautiful than everything has been, in this beautiful place, in this beautiful weather, during these ceremonials of welcome to the bride, it is impossible to imagine. The whole thing has been one bright scene of Fairyland.

Sunday, 2nd. Mrs. Moore had procured us tickets to go to the Royal Chapel and hear the service. We went about 11. The service began at 12. It did not end till past 2. The aged preacher gave us what seemed an interminable sermon. I was surprised to see a Crucifix on the Altar, and 3 priests officiating in gorgeous vestments. They chanted, and there was a great deal of music. It seemed to me more like a Roman Catholic than a Protestant ceremony. Most of the Chapel was occupied by officials and men in uniform, and the diplomatic body mustered very strong in a box to themselves. The Royal party sat in front of the Altar. At 3 we went to see the ceremonial drive in the Park, and took Mrs. Moore with us. Every carriage and every hired vehicle must have

been pressed into the service, and we all had to pull up at the side to see the cortège pass. They came in due time, attended by the military, a very pretty and brilliant sight. When they had made their little drive and had come back again, we were released from our position and drove round the Park home by the Rosendal. A lovely evening and a beautiful sunset. Went for a short time after dinner into Mrs. Moore's room, where the Rosen family was assembled; then came upstairs to write. I forgot to say that on Friday evening there was a serenade, under the windows of this Hotel, to Christine Nilsson, who is staying here; after they had sung a little while, she had them invited into the large room, where they sang again, and where she met them, and ordered wine, etc. There were some complimentary speeches after. I went down and was present part of the time.

3rd. In the Museum for about an hour and a half. Pictures very bad, but some portraits and some of the Royal costumes and memorials interesting. In the afternoon we walked about, tried to explore some obscure shops, but did no business. Spent an hour at M. Booman's, looking over his collection, which is very vast and very good. He seems to want to sell it en bloc, and talks of £40,000 for it. He would not part with any individual pieces, except at a price which would not suit us. He has some very fine and interesting pieces of native pottery and porcelain, "Stockholm", "Marienberg", and "Rostrandt", that ought to be in a National Museum.

4th. We went out about 11 this morning. Called at a shop over the water, to buy a cloak which I had taken a fancy to have (white Russian cat-skin), and then went to Leventin's, and made some small purchases, and then went to Milberg's, where we found some little treasures displayed, and invested

in 14 of them. This shop of Milberg's is one to which Mrs. Moore has introduced us. We had not quite money enough in our pockets to pay for all we bought, so we promised to return to-morrow. There was to be an auction at the Rysberg Hotel so we went to see it, but evidently it is a dealer's sale and we shall not compete. After this we went to the National Museum, of which the National and prehistoric portion is open to-day. We were so enchanted with what we saw in the brief stay we were able to make, that we determined to delay our journey so that we might make it another visit. At $\frac{1}{2}$ past one we were to join Mrs. Moore in an excursion to "Queen Christina's drive" in the Deer Forest, so we came back to the Hotel to join her. En route to the Park we looked in at an Exhibition building to see a picture of one of Count Rosen's family, purchased by Mrs. Moore, representing a fruit garden in the Middle Ages. It is a very pretty picture, and she wants to exhibit it in London, which I must try to negotiate for her. A few drops of rain fell about mid-day, but we had a lovely drive to the Park and enjoyed it very much. Returning, we had time for a visit of ceremony to Countess Rosen, in return for her having called on us. In the interval between this and the next engagement, C.S. and I went to some other shops. Called again at Milberg's and had a glimpse at "Wedgwood", which made us regret that we had only time to *look* at it, for it had been arranged that at $\frac{1}{2}$ past 5 we should all go to the Palace, to see one of the rooms used for the Ball last night, and hung with Gobelins of some 200 years old. We had some difficulty in getting access to the Palace, but at length made our way into a hall where there were 12 or 14 pieces of tapestry which had been executed for this kingdom, bearing the arms, and some of them signed "Behage". This concluded the business of the day. We returned, after 6, to a very bad dinner, the first

time I have anything to complain of at this most excellent Hotel.

5th. At 10 o'clock, we went with Count von Rosen to see the Palace. Very fine rooms and good tapestry. A fine service of turquoise Sèvres, which has been fancifully, and not very appropriately, stuck on the wall. One very fine Limoges enamel, given by the Empress Eugénie to the present King. The mounting exquisite, the piece itself in vilest modern taste. In the afternoon we went to Milberg's, to see again the pieces of which he had given us a hurried view the previous day. They were of less importance than we had imagined, but it ended in our making some extensive purchases of him.

6th. Sir Philip Owen is staying at this Hotel, and he made arrangements for us to be shown over the historical part of the Museum, by Dr. Hildebrand, the Director. After a morning's shopping at Leventin's and Milberg's, we came in at 2 to fulfil our engagement. Mr. Cripps [the well-known writer on old silver], who had come over from England on purpose to study Swedish plate, went over the Museum at the same time. We spent two hours there very agreeably and, I hope, instructively. Mr. Cripps then took a walk with us about the Quays and over the bridges, and dined with us afterwards. The weather continues lovely and we have the most beautiful lights and shades on the now autumn foliage, and now we have bright moonlight nights. It is quite marvellous.

7th. In the afternoon we went to see the Rostrandt porcelain works, having remained in the house most of the morning, and then joined Sir Philip Owen and Mr. Cripps for a short time at old Hammer's Museum. Dr. Hildebrand had given us a letter to the Director, M. Strabe. He was at home and not only took great pains to show us everything, but sent

us away laden with specimens of the old Swedish manufacture as gifts. There is a small Museum attached to the Works in which are some of the best examples of Stockholm, Rostrandt, and Marienberg pottery and porcelain, with a few pieces from other fabriques, all very interesting. Lady Garvagh, who is stopping at this Hotel, went with us. In the evening Mrs. Moore and Countess Rosen came to our rooms.

8th. Went by appointment to Hammer's Villa (Bystrom Villa) at the entrance to the Park, to see the remainder of his collection there. It chiefly consists of pictures, which are mostly the most miserable daubs, but some of them might be of interest to the Swedish public from a national point of view. The Villa itself is charming; it was built for the Bernadotte, but remained unfinished when he died. The view from it is beautiful. Mrs. Hammer did the honours of the place, the husband being engaged with Sir Philip at a collection in town. Our opinion of the collection is much modified on a second visit. It contains, no doubt, many very good things, but is so overladen with rubbish as could scarcely remunerate any man, or body of men, to buy it as a whole. *We* are able to say that the pictures and most of the china are of little worth, and Mr. Cripps considers the plate indifferent in an artistic point of view. What I admire more, however, is the collection of old plate and other memorials of the ancient Guilds. They may not be artistically valuable, but they must be of historical interest; especially in the country where these Guilds flourished. In the afternoon we made a charming expedition. We took the steamer from the opposite bank, having crossed by the ferry, at $\frac{1}{2}$ past 2, and went down to Waxholme, which we reached at a $\frac{1}{4}$ to 4. Having landed and strolled about for a quarter of an hour, we embarked again at 4 o'clock, and so returned to Stockholm. It was a beautiful evening, the air rather cold as we came back, but I

sat on the deck all the while enraptured with the scenery. The approach to Stockholm in the evening glow was magnificent, St. Catherine's Dome standing out against the golden sky in utmost majesty. In the evening C.S. went to see Mrs. Moore off by the train, and Mr. Cripps and Sir Philip Owen came up to our rooms. The latter is delighted with the Turkish Embroideries which I took the opportunity of showing him.

Sunday, 9th. The clergyman, Mr. Weakly, preached admirably. Lady Garvagh accompanied us. We were in the pew with Sir Horace and Lady Rumbold, to whom she introduced us after the service. In walking back they took us into the British Embassy residence, which they had not yet got into. The decoration of the house is good (last century) but it is not yet furnished. In the afternoon Lady Garvagh came to our rooms to look at the trifles we had bought here. And we had a visit from the Count von Rosen, who has been appointed Directeur des Beaux-Arts. He strongly recommended us to go into the Park and ascend the Belvedere, and we took his advice and were well repaid. It was past 4 when we started. We got into a little carriage on the stand, and drove through the lovely Park to the foot of the Tower. We reached the top just before sunset and stood watching the sun go down behind the horizon. The view of the country from this point is very grand, but I admired that of the sky still more; it was unbroken by a single cloud, which is very rare to see (I remember this being the case once at Oporto), and the glow which succeeded the sunset was unusually fine, the moon rising, only just past the full, on the opposite side. I think this was one of the most beautiful days I ever saw, and a good conclusion to our Stockholm visit. I had been writing very fully to Mrs. Hanson this week. These and other letters fully occupied the evening, and I had still more to write, so I got out of bed at 7 o'clock next morning,

10th, thinking to get some of my work done before dressing. I found on looking out of the window a curious storm of wind blowing, and a raging fire going on at the back of the Opera House. Of course I stood and watched it instead of doing my work, but I had time to go on with that after breakfast. Fortunately they were able to subdue the fire before it reached the main part of the Opera House. They managed to confine it to the annexe where the dresses and scenes were kept. After 1. went out to the Bank for money. To Hammer's, to Milberg's, where we saw and bought one or two more trifles. At 3. we went to the Museum, and introduced ourselves to Dr. Upmark, one of the Directors, who was just going away, but turned back and spent an hour with us going over some of the collection, and pointing out some of the most remarkable objects. Since that we have been packing for our to-night's journey. The storm of wind continues, and the weather seems to have broken up. It has been glorious for the past fortnight. I have the comfort of receiving a very satisfactory account of Blanche's progress yesterday. After writing this we went down to dinner, and I shall not soon forget a pretty incident that occurred to us as there we sat at our little table. Behold, in trotted old Milberg, and his wife "Fru Betty Milberg", solemnly bringing us an offering of flowers. It was so simply, so gracefully done, that it was quite touching. Later there came a page with a perfunctory bouquet from the landlord, M. Cadier, and when we got to the station, and were ensconced in our carriage, that worthy man appeared to see us off and wish us a good journey. It may all be a matter of form, but it is not the less very pleasing. Indeed every reminiscence is delightful beyond measure. We had a well-warmed comfortable carriage which we got into soon after 9.

11th. Next day soon after 2, we were once more at Mal-

mö. Some bright moonlight, some rain, much wind, nevertheless the sea is smooth enough, and we were at Copenhagen before 4. o'clock. I drove from the boat to the Hôtel d'Angleterre with the small packages while C.S. and Bertie walked, and who should I see on arriving but Mrs. Moore, who is still seeking for curiosities. Sir Philip Owen and Mr. Cripps came in the same train with us. Table d'hôte at $\frac{1}{2}$ past 4.

12th. A long day in the shops. Mrs. Moore with us during the morning. In the afternoon we were at Salaman's, who showed us a caffetière and 6 cups of exquisite Dresden, which, though dear, tempted us so much that next morning,

13th, C.S. went out and negotiated the purchase of it, which was concluded when we went out later in the day. There came on violent rain in the afternoon, which made our walk rather uncomfortable. Spent the evening in Mrs. Moore's rooms, whereunto came the Christiania dealer, M. Grann. How comes it that I omitted, in its proper place, noticing one of the most curious incidents that ever befell me. On Wednesday evening as we crossed the end of the Coffee Room, on leaving the table d'hôte, my own dear son Monty most unexpectedly ran up and greeted us. He was returning from Norway, and had come on by this land route to escape the weather, had only just arrived from Malmö, and was just starting off for his train to Hamburg. He had no notion of our being here, any more than we had of his being out of England, and our meeting for these few minutes was a most curious and most happy chance. He was just taking his cup of coffee, and had his chair been turned any other way, would not have seen us.

14th. By appointment, met Sir Philip Owen and Mr. Cripps at the Historical Museum at 10, where we spent from 2 to 3 hours most agreeably. The Director giving us a learned

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and very lucid lecture, in English, on the stone, bronze, and iron ages, as illustrated by the wonderful remains at the Museum. While there the rain again set in, in torrents. We luckily got a conveyance, went to the Banker's, to the Post, and to Salaman's and Grunberg's, to look after the packing of our objects. Spent a short time in Mrs. Moore's room on our way up after table d'hôte, since which I have been writing here. I have finished my transcript of the Turkish Embroidery books. Before leaving Stockholm I sent Mrs. Hanson a device for a dress, the pattern modified from a Turkish one by the introduction of the Swedish crowns. If she can execute it for me by the spring, I propose to present it to the young Princess, in hopes of introducing the art to that country and so extending our sales which, latterly, seem to have been increasing in a wonderful degree. (N.B. The idea of the dress was suggested by the ceiling of the Royal Chapel, which I studied during the interminable sermon which we heard there on the 2nd.)

15th. We went over the Rosenburg Palace again this morning. We accompanied Sir Philip Owen and Mr. Cripps and some of their Copenhagen friends. Mrs. Moore was also of the party. Dr. Worsoa took us all over it himself, and explained many things, which made it extremely interesting. We were there several hours. In the afternoon C.S. and I walked about a little.

Sunday, 16th. Went to the English Church. In the afternoon we took a carriage and drove for an hour or two along the coast. Prepared for an early start on the following day,

17th, and so up soon after 4; and at $\frac{1}{2}$ past 6 on our way to the railway. But somehow, notwithstanding all our early rising, there was great confusion at the last. The porter had got us only one conveyance instead of two, and it was with

difficulty that C.S. and Bertie got to the train in time for us to get off. The journey was a very charming one. After all the recent bad weather, we had, at length, a most lovely day. We took the land route to Hamburg. From Korsör there was a short passage of little more than an hour to the opposite coast. I stayed on deck most of the time and walked about talking to Mr. Cripps, who, with Sir Philip, was also travelling that way. Curious Ferry farther on, where the luggage portion of the train was shipped on to the boat. I went up aloft with C.S. watching the entrance into Fredricksal, a beautiful sight, which I shall not easily forget. The sea so bright, so calm, so lovely, and all the coasts lighted up with sunshine. At Fredricksal we got a hurried dinner, and from this point had no changes, but reached Hamburg by 10 o'clock. Mrs. Moore travelled in the carriage with us all the way. Embarrassed at the station on finding that her maid and mine were missing, but they turned up soon after we reached the Hotel. At the beginning and the end rather anxious, but all came right. I was very glad to have seen this part of the country, very flat but swarming with tumuli. Having gone into Denmark by sea, it was very pleasant to take the land route in coming back. At first they told us they were quite full at the Hôtel de l'Europe, but I am happy to say we got rooms at last, in which we are now very comfortably installed.

18th. Our first visit to-day was to Froeschel's. Adolphe is still absent. We went again through the stock, but found nothing fresh. At 3 went to the Museum, taking Mrs. Moore with us. Saw Dr. Brinckmann, who had just returned from England. While there he went with Mr. Franks to see our collection, and told us that until then, he had formed no idea what beautiful things had been produced in English

china. After dinner we took our things to Froeschel's to have them packed for England.

19th. I did not go out early. Visit from Oppenheim of Paris who was passing through Hamburg. Looked into one or two shops. Went to Frankenheim's at the Grindelstieg and arranged to call again after dinner to see his son, which we did. We found him very intelligent, with some very good bric-à-brac, and bought 3 excellent enamel boxes of him at fair prices. After this we called to see Goudstikkar's things at King's Hotel, where we met Mrs. Moore by appointment. He is a Dutchman of Amsterdam; he travels and supplies the shops. We may get good things of him and are to return there to-morrow. All this time while we are peacefully pursuing our way, important events are occurring at home. On Thursday Parnell was arrested, and Ireland has been seething with rebellion ever since. On Friday a violent hurricane swept over the land, and the damage done has been dreadful.

20th. Did not go out very early. When we did so, we called at both the Sterns, who had nothing to show us. They are people I dislike, and do not wish to go to them again. After this we went to Goudstikkar, where we made purchase of a lovely Dresden group. I only hope it is all right. Thence to see some small Wedgwoods at Frankenheim's, which, though very good, are not important enough for us. This was the substance of our day's work. In the evening we had a scene in Mrs. Moore's room. We went there to help her, poor lady, in settling her purchases with Goudstikkar. After that I wrote till bedtime, and,

21st, was up early in the morning to prepare for our journey to Bremen, for which we started by a train leaving at a little after 12. It took about two hours to arrive. A fine but cold day. Lovely view of Bremen as we approached it, re-



LONGTON HALL PORCELAIN OF THE MID-XVIII. CENTURY.

The Melon Bowl on a Leaf Stand is a favourite style in this ware. The Teapot is a curious and uncommon example. The group of Two Boys and a Goat on a Scroll Base is a typical example of figure pieces made by Luttler of Longton. (From the Schreiber Collection).

minding me a little of the view of Stamford from Uffington. As soon as we had chosen our rooms and settled ourselves at the Hotel, C.S. and I took a carriage and went the round of the curiosity shops. They are few in number and very ill-furnished, but I think we may take something from Sander's, the jeweller. We did not get there till late, and are to call again to-morrow. It is Kermesse at Bremen, and the Squares are full of booths; was delighted to see my old friends the dancing bear and the camel and the monkeys again, with which I made acquaintance at Verdun some five years ago. They have now got a dromedary added to their party, on which five happy urchins climbed and rode about enchanted. We came in at 5. to dine at the Restaurant in the Cellar under the Hotel, and afterwards walked out to the Kermesse, a most brilliantly lighted merry-go-round that I ever saw, and, shall I own here, that I could not resist the impulse to get into one of the cars with a pretty little child whose father resigned her to my care, and with whom I had this novel and eccentric ride? After this we walked about for some time, then went into the town Cellars and listened to the military band which was playing there to a great many people assembled at the Restaurant tables. These Cellars and the building of which they form a part are to me one of the most interesting sights in the north of Europe. So much for the Kermesse of Bremen, at which the poor little Italian organ boy should not be forgotten. I have a strange sympathy for these humble itinerants, and their music always touches me painfully, I might say, unaccountably. We came back after 9. It is now late, and so to bed.

22nd. A bright morning but the wind cold. We were not to leave Bremen till past 1, so C.S. and I walked out after breakfast, and had a very pleasant lounge in the dear old City. Went into the Town Hall once more, and into the

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Cathedral, where a wedding was being celebrated. There is so much that is interesting here, so much that is worthy of study, that I should like to spend some days here, visiting the old buildings and learning the mediæval history connected therewith. In such cursory glances as one is able to give in these short visits, one does not carry much information away with one. Bought some pretty peasant ornaments from Sanders, and some still prettier modern French trash at a little shop hard by. Our Omnibus left the Hotel at $\frac{1}{2}$ past 12. As there was another examination of the luggage we were bound to be at the station thus early for a train starting at 1.20. A very slow train it proved to be. Passed through Oldenburg, and Leer (where we slept last year). At Groningen had a delay of an hour in consequence of the railway being out of order near Swor, through the late inundations, so we did not get to Leeuwarden till $\frac{1}{2}$ past 11.

Sunday, 23rd. It cleared about the middle of the day. Called on our old acquaintance, M. Dirks, and found him and his wife at home. Then we walked about the town, the pleasure gardens, and the suburbs, till time to return for quarter past 4 dinner. There are three objects here of the greatest interest. The old Church tower, the 16th century Town Hall, and the more recent, but still venerable butter-market.

24th. Looked through De Vries' and Huisinga's shops and made some selections for future consideration. At 12 returned to our Hotel to meet M. Dirks, who went with us to the Museum, which is now fully established. By reference to old books he upsets much of our pretty romance about Humalda having changed his name to Sternsee, on the occasion of his having saved Charles V. from embarking on a dangerous voyage, and the Emperor having thereupon called him his "Star of the Sea". It appears that Sternsee was an Austrian, whom Charles made Governor of Harlingen, and

who married a daughter of the Humaldas. When we parted from Dirks we went back to Huisinga's, where we invested in egg-shell cups, etc., and after the 4 o'clock table d'hôte we completed our few purchases at De Vries'. Then we paid a complimentary visit to Mme. Dirks, and, on returning home, C.S. packed up our china before going to bed.

25th. Left Leeuwarden by the 10.20 train for Amsterdam, which we reached before 5. It was a cold rainy day. The line had broke down near Zwolle, a bridge being destroyed in the late storms, so we had to pass by a temporary bridge on foot. I had no idea that the country between Zwolle and Utrecht was, for the most part, such a desolate waste. Our journey was a very pleasant one notwithstanding the weather. The rain fortunately ceased just while we walked over the bridge, and all went well till we reached Amsterdam, when one of Bertie's packages was found missing. Got to the Brack's Doelen in good time for dinner, after which C.S. went to the Post Office and brought back a heap of letters. The chief news seems to be that Lord St. Germans is married, that Constance and party are gone to Venice, that Maria is staying at our house to avoid fever at Roehampton, and that Ivor has returned to Canford from Scotland. Sarah Bernhardt is staying here, acting, and at 12 o'clock her admirers made the night hideous by serenading her with a charivari of wretched instrumental music. What is the world coming to when these good sober Dutch are betrayed into such absurdities. The serenade at Stockholm to Nilsson was in better taste, and certainly more harmonious.

26th. We spent three days very agreeably at Amsterdam. Bertie's parcels turned up all right, which was lucky. Our first call was at Speyer's, where we saw several things we liked, which are still under consideration. From him we went on to Kalb and Soujet, and spent a long time with them.

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Looked in at Van Galen's and got our letters. There were no special events, but I enjoyed the walk, and do not know what can have upset me, but I was sick at night, and feared I was going to be ill. However, it all passed off, and I was all right next day, and walked from breakfast to dinner, as usual.

27th. Concluded our purchases at Soujet's, and made others at Ganz's and Van Houtum's. Nothing else of special interest to record.

Friday, 28th. Visited Boasberg's and some other shops. Found out Goudstikker (Calver St. 35, brother to the man we bought of at Hamburg). He was just going off on a journey, but we got from him a miniature of the 17th cent. in curious costume, and a medal from which C.S. proposes to take a lesson in that new branch of research. It professes to be Pisano. In the afternoon we took our various purchases to Speyer's, and left them with him to be packed, when we shall have done buying for this season. Spent an hour with F. Müller's successor before dinner (they have moved into Van Houtum's old shop in the Doelen St.), and after dinner left Amsterdam, taking the Rhyn Spoor train to The Hague, where we arrived about 10 o'clock. Walked to the Hotel, where we found our old comfortable rooms vacant and at our disposal.

29th. All the Jews being closed, we visited the Christian shops. Found some beautiful groups of goats at Tennysen's, some enamels at Dirksen's, and a Wedgwood ring at Brugman's. Weather cold but bright. The Bisschops are absent in London.

Sunday, 30th. Attended Service at the nice little English Church, and walked back from it through the Bosch, where it is sad to see the great number of fine trees uprooted by the late storm, which must have been most awful. Went to the Post Office for our letters and made a great detour coming

back, having partly missed our way. Bertie joined us after 2. and we took the tramway and went to Scheveningen. Walked for some time on the beach and up to the Lighthouse. It was a most lovely afternoon, the air fresh, almost cold, but the atmosphere beautifully clear; a gold sky and the view from our windows at sunset quite perfect. We enjoyed this Scheveningen ramble. The place is desolate compared with what it is in the summer, but the sea is always there, and the quaint dresses of the peasant women were never more amusing. In some respects The Hague is altering. The shops are not nearly so well furnished as formerly. At the Hotel too there is a change. Old Paulez's chair at the table d'hôte is vacant. He has retired from the business, and his son, sitting on an opposite chair on the other side, reigns in his stead. Mortlock has written to say he is commissioned to look out for fine dinner services, for one of the Rothschilds, and asks us to tell him if we see anything on our travels. I think Brugman has an Amstel one painted in figures which may suit him.

31st. We had a long and stirring day. The morning was spent in the shops. From de Visser's to Hauja's, Sarlin's, de Maan's, etc.; also we had to get money at the Bank. The afternoon took us to Leyden, where we remained just two hours. It was rather a race but we managed to visit *all* the shops with which we are acquainted, and to show Bertie all the principal sights besides. There was *very* little to be bought. We lost our way in seeking for "the old man near the Church", so that we had scarcely time for Bertie to look into the Fort. "The old man" has two blue and white teapots, honeycombed, over which we doubted, but the interview was such a hurried one that we could not come to any conclusion about them. Had to walk very fast to catch our train back to The Hague, where we had time for a visit to

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Munchen's before dinner. He has some very fine things, and three pairs of magnificent Oriental vases. Among other things he has some good enamels, which we shall buy. Since dinner C.S. has been to Tennyssen's to fetch away the purchases we made there on Saturday. The goats are lovely.

NOVEMBER 1881

DELFT : ROTTERDAM : THE HAGUE : HAARLEM : MIDDELBURG :
ANTWERP : GHENT : BRUSSELS : PARIS

November 1st. A very busy day. We were up at 6 and off by an early train to Delft. Of course we looked into all the shops, which were even more bare than usual. Found a trifle at our old friend Jedeloo's. Then went to show Bertie all the sights. First we went to the Church for the tomb of William the Silent. Then to the other Church for Van Tromp's tomb; and that of a female Marnix married to a Morgan, etc. I inquired for the old MS. book which gave a description of the tombs in several languages. I am sorry to say it was not forthcoming, and I fear is lost. I borrowed it some years ago, and made a transcript of it on account of the quaintness of its language. After this to the Caserne, where they show the marks made by the bullet that killed William the Silent. The Delft Churches are truly magnificent. I admire them more and more every time I see them. It is a pity their whitewash cannot be removed and their aspect restored to their original state. After spending nearly two hours at Delft, we went on to Rotterdam. There were no sights for Bertie there. We went to the shops and made small purchases at Kryser's and Van Minden's, then left the town again by the Rhyn Spoor for Gouda. Spent there an hour and a half. Bertie went up to the Church and the Town Hall, we to the shops. Found a fine old

kettle stand at Cohen's, and a few minutes after had the good luck to find the kettle to fit at old Pavoordt's. This is the only respectable piece the old man had got. It was amusing to see the crowd that gathered round us at the station, to look at the kettle. Pavoordt is now building an enormous "store" on the site of the old premises. I wonder what he will fill it with when he has done. We got back to The Hague at $\frac{1}{2}$ past 4. Then took a carriage (for we could not well parade through the streets, kettle and stand in hand) and drove to Sarlin's, where we made some purchases of enamels and flacons.

2nd. We did not leave till 10 o'clock. On our way to the Rhyn Spoor, looked in at the Bellevue and purchased three pretty little green and yellow figures. Got to Utrecht at $\frac{1}{2}$ past 11, and having gone through all the shops with no success, dedicated the rest of the time showing Bertie the town. Went into the Archiepiscopal Museum, the Cathedral, where and within the Cloisters great repairs were going on, and by the help of one of the Frankels, found a fine old Hall they used as a lecture room, where in earlier ages events of importance were transacted. I did not enjoy Utrecht as much as usual. The weather was bitterly cold and we were in constant dread of missing Bertie, who was very erratic, and so losing our train back to The Hague. However, he made his appearance all right at the railway station at the last minute. Van Gorkum was absent; Hamburger, who showed us his goods in his great house, had most of his things away, for a sale at Paris. And the same was the case with Frankel. Our only purchase was one Oriental cup which happened to match a saucer we bought at Kryser's yesterday. The little people, Costa, etc., had absolutely nothing. Got back only just in time for dinner, $\frac{1}{2}$ past three.

3rd. A long day at the shops and many purchases.

Bertie went to the Museum, etc. Our chief outlay was with de Maan, Munchen, Dircksen, and Mme. Hauja. I *hope* we brought home many pretty and good things; at all events it was a very pleasant chasse, and not so cold as yesterday. There has been ice here in the streets and we read in the papers of heavy snow in London. C.S. in high spirits at Conservative Municipal victories at Poole, of which he read this morning in the paper. To-morrow we are to have an early start and take our late purchases to Amsterdam to pack, and finish up our business there, so we are busy preparing for the journey.

4th. We left The Hague by an 8.40 train for Haarlem. Spent there two hours driving about to the shops, which we overhauled without getting very much. Found a new shop there, Romcius, rather good. The weather had become wet so we were not able to do much sightseeing for Bertie, either at Haarlem or Amsterdam, to which we afterwards proceeded. Took our recent purchases to Speyer's for packing, and got from Müller's the things we bought there when staying at Amsterdam last week. The weather was so damp and cheerless that we did not feel tempted to prolong our stay in the town, but having finished our business, left it again by a 3 o'clock train, arriving at The Hague at $\frac{1}{2}$ past 4.

5th. Got out before midday. Went through the Library and two Museums with Bertie. Called at Dircksen's, etc. Ordered biscuits which are made here better than anywhere else, and deserve importing, "Blickidoes" I think they are called, and finished up our Hague researches generally.

Sunday, 6th. A most pouring wet morning. We had to take a carriage to and from Church, after which we wrote letters till 3. Bertie had been very anxious to see Ryswyck, so we took the train and went there; we were very glad we did, for it was a very pleasant excursion. The

village, which is larger than we expected, is surrounded by pretty villas, and the site of the old Palace, where the Treaty was signed, and on which an Obelisk was set up by William V., is most interesting. We walked about some time. Note the signs on some of the houses, and try to come back here some fine summer's afternoon, if we should ever revisit The Hague. Talked at table d'hôte to an English gentleman, Mr. Monkhouse, and gave him some information for his travels. [Possibly the late Mr. Cosmo Monkhouse, who wrote so interestingly on Oriental porcelain.] Our old friend Admiral Capellan is absent, and, much to our disappointment, the Bisschops are away in England.

7th. All packed up, and ready for our start from The Hague. I write this while the preparations are being completed. We amused ourselves in the good town of Middelburg in revisiting the grand Hôtel de Ville, and the buildings round the Abdij, where as usual we put up. We also went to all the shops we knew of, and sought for more. This occupied us from $\frac{1}{2}$ past 12 till $\frac{1}{2}$ past 4, when we went in to table d'hôte. In the evening I was very sleepy, and I did little but read, till bedtime, dosing, I am afraid, at intervals. Our only purchase here, two parrots at Bal's.

8th. After breakfast we went to the Museum, where we spent some time, and then walked to the station to inquire about the English boats. From what they told us, we judged it would be more satisfactory to go ourselves to Flushing to get reliable information. So we took the train thither, walked to the Docks, saw the people in charge, and got back to Middelburg before 2 o'clock. The boat that left England on Sunday night only got in this morning, owing to the fog, but all bids fair for a good passage. On getting back to Middelburg we ordered out an open carriage and drove over to Verre, a duller or less interesting route can hardly be ima-

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gined, and it was an agreeable surprise when we found such a charming place as Verre at the end of the journey. The old wall, the desecrated Cathedral, colossal but in ruins, the beautiful Town Hall, the quaint 15th cent. houses, and the view over the North Sea; it is impossible to describe the beauty and interest of it all, and to think of our never having heard of Verre before. The silver-gilt goblet not to be forgotten, at the Town Hall. On our return to Middelburg we were taken to the house of a clothier in the Lange Delft, named Veele, who seemed often to have good china for sale. At the present moment he could not show us anything to tempt us. After dinner I sat upstairs writing here, till it was time, 8 o'clock, to go to Flushing, for Bertie to take the boat. Then we went there by train, saw him comfortably on board and chose his berth. Walked back in clear moonlight to the main station for Middelburg, which we reached about 10 o'clock, and so to bed.

9th. Mr. Tysen, father of Mr. Cripps' late wife, whom we met some time ago in Brussels, is staying at the Abdij, searching Dutch Archives for family history. Left Middelburg for Antwerp, where we spent a couple of hours. I cannot take leave of Holland, perhaps for the last time, without a few words as a tribute of affection and admiration. It is a wonderful country, as every one knows, but every one does *not* know how genial and simple and honest are its inhabitants. There is something touching in the salutations with which strangers are greeted by the passers-by as they drive through the land. And as to the honesty of the natives, I do not think that there is any other place in the world where a jeweller's shop could be safely left open and unprotected, as was that of our old friend Meyer, whom we vainly sought several times during our Middelburg visit. We *might* have stolen all its contents. It was a lovely day. At Antwerp we took

a carriage. Eva Krug was away at a sale. She had some trifles for us. I had promised my maid, Moody, that she should see the Cathedral, so we took her there. Went on to the other shops. To our surprise found at Van Herck's a grand pair of Chelsea figures (Ranelagh model) for which they asked a moderate price, so we bought them, but not having money enough in our pockets to pay for them, we left them there, promising to call again on Friday. Reached the Hôtel Mengelle, Bruxelles, at about 6, in time for a good dinner.

10th. A long day's chasse on foot. Made a few purchases. Among other things, bought the Old Grès figures, for lights, which I had left with regret at Cools Thysen's when we went through in September. Adventure of the Buttons at Dame De Vries', which I had bought for their beauty, and on the antiquity of which a doubt has since been cast, viz., at the shop of that mysterious (qy. respectable) old man in the Rue St. Gudule. I shall be curious to hear more about him, but as for the buttons, on which he cast a slur, I chose to believe in them, because they suit me perfectly, whether new or old, and the price I gave was moderate. Looked after a fireback with an equestrian figure of Louis XV. which we had bought at Tulpinck's when last here, but which had not been sent over. On our way home looked in at Stroobant's, but he was not in. Amused to hear that his daughter had been staying, this year, some weeks with a married friend at Merthyr, and knew Dowlais well. Mengelle's is very empty. There were only two people at the table d'hôte, one of them an intelligent young Englishman travelling for business.

11th. Up very early, off by 9 o'clock train to Ghent; found most of the dealers (de Clerc included) absent at a distant sale. Old Vermeer, in the Marché de Vendredi, was

at home and we bought of him a fine large Oriental dish. The poor old man told us with grief that his only son had become "Innocent" and was in a Convent. Even more melancholy was the visit we paid to old Omghena. We used to enjoy looking at his grand collection, in which he gloried. It is now being sold piece by piece, and all the finest things are gone (the Rothschilds, I believe, had the best of them) and now the poor old man is going too. He is very feeble and can scarcely stand, but he has the same sweet calm smile as of yore, and he must reflect with satisfaction on having saved from destruction so many precious specimens of art for the world, though he no longer calls them his own. It could have been but for a brief span, and it is best that he should know that they have passed into good hands, but to us it was very sad. Having finished our visit in Ghent we returned to Brussels and had to wait a long time at the station before the train started that was to take us to Antwerp. There we had not quite an hour. C.S. left me at Eva Krug's, while he went to fetch Van Herck's Chelsea figures. We had brought home some of our purchases for Eva Krug to repack and forward for us to England. I went through the list with her (whereunto the figures were added) and then we returned to Brussels.

12th. A very busy day. Called at Volant's, then on to Fetis, and then at Stroobant's. He had three Oriental green and yellow figures that I coveted. He asked £12 for them, and when I said that I did not consider them worth more than half, he said, to my infinite surprise, that I should have them for that sum, so I carried them off at £6. We also got two good Wedgwood medallions of the de Witts. Left Brussels by the 1.20 train, reaching Paris at 7. A noisy party in our carriage, representatives of the "Sugar Houses" coming back from a meeting of the Trade. Found Belard's Hotel

very full. Put up in a nook till we could have suitable rooms. Had to dine in his Café, and as soon as dinner was over, started off again to see Mrs. Moore at the Hôtel Meurice and place in her hands some buttons she had charged me to get for her, which had been weighing down the "old red bag" on my arm in travelling, ever since. Found her just going to bed, but sat and had a long talk with her.

13th. We were not up till late. Went to the Louvre about midday and remained there among the "objets d'art" until it was time to join Mrs. Moore, who at 3 o'clock took us to drive in an open carriage in the Bois de Boulogne. It was rather a dull day, but not cold. On our way back, she set us down at the Waddingtons', whom we found at home, and from whom we returned on foot to a 7 o'clock dinner. One of the principal objects of research at the Louvre for us in the morning was M. Lassale's bronze medals. C.S. bought one of Goudstikker of Amsterdam, which he fondly hopes may prove to be original, and therefore of great value. It is of Palæologus. At the Louvre we could only find one of these mediæval medals (also of Palæologus), the gift of M. Soulages, but it is in many respects different from ours, and I fear disappointment. At all events it will have been a cheap lesson.

14th. Mrs. Moore made a point of our going with her to a number of shops where she had seen curiosities she was inclined to buy. So we accompanied her at 10 o'clock, after moving into comfortable quarters from the little nook in which we had existed since our arrival, and we went on hunting with her till 1, when we came in to write some letters. At 3 she took us out again for another three hours, all rather fatiguing, and, after our dinner, she came in to tell us of some delinquencies on the part of Oppenheim, to whom we had introduced her. It all amounted to their having sold her, later in the

evening, some things at a cheaper rate than they seem to have asked when we were in their shop together. We were not very seriously impressed with her arguments against their integrity, which we have had opportunities of testing for so many years past.

15th. We commenced a tour of the shops on our own account. First of all to a dressmaker's, having with some difficulty found the address of the person I employed last time. We made a long search, all along the Boulevard Haussmann, etc., but actually found nothing in which to invest, except at Oppenheim's, who had put aside for me a lovely chatelaine composed of the letters of my name (Charlotte) in steel. [This curious piece is in Lady Bessborough's collection.] In the course of our researches after Pavillet, we discovered the place where the beautiful modern imitations of old jewellery, etc., are made, viz., at the shop of Champion and Michel, 60 Rue Ste. Anne. They buy up old damaged pieces, and restore, and alter, and arrange, till they produce very pretty effects. No doubt they preserve a good deal of work that would otherwise perish. This is well as long as they confine themselves to repairing, which they perform admirably, but it is another thing when they combine and add and alter. It is very interesting to us to have found them out.

16th. A long chase again to-day, partly on the other side of the water. Our only purchase was a Nymphenberg shell piece on the Quay, signed and dated C.H.Z. 1771. We dined with the Waddingtons, meeting only Mr. and Mrs. Schuyter, her sister, and had a very pleasant evening.

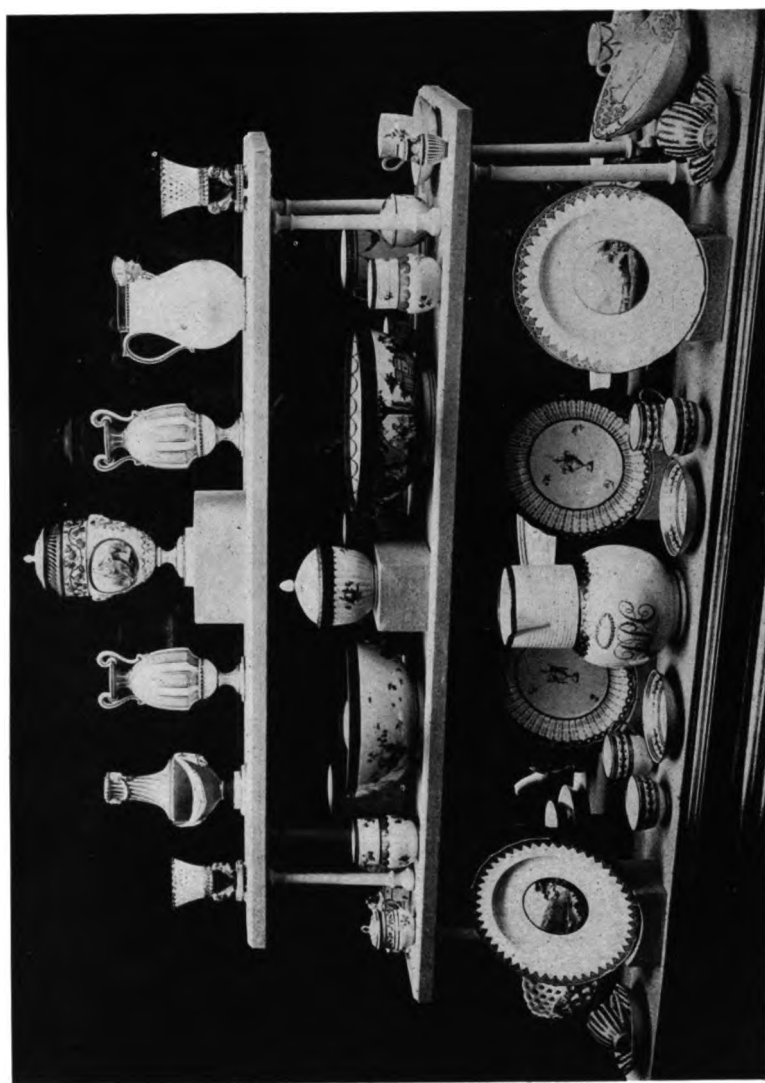
Thursday, 17th. We did not go out till the post arrived. It brought me a letter from Edward Ponsonby, announcing that my Blanche had another little boy. This coming so soon after her serious illness makes me rather uneasy. [This refers to Lady Bessborough's 2nd son, Myles, now Capt. the Hon.

Myles Ponsonby, M.V.O., Grenadier Guards.] Fournier had promised to have some Chelsea figures to show us this morning, so we went there one of the first things. He produced a duplicate of our waltzing group, and a Dresden harlequin, which were, of course, useless for us, but we bought a little piece of Chelsea-Derby. At Mme. Flaudin's we invested in two fine Battersea plaques, decorated with Chinese figures, but have to give a large price for them, 20 guineas. We also made purchases at the Wanitzes, and then took a long walk through the Rues de Provence, Lafayette, Chaussée d'Antin, etc., but without results. Since dinner I have had the comfort of receiving an answer to a telegram I sent this morning telling me that Blanche is going on well.

18th. Left home before 12. so as to catch old Metayer at home. C.S. took a fancy to a vase, the provenance of which is doubtful, but we must hope for the best. It may turn out to be valuable. We went on to the old man who keeps the shop in the Rue Marin, and followed him to his other shop in the Rue Visconti. There we again made purchases, finding a very good Cruche with armorial bearings, and a group of white ducks of disputed origin. C.S. thinks them soft paste, perhaps French. They aspire to be Chinese—*nous verrons*. Coming in to deposit some of our things, I was greeted by a telegram from Edward giving a good account of Blanche, about whom I had been thinking anxiously all the morning. This was a great relief. We went to the Bibliothèque in the afternoon, expecting to find M. Delisle, the Director, to whom M. Waddington had given us an introduction; he, however, was absent. We had just time to get a cursory glimpse of the Mediæval Medals before the Institution closed, and then we took a carriage and went to one or two shops before coming in to dinner. The weather, lovely in the morning, had clouded over in a curious manner before

sunset. I have been without books most of the time since I left England. This morning I laid in a stock of Tauchnitzes, and am beginning a pleasant sketch of Miss Thackeray's on Mme. de Sévigné. Apropos of books, I received two days ago a letter from an American publisher, telling me that M. Lanier had thrown my *Mabinogion* into a popular form for children, and had just completed the work before he died. They mention having forwarded to me a copy of it, which I shall doubtless find awaiting my return. This is very interesting to me. My first number came out in 1838, forty-three years ago. Letter from Mr. Clark to-day gives a very bad account of Menelaus's state, which is very sad, and most unfortunate for Ivor's interest.

19th. The post again brought me good reports of Blanche, which I received before going out for the day. Mrs. Stroud of Cheltenham came in, but we were able to start on our day's excursion by 12. o'clock. Our first care was to get a cheque changed at Arthur's, after which we went round to the shops where we had made purchases to claim and pay for our goods. The great purchase of yesterday, Metayer's vase, was submitted to the judgment of Oppenheim and Fournier, and the result is, that it is adjudged to be "Coree" and very fine. We left some things with Fournier to pack, and about three went to the Bibliothèque Nationale, where, by presenting a letter from M. Waddington to the Director, M. Delisle, we got permission to see the collection of old Cards, Gringoneurs, and so forth. Last year we made a similar visit, but then, though we were told we had seen *all*, these great rarities were never shown to us. (See Nov. 11, 1880.) It was a most delightful half-hour. After the Bibliothèque we had still time to go through the Rue Châteaudun, and to look into a great many shops. Our only purchase was a bust of Rousseau at De Vaillant's. Fetched away our fine



A LARGE AND CHARACTERISTIC GROUP OF CHELSEA-DERBY CHINA: THE JUG WITH MASK FOR LIP ON THE TOP SHELF SHOWS A PORTRAIT OF THE FIRST LORD RODNEY: THE PRESENT HOLDER OF THE TITLE IS A GREAT GRANDSON OF LADY CHARLOTTE
The Schreiber Collection

Battersea plaques from Mme. Flaudin's, etc., and having done some commissions, about dress, got back about 6 o'clock.

Sunday, 20th. I was awake early, revolving many things and, amongst others, lamenting my stupidity in having missed an order for Turkish work sent me by Lady Bolsover. [The mother of the present Duke of Portland.] She wanted pieces for furnishing at Welbeck, for the Prince of Wales's visit next week, and I was written to about it, and somehow or other omitted to send her my remaining stock from London, which I might easily have done, but in the multiplicity of engagements, I forgot that I had anything worth sending, and now I fear it is too late to be of any use, but I have written to Bryant that all that is possible may be done. This inexcusable omission of mine has weighed on my spirits all day. Alas! poor Refugees, if everybody else served you so badly! We went to Church in the Rue d'Aguesseau, and afterwards came back to write some letters, after which we went out for a walk. Posted our letters at the Tuileries, and went through the gardens to the Elysée and the Exhibition Building. Spent a short time with the "Arts Decoratifs", from which we did not gain much information. Then drove to M. Danvilliers' and fortunately found him at home. He showed us a number of Italian medals, and a lovely piece of Italian Tapestry of the 14th cent. (or earlier), done in silk, gold, and silver. Also a beautiful Renaissance head in marble. He has wonderful things. It has been one of the finest days of the whole autumn. It was dark when we walked back. We dine to-night with the Waddingtons again.

NOTES CERAMIC.

SEPTEMBER 1882 TO APRIL 1883

IN ENGLAND : AT UFFINGTON AND ELSEWHERE : OSTEND :
BRUGES : BLANKENBERGHE : YPRES : GHENT : LILLE :
TOURNAI : BRUSSELS : ANTWERP : THE HAGUE : AMSTERDAM :
LEYDEN : HAARLEM : LEEUWARDEN : GRONINGEN : OLDEN-
BURG : BREMEN : HAMBURG : DÜSSELDORF : CÖLN : AACHEN :
LIÉGE

It was at the end of November that we got back last year from our autumn tour abroad. In December we went down to Canford and were to have spent our Christmas there. A merry party was expected for the week between Christmas and New Year's Day, and among them, many young people of the family. On the 23rd December I went over to Iwerne to see Lady Wolverton [the wife of the 2nd Baron. This lady was the daughter of the Rev. George Tufnell of Uffington, Lincolnshire, and therefore an early neighbour of Lady Charlotte], who had been interesting herself very warmly about the sale of the Turkish Refugee work for me. On my return in the evening, I found a letter from Charlie Eliot telling me that my Constance was laid up with typhoid fever. The next morning we went to town, and, that her house might be kept as quiet as possible, had her three youngest sons brought to ours. In a few days her little Eddie fell ill of scarlet fever, with us; and about three weeks later one of her girls, Evelyn, was taken ill with the same complaint. It was feared that her mother, being under the same roof, might take it from her, which in her then weak and convalescent state,

might have been fatal. Evelyn was accordingly moved to us. It was a time of great anxiety—but eventually, thank God, all recovered. I was practically in quarantine, with all this illness, till nearly Easter, and only went out into Society a little (for fear of spreading infection) when all was over, just at the end of the time. This was a drawback to the sale of the work.

We hoped to have got abroad again at Easter, but an opposition Candidate has appeared for Poole, Mr. Chatfeild Clarke, and C.S. thought it necessary to call together a meeting of his supporters. [The Mr. Thomas Chatfeild Clarke here mentioned was a member of a well-known Isle of Wight family, and J.P. for the county of Southampton. He was a prominent and gifted London architect, F.R.I.B.A., F.S.I., and President of the Surveyors' Institute in 1894. He was a member of the first London School Board. In politics he was in accord with the views of Lady Charlotte, but, unlike her, a warm admirer of Gladstone. He lost the contest at Poole after Mr. Schreiber's death, the Conservative candidate, Mr. W. J. Harris, being returned. Mr. Chatfeild Clarke was born in 1829, and died in 1895. He was married in 1859 to Miss Ellen Nettlefold, a cousin of the Right Honourable Joseph Chamberlain.] So we went down to Bournemouth instead. C.S. was very well when we left London, but before we left the train he was taken ill with a violent chill. All attempts to attend meetings or to do anything else was out of the question. We remained three days at the Hotel at Bournemouth and then returned home. He was better, but our holiday was spoilt.

At Whitsuntide C.S. had to go down for the meetings which were put off at Easter, so we got no holiday then. The Session was a severe one, and C.S. had no chance of getting away. [Thus, practically, I was in London from November to

LADY CHARLOTTE SCHREIBER'S JOURNALS 1882

August, and the only advantage in it was that I was able to devote myself to the sale of the work, which prospered marvellously.

The Volunteers held their Camp at Poole in the month of July. We went to Canford one day to attend one of the luncheons at the Camp, which was a very pretty sight. That was the only break till the 5th of August when we moved to Canford again, and I remained there ten days. On the 7th (Bank Holiday) there was a grand reunion on Mr. Dugdale's grounds near Poole. C.S. and Ivor went there, and there was a great deal of Conservative speaking. August the 10th (Wednesday) and following day was the Bazaar at Canford, for the benefit of a neighbouring Church. It was a very gay affair. The Stalls were put in the conservatory. I had one of the Stalls and made about £80; but the whole thing was not so successful as had been expected. I sold some of the Turkish Work, but have been so "driven" ever since that I have never had time to make that account. This Bazaar took up much of my time in preparation, during the Season, for I strove to utilise as much of the Turkish Work as possible. The Session ended soon after our return from Canford. On Wednesday the 16th, we went to Bayham, remaining there till the Saturday, and that day, on our way through Tunbridge Wells, we paid visits to Miss Pegus and Mrs. Schreiber of Henhurst. On the following Wednesday we went to Welbeck on a visit to Lady Bolsover. The Duke was absent. All most interesting. One day we drove to Clumber. On the 28th we went to Ham Court. On our way we ransacked Gloucester and Cheltenham. All we bought was a Chelsea bird at the latter place. On Tuesday, Mrs. Martin went over with us to Worcester to visit the Exhibition, to which I have contributed needlework. We lunched with Mrs. Lea, at Hallow, who has been one of my great assistants in my sales.

Wednesday. Spent the morning with my Constance, who, with her flock, is occupying a cottage close to Ham Court. In the afternoon we were again at Worcester, where we made some important purchases at Underhill's, and also went again to the Exhibition. We returned to Ham Court in Mr. Martin's steam launch, a most charming incident. Returned to town on Thursday. On Saturday, went to Uffington to celebrate the coming of age of my young nephew Bertie. [Now the 12th Earl of Lindsey.] There was a week of festivities. The principal guests arrived on Monday. On Tuesday was the Tenants' dinner and ball in a grand marquee. There was to have been a Garden Party, but torrents of rain intervened and the few people who came had to be entertained indoors. On Wednesday there was a labourers' dinner, which included all the village—wives and children—then a sort of fair in the Park ending up with fireworks. On Thursday a ball to the neighbourhood, also in the tent. Everything was admirably done and went off well. We stayed over the Friday, and went into Stamford to hunt shops (we had a charming visit to Burghley the previous day) and then, on Saturday, we returned home. On our way down to Uffington we had explored Hitchen and Peterborough, but without results, and we brought next to nothing from Stamford. We had stayed in England after the Session entirely on account of the Uffington celebration, and now that that was over, we proposed to set off on our travels as soon as possible. But one thing and another detained us another week. I do not grudge it for it enabled us to come away happy about the affairs in Egypt, about which we had been very anxious on public grounds, and also on account of Brymer Schreiber who is out there in command of Artillery. We employed some of the time of our delay in going through the London shops and found many good things on reasonable terms, making several

valuable additions to our Collection. It is a very favourable time of year for such chances. My last important acquisition was two packs of Cards (South Sea Bubble and Revolution of 1688) which Partridge brought me late in the evening. At last, Saturday 16th, we got off by the 7.40 train; had a sufficiently good passage to Ostend, reached Bruges (dear old Bruges) before 4, and set out, immediately after depositing our luggage at the Hôtel de Flandres, on a foray through the town. Saw a tremendous deal of rubbish, but secured three good pieces of English ware at Render's, and two lovely little bits of Oriental (for nothing) at Seegur's. Met Col. Berrington and promised to go and see them on the morrow. It has been a season of very hard work for me, sometimes taking out granddaughters [Alice, now Mrs. Hallam Murray, wife of the brother of Mr. John Murray, publisher; Nellie, now wife of Capt. Chas. Wylde, of Tile House, Denham] besides devoting myself to the Turkish business. My sales now amount to a trifle over £4000 in two years and four months. I don't deny that I am glad of a little respite, and that soon after dinner I was glad to be able to go to bed and enjoy a good night's sleep, rising again in the morning about 7, to enter these few notes in this book.

17th. We were not down to breakfast very early, so we missed church. The Berringtons had asked us to luncheon at 1.30. On our way down to them we looked in at Van de Broeck's (Rue de Laine) and got the address of his place at Blankenberghe, where we intended to spend the afternoon. The Berringtons have changed their house, and now live at No. 12 Rue Dainhouter. Their luncheon occupied a longer time than we anticipated, but Col. Berrington assured us that we had plenty of margin for getting to the train at the Gare du Bassin. However, although we walked very quickly, too much so for comfort, we only reached it five minutes after

the train had started. It was no fault of ours. We consoled ourselves by strolling about on the Boulevards, and looking into the Cathedral, after which we got some books and waited at the main station till the 5.25 train conveyed us to Blankenberghe. There had been a little rain in the morning, but it was a glorious afternoon, and Blankenberghe was gay with a Kermesse. We found one or two trifles at Van de Broeck's, and we walked some time on the fine Esplanade overlooking the sea—a curious western effect as the sun went down. Got back to Bruges soon after 8. Supper and early to bed.

18th. To-day we propose a trip to Ypres. It is a lovely day. Our train went between 12 and 1, and before 3 we were at Ypres. Of course we put up at the Tête d'Or with our old friend M. Thibaut. After a conference about the existing curiosity shops, we set out in search of them. There have been great changes since our last visit, and we found but little. Boehm makes sales and would sell nothing privately, and the little shops are hopeless. But we got one or two pretty pieces from the old artist and amateur, Van de Vyver, with whom we had some pleasant talk. The old man astonished us by telling us he was turned 80. He has some good Mennecy groups; I wonder what will become of them hereafter; he will not part with them now. Our walk through the beautiful old town was very pleasant; we went into the Churches St. Pierre and St. Martin with increased pleasure; need I say how we revered the Halle des Draps. A slight shower came on before we got back to our Hotel, and we took refuge under the Porte Cochère of the grand old Hôtel Gaud. Our course being over by five o'clock, we returned to dinner and "Mayonnaise", and came back to Bruges at 6.30, arriving between 8 and 9 o'clock after a delightful day.

19th. We left Bruges a little before noon and reached Ghent in due time, leaving the little maid at the buffet of the

station, and we took a carriage and went through the shops. For a wonder we fell in with De Clerc. He never opens his shop, so he tells us, but we met him at the door and went in with him. He had not much, Rogier had nothing, Costa very little more; the only piece we found with her was imperfect, which was also the case with a teapot bought of de Buyser. We fetched old Vermeer away from another engagement and our only reward was the curious mount of an old fan. Truly the shops of Ghent were the desolation of mediocrity. I was quite oppressed with it, and was glad to refresh my spirits, before leaving the town, with a short visit to the Fine Arts department of the local Exhibition, which was taking place in the town, and where we saw several very interesting things. Some specimens of Eglomisé glass, exhibited by the town itself, would make M. d'Azeglio, Italian Ambassador in London, wild. Having spent some 4 hours at Ghent we once more took train for Brussels, where we arrived in time for dinner.

20th. Not very early, but took some six hours among the shops. A lovely day. First Cools'—outrageously dear—then Volant's, now moved into the same street—afterwards Marynen, Tulpinck, etc. Old Genie no longer visits his subterranean den in the Rue de l'Evêque; it is presided over by a substitute, but there was nothing in it. We went to Polonet's and Huysmans', and Jacqui's, etc. Our purchases were very small. A trifle including a pack of cards at Volant's—a cruche at Tulpinck's—but our best find was at old Craenen's, where we met with an admirable group of the Tithe pig in good old Chelsea, and two other pieces—De Vries showed us a curious reliquaire, white enamel on gold. We took it on approval, and having submitted it to authority, have a good account of it, but are uncertain as to the date. We began our researches on foot, but after awhile took a

little open carriage, and, altogether, had a most agreeable chasse. Le Roy showed us most beautiful things—Oriental, but altogether beyond our mark. Dined quietly together after 6, and have since been upstairs, reading, writing, working.

21st. We went out first on foot, bought a trifle of Marynen, replenished our purse at the Banker's, got a book illustrated by Chodoweiki at Papillon's, and then paid a visit to Stroobant, who is always more or less unsatisfactory. Then we took a carriage, and after looking in again at Cools' and Volant's, went on to see M. Fetis, who had only returned the previous evening from London. Mme. Fetis was at home when we arrived, and he came in before we left. They showed all their purchases in England, and many fine things in foreign faience. On leaving them we went on to De Vries to discharge our debt for the reliquaire. She had just got in some snuff boxes and made us take some home to examine at leisure, but I do not think that we shall invest in any of them. This ended our chasse.

22nd. We got up early, having made a beautiful programme for the day. But there were contretemps. The mislaying of an umbrella, a dilatory and perverse driver, crowded streets, and such like contretemps were difficulties not to be overcome, and so we missed our appointed train to Tournai; it was very vexatious, for it spoiled our day, though we both made the best of it. We had started without any breakfast, meaning to eat at Tournai, but, having now some two or three hours on our hands, we went and breakfasted at a neighbouring café, and then read our books in the Salle d'Attente till it was time to start, about 10.30. We had each got a volume of Sir Walter Scott's, so we were not much to be pitied. I had *Nigel*, he *Waverley*. The change of plans led us to go to Lille first. There was not much to be done there. We visited as many shops as the limited time permitted, and brought

away one grand salt glazed teapot, and a little Battersea box. At Tournai, in coming back, we had barely an hour to spend. We looked in at Mme. Detail's; she had a better stock than most of these Belgian people, but it was all very dear, and none of it in our line. It was a pleasure to see the dear old town again, and the Cathedral with its five wonderful towers. The evening was quite lovely, and it was hardly dark when we got back to Brussels. C.S. said that he had enjoyed it, but it was rather too hurried—too much of a scramble for me. We have to start early to-morrow for Antwerp and The Hague. Observe, we did not renew acquaintance at Tournai with old Pourbaix. He had become too tiresome; but I think we ought to have gone to see him, he might have had something good.

23rd We did not start so early as I expected. Our train did not go till nearly 11, which gave us plenty of time to pack up. C.S. went into the town and got another basket, by the help of which all our recent purchases were stowed away. The latest we have made is a snuff-box in dark tortoise-shell, mounted with a lovely female miniature, which De Vries said she had just received. It is very pretty; I wonder if the painting is old. We stopped at Antwerp to deposit our goods with Eva Krug for her to pack, and then we went the round of the shops. Found very little. Our best purchase was a portrait of Philip IV. of Spain, on window glass, taken out of a church. On unpacking our basket at Eva Krug's we were startled at not finding the 6 cups and saucers we bought at Ypres. They must, unaccountably, have been left at Bruges. The 3.15 train brought us on from Antwerp to The Hague, which we reached before 7. They expected us at the Hôtel Paulez, and we have our old comfortable quarters. It was with great regret that we heard, on arriving, that poor old Paulez was dead. He was an institution, and a memory of

our old collecting days. Now his son, Monsieur Adolphe, reigns in his stead.

24th. A lovely day. We went to the little English Church as usual. There is something that pleases me very much in the quiet way in which the service is conducted here, so preferable to the display of our London churches. I was very glad to be there once again. After the service we walked to the Haus in the Bosch and lingered among the trees some time. In the afternoon we took a carriage and drove to Scheveningen to find out the Bisschops, who are leaving their old house on account of their health. After inquiries at the Police Office we discovered their address. Madame was at home. We spent some time with her, and got back in time for table d'hôte. Our old acquaintance, Admiral Capellan, was there—we were glad to see him again. Sat up very late, C.S. writing and I busy posting up the Turkish Work books.

25th. The very loveliest day we have had this year. We started on foot soon after breakfast. In the afternoon we drove; visited all the shops and made some few purchases, but we do not find the "occasions" of former times. However, we got two or three very good pieces of salt-glaze stoneware, and two very curious Battersea enamel heads as snuff-boxes. There were a good many changes. The de Maans have the best furnished shop in the town, near the Arcade. Munchen has moved to Hofstraat. Poor old Isaacson is dead. We paid M. Bisschop a visit in his studio, which he is soon to leave for their new Scheveningen Villa. Showed him the snuff-box with the miniature and the enamel reliquaire we bought of Dame De Vries at Brussels; the former he pronounced to have been spoilt by retouching—the reliquaire he does not consider older than Louis Seize, but he thinks that we got both of them very cheaply. The Jews' holidays are coming

very soon so we have made some change in our plans and arranged to go over to Amsterdam to-morrow. This evening we have been busy writing down our purchases—and C.S. has put them up ready to take them to the Speyers who will pack them for England. The weather is now glorious—like mid-summer, and we are thoroughly enjoying our holiday. These are happy days.

26th. Another lovely morning; we got up at 6, and taking the Holland's Spoor soon after 10, went to Amsterdam. First to Müller's, where there was nothing. Then to Speyer's, where we arranged to call later. We made a regular tour of the shops. Boasberg had some Battersea which tempted us, and a Chelsea bonbonnière (two doves kissing), which he persisted in calling "Enamel" because the lid was Battersea. Bought a Grès at Soujet's, and some large Oriental ware pieces at Speyer's. Van Galen was out. Ganz and Moesel were drawn blank. Our best investment during the whole day was at Goedhardt's, a new established shop, where we bought several things very cheaply. Lunched at Wynant Fokking's, and returned to The Hague by train just after 5 o'clock. Found letters giving anxiety about Brymer, who is reported to have been sent from Egypt to Cyprus, ill, from the effects of a sunstroke. A letter from himself dated the night before the action of Tel-el-Kebir, gives an account of the previous encounter and mentions his not having been well, but then better. He was struck in the encounter, but not seriously.

27th. Spent the day in visiting some more of the shops, and paying for our Monday's purchases. Also we sat awhile with M. Bisschop. At Dirksen's we got a pack of Empire cards, and a fan on which was printed a vignette of "Hope nursing Love", from Reynolds's picture. I saw this fan last year and should have bought it for Lady St. Germans, the picture being at Port Eliot, but I found it a good deal out of

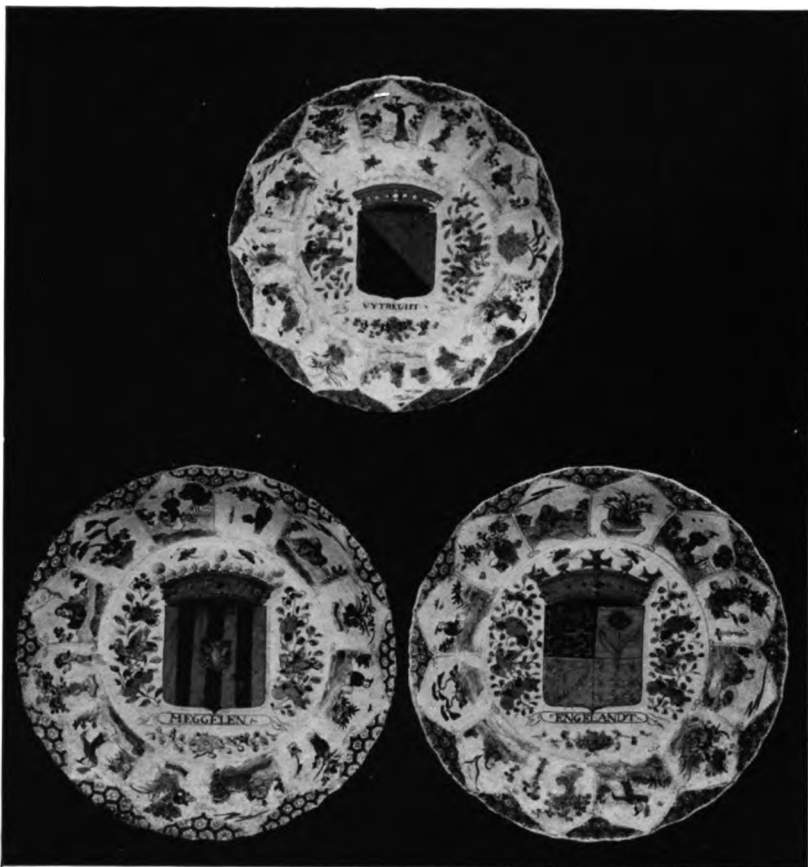
condition, so I hardly liked to offer it to her. But happening to mention to her this year that I had seen such a thing, she expressed a wish for it, so now I am glad that I am still able to secure it. At Brugman's we met with a large and pretty set of Worcester, for which, to our surprise, he only asked £2. 10s., so curiously have prices altered. Of course we bought it with some other things. On going to pay a trifle at Munchen's he showed us some objects, clocks, silver, etc., which he had bought from a "famille noble" since we were last with him. Among them was a pretty little specimen of Eglomisé glass (so called). It was not wonderfully cheap, but we were glad to possess it—16th cent. Letters filled up the evening after dinner. I had heard from Miss Canning about a Bazaar that is to be held at Tunbridge Wells next week, and had to write back to her about selling some Turkish Work there, and to my servant, Bryant, about sending her some pieces.

28th. At about 10.30 we took train by the Rhyn Spoor and came to Appeldoorn. We were a long time on the road considering the distance, and did not get into our hotel, the Nieuwe Kroon, till near 3 o'clock. We went at once to see the Palace of the Loo. We are making these little excursions by way of filling up the time, as the Jews' holidays are going on, and it is of no use visiting the other Dutch towns in search of "antiquities" for the next two or three days. We were always anxious to see William III.'s Palace—so this was a good opportunity. It is anything but fine as a building, and whatever may have been good within it has long since been swept away, first by the French, who made a Hospital of it in the time of Bonaparte, and lately by this King, who gave away all the fine things it possessed in his time to wretched favourites, and has redecorated it with modern rubbish. Of course it is *interesting* to know what is going on in the world, but I must

say this exhibition of bad taste, bad feeling, and bad manners at the Loo, was very disgusting. Our old friend Admiral Capellan had given us all the renseignements for our excursion and advised our going into the Park after seeing the Palace, but as this could only have been accomplished on foot, and the afternoon was far spent, we gave it up, and at once went for the drive he had recommended to the Spanische Cap. This was a long drive, first through stunted firs and beech, bordered here and there by oak copses, and then over barren moorland. The country resembles that between Canford and Poole, and is not to be admired. We got back at 6, dined and soon went to bed for the sake of being warm, for the weather has now changed and is very chilly.

29th. To-day we have torrents of rain, and all idea of walking or driving to see more of the place is out of the question. This pouring rain continued most of the day, only holding off at intervals. We had a rather tedious journey to Hertogenbosch, which, after a long pause at Amersfoot, we did not reach till 5 o'clock. But we each had a volume of Scott (I had the *Antiquary*) so we did not find the time too long. These rains have caused the rivers to overflow their banks in a most disastrous manner. There are miles and miles of flooded pastures between this and Utrecht. We got in just in time for a very disjointed table d'hôte. The evening was spent in posting up my Turkish Work books, in our pleasant old-fashioned chamber at the "Unicorn".

30th. This morning is bright and sunny, and we are prepared to proceed on our way. The object of our visit to Hertogenbosch (Bois-le-Duc) was that we should go over to see Heedwyk Castle, belonging to a curious old collector, M. Van Bogaert, so we took a carriage and had a pleasant drive thither of about an hour and a half. It would be vain to endeavour to describe the



THREE CHINESE DISHES WITH ARMORIAL DECORATIONS APPLIED TO SUIT THE DUTCH TASTE. THE FIRST PIECE IS INSCRIBED "VYTREGHT"; THE SECOND SHOWS THE ARMS OF THE MEGGELEN, AND THE THIRD BEARS THE ROYAL ARMS AND THE WORD ENGELANDT. THE OTHER DECORATIONS ARE OF THE USUAL KANG-HE STYLE WHEN ADAPTED AND ELABORATED TO PLEASE EUROPEAN TASTE

Lord Wimborne's Collection

Castle, a mixture of all that is old and modern, surrounded by a moat. Building is still going on. I never saw any place so completely *filled* with old things of every kind and description. If the collection could have been judiciously weeded, it would have been very interesting. As it was, it was rather oppressive than otherwise. The best part of it, as it seemed to me, was the armoury. We spent nearly two hours at Heedwyk and then returned by another and prettier route, through the cheerful suburb of Vugth; we had time to walk a little in the town and to look into the magnificent Church before our early dinner; curiosities there were none. At 6 we took train again for The Hague, where, after an hour's delay at Utrecht, we arrived soon after 10 o'clock.

OCTOBER 1882

JOURNEY CONTINUED

Sunday, October 1st. To Church. Then we looked into the Vyverberg Museum, where I first saw the printed Battersea enamel of Charles Edward in the dress of Betty Burke, in which he made his escape. This is a duplicate of that which we acquired this year at the Hamilton Palace Sale. In the afternoon we drove over to Scheveningen to see Mme. Bisschop, and she went with us to the Belvedere to show us the beautiful view of The Hague, after which we took a little turn in the pretty surrounding woodlands which we had not made acquaintance with before. Great was our surprise at seeing Huntly and Amy come into the Hotel to-day. [Lady Charlotte's nephew, the present Lord Huntly and his wife.] C.S. and I dined at the table d'hôte, and afterwards I was busy at the Turkish books till a late hour.

2nd. Up again at 6 this morning and off soon after 8, on one of our ceramic expeditions, as in olden days. First to

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Gouda, where we found very little either with Cohen or old Van Pavoordt. Our best purchase was with the latter, a coffee set of black with Etruscan decoration, signed Wedgwood and Bentley. Next to Rotterdam, where we drew almost blank. Paid a long visit to old Van Minden, who has now given up making sales and travelling to England, and who we shall probably see no more, as Rotterdam will hardly be worth exploring again. Went to the Bank (Rotterdamsche Bank) to draw some supplies, and were refused on an imaginary difference in Coutts's signature. The train did not suit to leave Rotterdam till half-past 2. We were at Delft by 3. Swept into the town to find all barren. At 4 were at The Hague, and having deposited our small purchases at the Hotel, went on at once by the steam tram to Scheveningen. The Bisschops had told us that the Rotterwelts, who had a shop there in summer, could show us some good things. We found they had one or two pieces of Battersea, which we secured, and then returned to the town by the horse tram. It was one of the most beautiful evenings I ever remember, the sky was quite radiant as the sun went down. On our way back to the Hotel we called at the Banker's and got the supplies which had been refused us in the morning, and also did one or two commissions in the town. We joined Huntly and Amy at dinner in the eating room, about 7.30, after a busy day.

3rd. Again we were up early. Took the Holland's Spoor to Leyden. The town was all bedecked with flags in honour of the anniversary of its deliverance, and beautiful it looked on this, one of the finest mornings of the year. We walked gaily along admiring all we saw, and little expected the change which suddenly supervened. It was all sunshine when we went into Rossune's shop—we did not stay there many minutes—and when we came out we found it was raining

heavily. Our chasse at Leyden was not very productive. Leureman had nothing, Reitberger was gone, Rossune and Karsten had hardly anything, Randor was absent, most of the population being *en fête*, or at Church in honour of the raising of the siege. A young man whom we saw in Karsten's shop offered to take us to a private dealer's, where there were things to be bought. He got us a carriage, and we went to the house of the Custodian of the Museum, a little way out of the town. There we bought a little Chinese deity, of rather the better sort at a trifling price, the only thing the old man had worth looking at; and then we drove back to the railway station, and so on to Haarlem, where we spent four hours, during which the weather cleared up for another most lovely afternoon. We drove about at Haarlem. The character of its shops has altered a good deal. Franse having changed his manager had nothing good or old to show, Romain's new shop was bad and dear; we got a plate at old Hauja's and were regretting our loss of time and trouble, when, as a sort of forlorn hope, we looked into Leeuw's, where we never yet found anything to buy, and our eyes were greeted with the sight of the loveliest of smelling bottles of fine Bristol glass! I need not say that I carried it off in triumph to add to the three other little darlings that I have at home. After all this, there was still time and to spare, for a visit to the Industrial Museum, before returning to The Hague. Did some commissions in the town, and gave our purchases to Brugman to be packed, and then joined Huntly and Amy at dinner: sat with them for awhile afterwards, and then prepared for the morrow's journey.

4th. Left The Hague by an early train to Utrecht, where we spent a short 2 hours. Went through most of the shops, but had not time to go into Hamburger's, which we the less regretted as he is always so dear and impracticable. Our only

find at Utrecht was a Böttger Canette, polished and gilded, which we got at Van Gorkum's. We got to Leeuwarden about 4 o'clock, and set off immediately on our chase there. We did not find at old Huisinga's the fine eggshell he formerly had, but we got a few pieces from him. The poor old man seems very ill, and I should doubt if we ever saw him again. He directed us to the tailor's, Semei, where we saw very few pieces, but were rather tempted by two fine groups of deities with lions, green and yellow Oriental. He asked us 100 florins for them. We thought them worth it, but did not feel inclined to make so large an outlay without looking at them again and with a better light, so we deferred our decision till the morning, and went back to our Hotel at 6, to dine. We put up as usual at the Doelen.

5th. Our first visit in the morning was to De Vries', where we had the disappointment to find that it was another Jews' holiday, The Feast of Tabernacles. We were taken into De Vries' back parlour to see his children seated round a table with a sort of canvas awning stretched beneath the ceiling, as if to represent a tent. De Vries would sell nothing but he allowed us to make a selection of objects, the price of which he is to send after us to Hamburg. However, I carried off a fine Camel teapot of salt glaze which was too good to leave behind, and which I told him I should consider a present, though of course I shall send him back a money equivalent. We found nothing of importance to detain us at Trostwick's or Hendrick's, and went on to Semei's where we looked again at his Oriental groups, which pleased us very much. We carelessly offered him 60 florins for them, and to our surprise he accepted it without hesitation, though a few minutes before he had assured us the lowest price was 100—but he said "you come here every year". I don't see what that had to do with it as we had never even bought anything of him before; how-

ever, we carried off our groups rejoicing. There being nothing more to detain us at Leeuwarden we went on in the afternoon to Groningen, which we reached at a little after 4. Put up at the Trigge, and set out at once on a voyage of discovery. Drent's shop is fuller than ever of rubbish, and the only other shop in the place, on the road from the station, is worse even than his. So we filled up the time till our dinner hour in searching for Mr. A. Oppenheim, with whom we had made a table d'hôte acquaintance last year at Amsterdam, and who had then told us if ever we came to Groningen he would have pleasure in showing us the collections there. We discovered that he was brother of the Banker, and while we were at dinner he came in and promised to arrange plans for the morrow.

6th. When the morrow came, C.S., who had been struggling some days with a sore throat, found himself so ill, that when Mr. Oppenheim came to fetch us for our day's trip, we had to ask him to send a doctor instead, so he stayed in bed all day, only getting up a little while in the evening—and I did not go out, except as far as the chemist's opposite, where I went to fetch his medicine.

7th. Again we were both prisoners to the house, our only incident being a visit from the doctor, M. Deephuis. It was very unlucky for C.S. to lose, thus, two days out of his holiday. For my own part I had plenty to do, and employed myself industriously in posting up and arranging the Turkish books.

Sunday, 8th. C.S. was so much better that his doctor took his leave and told him to go out. It was a most lovely day. We were rather astonished at the modest fee our physician claimed, *i.e.*, 1 gulden, or 1/8, the visit, but that, we were told, was the regular charge. Of course we did not confine ourselves to it. About middle-day we sallied forth to Mr. Oppenheim, whom we found at an hotel. He took us at once to see the collection of M. Nap, which was interesting to us in

many ways. Almost all his china is Oriental, and, for the most part, blue and white. He showed us many good specimens and seemed to have a good knowledge of his subject.

The collection is a considerable one, and we should have enjoyed it more if it had been allowed more room to display itself, instead of being piled up on heaps, after the manner of Dutch collections in general. After this M. Oppenheim expressed a wish to go home "to take his coffee", which resulted in his making us join in an excellent luncheon of fresh oysters assisted by a bottle of champagne. We then set out again on our tour of discovery—saw one very small collection, which had nothing in it—went to a little house in the suburbs where a poor woman sold some rubbish and where we got a little salt glaze teapot, and then walked about to look at some of the curious façades of old houses in the place. One of these is dated 1552, and has on it medallion portraits of Charles the First, Alexander, etc. Another has the Spanish motto, "Dios con nos y una figa para Vos". Happily we had a lovely day, quite warm and sunny, for all this exploring, and C.S. was none the worse for it.

9th. Called at 6. We were now packed and ready for our journey hence. We had a very good journey—passed the Douane without even an inquiry—took a biscuit, etc., at Oldenburg and reached Bremen after 3. Our train to Hamburg was not to go on till after 7, so we went on to the station for the Hamburg Line, where we deposited the maid and luggage, and then went into the town to see if anything was to be met with there to suit the Collection. We went first to our old friend, the jeweller Sanders—his shop yielded nothing; from it we went on to Villmer's, where there was a very small display; but C.S. discovered one small glass goblet engraved with the Crown and initials of our George II. We made an attempt to find another dealer in the suburbs, whom

Sanders had told us of, but we failed, so we went to Hillman's Restaurant to dine, and got a very good dinner, which was a relief after all the miserable cooking of Holland. I am no epicure, nor *care* what I eat, but sometimes I have found it difficult to manage the required food. So little do I care, indeed, for eating or dress, that I often say, in parody of the Apostle's words, that could I do *without* food and raiment, I should, indeed, be content. I was sorry to leave Bremen with only a side glance at the Town Hall, and the good old Roland-säule. Before 7 we rejoined the maid and luggage at the station, and about 9.30 we were at Hamburg.

10th. Hôtel de l'Europe. Very comfortable rooms au second. Our "collecting basket" recognised by the old porter, who has had the handling of it many times in successive years; we have now a "chicken basket" in addition, which C.S. got at Brussels. It is more capacious, but will not supersede its old predecessor. Breakfast over, we proceeded, as in duty bound, to visit Froeschel's shop, where, as usual, we found many fine things, and a few of them to suit us, both in sort and in price. Froeschel himself was there and full of excitement. He had with him Bourgeois of Cologne, and was full of the Johann Paul's Sale at the said Cöln, which takes place on Monday. We saw the Collection when we were here last year. Thence to the Post Office, where a heap of letters awaited us, and, among them, a most cheery letter from Brymer, dated Cairo, 24th of Sept., which allayed all C.S.'s anxiety about him. In the course of the afternoon we visited Stern's and old Frankenheim's, and the other little shops, on wheels, finishing up with Auerbach's, where we found some salt glaze. Dined at 6. After it, went, "chicken basket" in hand, to Froeschel's to leave the few objects we had picked up since leaving The Hague, to be packed with the purchases of the morning.

11th. In the morning visited the Museum. Dr. Brinkmann, the Director, is away at Cöln. The town of Hamburg has voted him a large sum (£2500) to be spent at the Johann Paul's sale, for the benefit of the Museum. Misled by a fine piece of Busch's decoration, which we saw at the Museum. We went again to old Frankenheim's and brought away a little needlecase in that style, which he had shown us on the previous day, and which we thought rather pretty. When I put it into water in the evening to take off the shop ticket, I found the decoration was entirely superficial and disappeared rapidly. So much for old Frankenheim of whose iniquities we had often heard. It was rather humiliating to have been taken in, but, nevertheless, very ludicrous. We wrote and busied ourselves with accounts in the evening.

12th. Made some further purchases at Froeschel's, and went to a very fine collection, chiefly of armour and mediæval objects, belonging to Mr. Campe, a bookseller, a very nice man and intelligent. In the afternoon we went again to Frankenheim's, who professed great surprise and regret, and let us take a small Dresden box in exchange for our forgery by paying the increased price for it. There were one or two shops mentioned in the address book which we had not visited, so we proceeded to make the rounds before coming in to dinner. We had but a fruitless drive, until just at the last, when we called at 16 Neu Gras Market, where we met with an interesting old man, a native of Hanover, who had lived many years in Edinburgh, and who, at the age of 86, was preparing to go over to make a sale at Forster's in Pall Mall of a number of objects which he had packed with his own hands, and with which his room was crowded. We were quite pleased with the poor old man, who had quite the manner of an old English gentleman. Thus ended our chase at Hamburg. After dinner

(which since we have been here this time we have taken à part, at a reasonable hour, avoiding the table d'hôte) I employed myself in making up my accounts for the Turkish objects which I bought for our Canford Bazaar in August, sending a copy to Mrs. Hanson, and a cheque for the amount (over £25) to Coutts for the Fund. Miss Canning has also been very successful for us at a Bazaar at Tunbridge Wells.

13th. Left Hamburg by a train at about 10 o'clock, arriving at Düsseldorf at about 6. No change of carriages, which was comfortable and not many long stoppages—only one very long one at Osnabruck, where the passengers were expected to eat. We were met at the station by Louis Du Cane [Lady Charlotte's nephew, son of her eldest daughter Maria], who is at a tutor's, learning German, at Düsseldorf. He had engaged rooms for us at the Thungen Hôtel, whither he brought us and he dined with us afterwards.

14th. We took a train at 10 for Cöln, and having found out from Bourgeois where the *Austellung* of M. Paul's collection was to be seen, we proceeded there at once, and it was a rich treat. He has no bric-à-brac, nothing of the mere "Art Decoratif", nothing in our line. His pieces are of a much higher type—Mediæval or Renaissance, Majolica, etc., and even a magnificent specimen of Henri II. ware. It is very sad to see such a fine collection dispersed. They reckon that it ought to fetch about £250,000. We afterwards met M. J. Paul in Heberle's shop. He said that he should go and look at his possessions once more, when the rooms were cleared of people, and should then leave Cöln. I felt heartily sorry for him. Of course we could not go away from the City without visiting all the shops we could find. Bourgeois' is magnificent, but much beyond us in price. We found a few trifles, very cheap, at our old friend Giersberg's, in the Stolkgrasse, and others at a shop we had never visited before, Müller's (An Hof

14), which is one of the most curious places I was ever in—more like a warehouse than a shop. We got back to Düsseldorf at half-past 4, and immediately set out on a voyage of discovery. Nobody had ever heard of such a thing as a curiosity shop, but by dint of inquiries we discovered no less than five, and one of them, Morschender, 8 Victoria Strasse, of rather an ambitious kind. There was but little anywhere to tempt us, but “there might have been anything”. Louis was with us and dined with us afterwards. There had been an idea of his taking me to the theatre, but we did not get back to dinner till 7 o'clock, so that was out of the question. I did not much regret it for I was very sleepy when the evening came.

Sunday, 15th. Louis joined us and went with us to the English Church. Luncheon of oysters at a neighbouring restaurant, which caused us some amusement. Afterwards by train to Neuss, only a 10 minutes' run. The Cathedral is one of the finest Romanesque buildings I have yet seen. The West front, quite magnificent. Spent an hour and a half at Neuss, and then returned. This Düsseldorf is a large and good town, but has nothing interesting in it, and is awfully dull. I miss the noise, the bustle, the busy life of Hamburg, where the constant roll of wheels prevents one ever feeling dull or lonely. After this—no events, but dinner at which Louis joined us.

16th. Up again early and off by a 10 o'clock train to Aachen. Louis came to see us off, and to help with the “Collecting Basket”. Put up at Bremel's Hotel, where we are always very comfortable, and spent the afternoon in the shops, of which there are not quite half a dozen. Found a few very good trifles, among them a pair of salt glaze plates, or rather baskets, enamelled in Chinese figures, etc., which are very remarkable, but for which we had to pay a good price (£4), having been asked £6. Poor old Fey remembered us, and

showed us a wax head of George III. on which C.S. had written the name when we were last here. I think this must have been in 1877. Came back to a very nice dinner, for which I had but very little appetite. I have not been quite well the last day or two, but *feel* stronger to-night. I think the sudden cold may have affected me.

17th. We left our Hotel earlier than we need have done, because we promised to call at old Florsheim's to see some Chelsea figures on the way to the station. However, he disappointed us, not having reached his house when we got there. Our train went at 10, and in about half an hour we reached Liège, having passed through the Douane without a word, or any trouble. It was much warmer to-day and we had a most lovely sunny morning, so that we thoroughly enjoyed the charming scenery we went through. The trees seemed lighted up with gold, as their changing leaves caught the beams of the October sun, and the brightness of the verdure was marvellous. But all this did not last; we had heavy clouds and some showers in the afternoon. Stayed nearly four hours at Liège. Went to all the shops but made very few purchases. We took the train on to Brussels before 4, and were at the Hôtel Mengelle in good time for dinner. I have just finished Scott's *Old Mortality*, an awful picture of Scottish Civil War. Found Admiral Van Capellan at dinner at our Hotel.

18th. We were not very early, but we got out before 12, and went round several of the shops without seeing anything. The good woman at Tulpinck's gave us the address of a "private" dealer, living at Laeken (a Mme. Schweis) so thither we drove. It was a most lovely day and our drive was a most agreeable one. Mme. Schweis had a good many Oriental plates and cups and saucers. She was not over cheap, but her things were good. We bought two plates of her, decorated in cocks; looked in at Stroobant's, then at

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Papillon's, where we got some prints, then at Balthazar's, where we found some English Ware teapots and a very curious salt glaze basin having an attempt at the Royal Arms of England upon it. We got back soon after 4, and are now preparing for our journey. We propose to leave for Bruges to-night and hope to reach home to-morrow. At 8.30. left Brussels, arrived at Bruges about 10.30. The chimes were sounding merrily as we walked from the station to the Hotel, where we found awaiting us the "Ypres" Cups which we had inadvertently left behind us on our way through, and which Mrs. Berrington had been keeping for us.

19th. Took the 9.30. train to Ostend, where we crossed over to Dover, arriving before 3. It was a beautiful morning and we had a lovely passage for the first part of the time, but it came on to blow hard and for the last hour it was rough. Reached home at 5. All well, thank God.

20th. Very busy day at home. In the afternoon went to the Mansion House to see the Exhibition of the "Harpers' Co." Very interesting.

Saturday, 21st. After a morning of hard work, left by the 5. o'clock train for Canford where we are now. We are quite alone here, Ivor and all his being absent. We have come down for a ceremonial proposed to be held at Poole to-morrow. I am to give away some prizes to a Fine Art School.

Sunday, 22nd. The place is looking beautiful. There are occasional showers mingled with the most wonderful sun-lights. At Church in the morning. A very excellent sermon from Mr. Damer. Paterson, the Estate Agent, has been here, and has taken to Poole our contributions to the Fine Art Exhibition, which is to be held there this week. I shall be very glad when we are quietly settled at home again. Our little tour was a very successful one,

and all seems to have gone on well. Amongst other causes of gratitude I must not omit to record that the first thing I saw in the paper on our arrival was that Brymer's ship had arrived in England—and I had the pleasure of reading out the paragraph to C.S., whose mind is greatly relieved by his brother's safe return. Spite of all the favouring circumstances, I am feeling rather weary—and foreseeing an enormous amount of work before me, with the accounts, the collection, and the Turkish embroideries, I am anxious to begin at it in right earnest.

OCTOBER 1883

On Thursday the 26th of April my dear husband was laid low with a sudden congestion of the lungs. It yielded to remedies sufficiently for us to leave town for Folkestone on Tuesday the 22nd of May. There we remained till Tuesday the 31st of July. We had three excursions to the Weald of Kent, which, I think, were too fatiguing for him, but there was business to be attended to. We also made three excursions to Boulogne, returning the same day; beyond this, our incidents were few. Ivor, Cornelia and Blanche went over to Boulogne on one of our excursion days, being on their way to Kissingen; and we saw Ivor and Blanche again on their landing at Dover on their return, poor Cornelia having preceded them on account of the death of her father. We sometimes drove about a little—went to Saltwood Castle, to Hythe, Sandgate, etc., and once had a most lovely expedition by road to Dover, returning through a very pretty country.

[Then follow the many details and episodes of Mr. Schreiber's ill health which occasioned a tour to Lisbon and led on to a visit to the Cape of Good Hope.]

JOURNEY TO THE CAPE

OCTOBER 1883 TO MARCH 1884

25th. At 12. the ship sailed—we had taken our passage to Lisbon, which we reached on Sunday night. The weather had been most propitious, the Bay very calm, and, though the vessel rolled a good deal, we suffered no inconvenience: we were both quite comfortable as far as the sea-going was concerned. Now, C.S. had been ordered specially a long sea voyage, so when we got near the end of it in eight and forty hours, we began to consider that we could hardly have done enough for any good results, and that being well established in our berths, it would be wiser to proceed to the Cape at once. We decided to do so accordingly, and prepared letters to send on from Lisbon announcing our change of plans. I am very glad we came to this resolution: whatever may come of it, we must always feel that we have acted bravely and for the best, and as events have since proved we seized the best moment for the voyage. Earlier the weather had been rainy and unsettled at the Cape—later we should have reached much hotter summer weather. For my own part, I have long felt a dreadful and unaccountable horror of the sea, but, thank God, now that it became my *duty*, this feeling suddenly subsided. We did not see the entrance into Lisbon Harbour, but found ourselves anchored opposite to the City, when we came out on Monday the 29th. It was a

great pleasure to look at the old place again—a good many people went on shore, we did not do so, fearing all extra fatigue for C.S. It was amusing to see the boats coming alongside with fruit and flowers, etc., and to observe all the little incidents of their traffic with the passengers. We invested in a couple of comfortable Madeira cane chairs. It was announced that we were to proceed again at 3 o'clock, but it was near 5 before we got off. The whole scene was most glorious—the sight of Belem revived many memories. On the evening of Wednesday the 14th of November we anchored in Table Bay. We had had a swift and very calm voyage. The only sights which varied the monotony were occasional fish, Albatrosses, a Whale, and a distant glimpse of some of the Cape Verd Islands; very rarely a sail on the horizon. The Mail bound for England steamed out just as we were entering the Bay, and just as we sighted her we were, I believe, in some danger: our engine suddenly stopped, one of the valves had become blocked, and, as there was a stiff breeze blowing, we might, had the damage not been speedily repaired, have drifted on the Kobben Island, where nothing could have saved us from being wrecked, as the bottom is too rocky for anchorage—it was an anxious moment, even for those who did not know the extent of the risk, but we were mercifully preserved. There is but little to say about the passage. I was perfectly well the whole time, and spent all my days, and most of my evenings, on deck. I read some Shakespeare (brought with me), some Walter Scott (found on board), and I did some work, cutting up some lengths of Turkish embroidery into chair backs. I do not think that the voyage made any appreciable difference in my husband's health—we have to look forward to what the Cape climate may do for us. But to return. The rolling in Table Bay was excessive; nothing could stand on the tables, and we

seemed, sometimes, as if we must topple over : this, however, was said to be impossible, so we discarded the idea from our minds. We were told, after the time, that what had made our pitching more severe was that a flange of our screw had broken on entering Lisbon Harbour. As soon as we came to anchor—it was too late to go into dock—boats came off to us for the Mails, and to take off one or two private parties, which, in the heavy swell, was by no means an easy task. That night, of course, we slept on board, and when we woke next morning we found ourselves in the Dock. I have said that we had lovely and exceptionally calm weather for our passage; we were equally fortunate in other respects: we had a very amiable Captain, Webster, who had read much, and did his best to make our meals pleasant—we sat near him—at the opposite side sat a most charming lady, la Vicomtesse Montmart. We very soon became friends, and at our first conversation I found out that she and her family were already acquainted with Henry's family, and knew my Enid. She is the heiress of a Swede (Mons. Letterstedt), who had settled years ago near the Cape, and made his fortune, having established a Brewery and other things. Madame de Montmart was a great resource and comfort to me, and I spent much of my time sitting by her on deck. I also made a valuable acquaintance in Dr. Parson, the physician to the Hospital at the Cape, to whom I laid open our case, and with whom I consulted before we finally decided to prolong our journey from Lisbon. He will not take any private practice, but promised to be of any use to me in his power, and to come and see us on our arrival "as a friend". There were several other people on board whom we came to know a little—Mr. Versfeld, descended from one of the old settlers, a very gentlemanly man; M. de Villiers, a Cape lawyer, very quiet and unassuming, who took delight

in comforting and amusing his hearers with horrible accounts of disasters at sea whenever a slight freshening of a breeze, or other incident, gave him the opportunity. Among the English passengers was Mr. Gordon Duff, going out to Natal to join his wife, who was a Tennant, in the *hope* of being able to get her home to her friends, though everybody says she is dying of consumption. There was another Scotchman, Mr. Dunant Stewart, who had married a Cape lady—there was a Cape shipbuilder, Mr. Robertson, rough and ready—a Glasgow man, whose name I never heard, travelling for a wholesale confectioner's house, and many others of whom I only also got glimpses—some young officers joining their Regiments, and some people (among them a very stout man, with a very stout wife) going to the Diamond Fields. I must not forget a spoilt little urchin, who answered to the name of Charlie Orton, who was the pet of the whole ship, though full of innocent mischief. I saved him once from going overboard, so I felt a sort of interest in him, more than his mother seemed to do. She went by the name of "Charlie's Mamma". Much of our comfort on board was due to the attention of our cabin steward, who did everything he could for us. I should be most ungrateful if I did not remember "Porter". [There were games, quoits, cricket, sometimes amateur musical performances. The stewards gave one of these at which it was considered etiquette that we should assist—one of the Quartermasters sang "Tom Bowling" admirably. [Lady Charlotte continues with many details of everyday life on board ship, but nothing occurred just at this time which can be considered of importance in regard to her interest in antiques.]

Thursday, 15th. After breakfast we prepared to leave the ship, an American Man-of-war greeting us with "God save the Queen". We got off by a train at $\frac{1}{2}$ past 11., and

in about an hour were at Wynberg, which is only 8 miles off. Found Cape Carts for our luggage; we ourselves walked to the Hotel, which is but a very short way from the station. I have no words for the beauty of the scenery through which we passed. Very good rooms prepared for us. There was a luncheon about 1.; after it we sauntered out and found our way to the "Camp" where the 91st Highlanders are quartered, enlivening the scene with their brilliant costumes. In the afternoon Miss Tennant, a connection of Mrs. Gordon Duff's, came to call upon us.

Friday, 16th. The first event of the day was a visit, most unexpected, from Mrs. Mackarness, a sister of my friend Mrs. Morrison, whose husband, son of the Bishop of Oxford, is a young barrister here. It was very pleasant to see her and to receive her warm greeting. Again this afternoon we walked up to the Camp, and prolonged our walk among the beautiful pine forests beyond it.

Monday, 19th. Madame de Montmart had invited us to an early luncheon at their pretty place, Maria Dahl, so we took the train to their nearest station "Newlands". After luncheon they drove us to the neighbouring village of Mowbray to see a Malay wedding. The Bridegroom and the Bride's father were both masons working in their Brewery. It was a curious sight. In the house we went into there were two large rooms, one on each side of the passage entrance. There were long tables placed down each of them, and these were laden with dishes of every kind, specially cakes and sweet things. The Bride, richly dressed in white, sat in the middle, facing the door, with a huge wedding cake in front of her—none but females were entertained in this room. They sat closely packed at each side of the table, all of them dressed in the gayest colours, but very "tastily", and many of them with gauze and gold head-dresses. They kept up



A FINE CHINESE JAR AND COVER WITH YELLOW GROUND IMPRESSED WITH A DESIGN
OF CURVES. THE RESERVE IS PAINTED WITH THE FAVOURITE SUBJECT OF BOYS
PLAYING
Lord Wimborne's Collection

a mournful and most discordant chant all the time they were there, and this, we were told, consisted of hymns. When we came in they placed chairs for us near the door, and brought us tea and cakes, which, as in duty bound, we accepted. None but the females were in this room—that on the other side was set apart for the men and such females as could not find a place in the other. After a time the Bride withdrew, shaking hands with us as she passed, and then we were told she had gone to change her dress, a ceremony which she has to repeat at least four times in the course of the day. We then went into the room where the Bridegroom and his friends were feasting and where the same unmelodious singing was going on. We sat there some time. One of the women who had overflowed into this room, held in her arms the loveliest baby of about ten months old I ever saw—beautifully modelled features, hands and feet, and brightest eyes—perfectly black—it would have been a charming model for a bambino to be placed with some of the black Virgins of the Peninsula—I took the child for a minute or two, to get a good look at it. We should have waited to see the Bride come out in her new apparel, but the heat was very great, so we went on to the house where the young people were going to live, and where the bridal chamber was thrown open to view: it was not very large—more than one quarter of it was taken up by a large four-post bed; beside it was the dressing-table bearing the looking glass, large pincushion, etc., at its foot was the washing-stand. The rest of the room was nearly filled by the round table covered with a gay-coloured cloth—everything else in the room was draped in white with white ribbons—orange flowers in the richest profusion. The Bridegroom's father, mother and sisters were here, and we saw some handsomely dressed Priests. When we drove away, there was another ceremony of offering in cakes, of

which we were bound to partake. They told us that this programme would be continued for three days before the Bride was brought home. The Bridegroom goes to the place of worship, but there is no religious ceremony in which the Bride joins. After all this Madame de Montmart drove us, by some beautiful Forest roads, back to our hotel.

Friday, 23rd. Went by train to the Cape. We went to the rooms of Col. Robley, who is supposed to have paid great attention to ceramic subjects. We found it to amount to this, that he had collected specimens of china found on the beach, and said to have been the result of the wreck of the Haarlem ship which took place in 1648. He has also employed divers to bring pieces up. The result is that he possesses a vast number of small scraps, mostly white and blue, none coloured or polychrome, and none of fine quality. The only information to be derived from this collection of small rubbish was, what we knew before, that the Dutch of the 17th century were addicted to "blue and white", this ship having been wrecked on her way, with this ceramic charge, to the Mother Country. After our visit to Col. Robley, C.S. went to have his hair cut, and I took luncheon at Poole's; afterwards we visited the Library and Museum, and on our way to the station called to see a plumber named Smith, who has promised to look out for china for us, being somewhat in *that* line himself. He showed us some scraps from the Haarlem ship, and a very good vase of Japanese china, which he bought at one of the sales on the Parade for half a crown! But those days are past!

Sunday, 25th. Took luncheon with Sir David Tennant, who is Speaker. He lives in a very pretty Villa, Buona Vista, near here, but though the distance was short we thought it best not to walk to it, as it was a very hot day, so we availed ourselves of one of the "Cape Carts". I was glad of an

opportunity of trying one of those vehicles, and found it not at all unpleasant. Sir David drove us back to our Hotel after luncheon. He is a kind and courteous old man, and we are pleased to have made his acquaintance. He has given me a copy of the *Cape Commanders*, a most interesting book containing notices of the early Dutch Settlers which are extracted from the Archives of the Colony.

Monday, 26th. This morning's drive took us to see some vases which Miss Tennant had lately bought of a Mrs. Taylor, near the Camp, at whose house they still remained. They are Japanese—not good—not a pair—and the better one of the two, broken all to pieces. Thence we proceeded to call on a lady, Mrs. Southey, who, we were told, had some fine Worcester. The daughter-in-law, whom we saw, kindly showed us everything. The so-called Worcester was trash; probably Colebrook Dale; but there was a very fine pair of Chelsea vases, one on each side of the fireplace, which I would gladly possess if they were for sale. These and a beautiful Oriental bowl (used at the family Christenings), which belongs to Sir David Tennant, are the only good pieces of china which we have seen in the Colony. In the afternoon we fetched Mrs. Mackarness and went with her to call at the Bishop's, to see their pretty place: after which we attended a Band practice of the Scotch Regiment at the Camp. There was rather a smart reunion on the occasion, and we were introduced to the Van der Byls, and the General's wife, Mrs. Smith.

DECEMBER 1883

SOUTH AFRICA AND HOMEWARDS

December 1st. Went to Cape Town by a 9.45 train—rather an early move for us. The carriage met us at the station, and we were just starting for a drive to the Kloof when we were

advised to go and look at the weekly market, which is held every Saturday on the Parade. Sometimes good and curious things may be picked up there. To-day, there was certainly nothing in our *line*, though there would seem to be a display of everything, from horses, carts, and farm produce, to crockery, engravings, furniture, poultry, vegetables, etc., a characteristic sight—a kind of Rastro. As we came away we met our plumber, Mr. Smith, who took us into a neighbouring street, where in the window of a cabinet maker, Isaac by name, there was a pair of modern Oriental vases, which he thought very fine; we got into conversation with the said Mr. Isaac, who told us that he had a beautiful pair of vases at his own house, so we asked to see them, and took him in the carriage to his habitation, which proved to be a very pretty Villa, situated in a lovely garden and commanding a magnificent view over the town and the surrounding mountains—we were very glad to have seen it, but as for the vases!—they were modern. After this we called at the Post Office to see if there were any answers to an advertisement we had put in the papers in the hope of attracting the notice of people possessed of objects of art, and willing to part with them, but there had been an informality, and so no answers were forthcoming.

3rd. Went to take luncheon with Mr. and Mrs. Gill at the Observatory—very nice people—we spent a couple of hours very pleasantly with them, and afterwards returned the visit of Admiral and Mrs. Etheredge, who live not far off, and who were said to have very good china—they showed us what they had—only a few bits of blue and white, coarse quality, and comparatively modern.

4th. To Cape Town by railway. The carriage met us at the station, and we drove to the Docks where the *Hawarden Castle* was lying, preparatory to her start for

England on the morrow. We found the Captain on board, and having gone back to the town to do some shopping, we returned to have luncheon with him. He had been so very kind to us on our voyage, that we thought it but due to pay him the compliment of calling. He afterwards drove into the town with us and took us to Murrison, the Agent for the Donald Currie vessels, through whom I have directed that some of the Turkish work may be sent out. Capt. Murrison is a genial old gentleman, who responded very kindly to my suggestions, and I hope that between him and Madame de Jouvencel I may get some business done for our poor people.

On Monday, 10th, we did some shopping in Cape Town, and called with a letter of introduction from Mrs. Gill, on Mrs. Koopman, a charming widow lady, living in a delightful Dutch house of the olden time and possessing a great deal of good china, which she and her sister showed us very graciously. At 1 o'clock we joined Mr. Dwyer and took luncheon with him at Poole's.

15th. Pouring rain in the morning and the weather quite cool. After breakfast we called for Mrs. Mackarness, by appointment, and went with her to "Great Constantia," where the head of the Cloete family lives—they are nice, kind, homely people. They received us in the most hospitable manner, showed us all over the place, and gave us very interesting particulars of early Cape days. [Their house was built by the Commander Simon Van der Stell—it is quite a charming old Dutch house—built, they said, over an arched chamber, in which the slaves, in those days, lived. They took us to see their ostriches, and made our visit so agreeable, that we hope, before we leave Wynberg, to repeat it.

24th. An uncertain, showery day, the principal events of which were visits to the Post Office and telegraphing

about our letters, which, however, did not come. We had to get some wine in the town as our lodgings do not supply it themselves. After some trouble we succeeded in finding something tolerably palatable, and at all events innocent, and were amused at finding we had only to pay three-pence per bottle—it must be “the pure juice of the grape”—but natural productions are cheap here; apricots sell at 6d. the hundred—they are not so large as the best we grow but they are very good when ripe, only they gather them before they are so. We went into a large store when in quest of this wine and the master of it told us a most interesting story relating to the Diamond Fields—I must try to recall it. One night our Englishman heard some voices outside his garden, and looking through the hedge, saw four men composing themselves to sleep—they were talking English, and he spoke to them in their own language. They proved to be sailors, who had just come ashore and were proceeding to the Diamond Fields on foot—our friend gave them some coffee—and some feldschoon (the leather shoe of the country) telling them that it was impossible they could make their journey in their heavy boots: he says that nothing could exceed their delight at hearing their native tongue, and at his kind treatment—next day they went on their way rejoicing. In less than three months, one of the sailors came back, bringing with him £10,000, which he got him to place in security for him—before six months another came, bringing with him £30,000, and a quantity of loose diamonds. This man said he was on his way to England to invest the sum for himself and the party—“But,” said he, “I am apt to be too free, and I am going to the Inn where I may be induced to drink, and I may be robbed; will you take care of my box till the morning?”; having ascertained the contents, our friend consented—the morning came—but the digger did not reclaim his box

—he had got very drunk the night before, had been barely awakened up sufficiently to be hurried into the cart in which he was to travel—and forgot all about his box until he had got a long way on his road. Then he took the first opportunity, on reaching a place where he could hire another conveyance, to return to Ceres. When there, our friend asked him if he had told his adventure to any one on the way, and found that he had been talking of it freely to the man who drove him over. He knew how imprudent this had been, so he persuaded him to discharge this man, to put on an old dress, which he gave him, so as much as possible to avoid recognition, to place his treasures in an old sack and sling it over his shoulder as if it contained only some worthless garments—and then he sent him in his own cart to the place where he could join the public Mail in safety. All this is curious, but more wonderful still—to me at least—is, that some months after, this same man called on our friend again, and told him that he actually got safely with all his treasure to England, and was then on his way back to the diggings once more. This is now some years ago, and he has heard nothing of any of them since. It seemed to me a characteristic tale.

Christmas Day, which they keep here tolerably well, having service in all the Churches, and hanging some boughs and flowers about their houses. In the night we heard choruses of singers going about like our Waits. Our letters came at last. There was nothing in them of any importance—no letter from Ivor—but one from Maria—a long one, from which I gather that all are well at home. We took a little walk in the morning, then wrote for the English mail starting on the morrow, and walked again after we had posted our letters at 5 o'clock. A householder standing at his door, to whom we spoke in passing, asked us in to see his garden,

which is the neatest I have been in, charming little walks bordered with flowering myrtle, etc. We had arranged to go to Worcester on the morrow to consult Dr. Beck at once, but now a report reached us that he was coming over here, and so all our plans are in suspense.

26th. An interview this morning with one Dr. Hurford, the medical man with whom Beck is expected to be in consultation here; he tells me that Beck has telegraphed that he will arrive at 4 o'clock, so, of course, our Worcester journey is delayed for the present. Another lovely day, but with a boiling sun and a sharp air—the night was cold. The other evening I was going through the dining room to call Moody, my maid, whose room lay on the other side of the house, when I stumbled over something, and looking down saw a little black child, wrapped up in white clothing and sound asleep on the floor. I found the poor little creature is a small urchin of six years old, who belonged to the establishment, and keeps Mrs. Van der Merwe's cows. This is his usual dormitory. I inquired about it all in the morning, so the landlady thought I was annoyed at seeing him there, and removed him the next night to other quarters, viz., the passage from this room to the kitchen, but I have taken care to have him restored to his rights, which are of older date than ours, and have pleasure in looking at him, he makes such a pretty picture. Soon after this we walked down to the house where Dr. Beck was expected, and found him already arrived—he promised to come to us later in the afternoon, and did so. His visit was not so reassuring as I could have wished—he advises our moving from our present quarters and going up to Mrs. Mader's. This, accordingly, we did on the following day, Thursday,

27th, she being then ready to receive us. So we took a tender leave of all the little Blacks and Whites at Mrs. Van

der Merwe's, to whom C.S. distributed Christmas Boxes, and arrived, with all our luggage, at Mrs. Mader's before luncheon time. [Some almost too poignant particulars of Mr. Schreiber's illness are here given, and Lady Charlotte ends her description pathetically by adding—] After dinner I felt quite overdone, but lying on the floor with my head resting on the dear old "Collecting Basket" of 1868, I dropped into a sound sleep, which refreshed me, and set me quite to rights again. The hardest thing is to assume constant cheerfulness while the heart is nearly breaking to see these sufferings, all so patiently, so hopefully borne.

JANUARY 1884

THE JOURNEY FROM SOUTH AFRICA: ARRIVAL AT LISBON

January 25th. We leave Ceres very soon, and I feel some regret at going away. Notwithstanding great anxiety, we have had many happy hours together here. Poor dear—he is so patient and affectionate. Though I dare not be too hopeful, I feel very grateful that we have adopted the course we have done. If we had not come boldly on to the Cape, we should have reproached ourselves with having been faint-hearted and not done all in our power, according to Ringer's and Coghill's advice; now we know that we have left nothing untried, which is my great consolation. To-day there is a very high wind, so that I hope my husband will not feel the heat so much in driving. We left Ceres at 10, and arrived at the station in good time for our train; there was a delicious air blowing and C.S. said he quite enjoyed his drive through the Kloof—he felt it like some of the old travelling days. At Ceres Road we took the railway, and after a four hours' run got to Stellenbosch about 4 o'clock. I was very

tired from so many bad nights, and felt rather sadder than usual—and quiet. Mr. Versfeld met us at the train. He was our fellow passenger on the voyage, and had promised to show us this, his native town—but we were afraid from his letters that he would be absent at this time, so we had got Dr. Hahn to secure rooms for us, which he did at Mrs. Wium's. It is a nice old-fashioned Dutch house, and we were very comfortable there, and got better taken care of than we could have expected. After we had taken possession of our quarters, we walked about a little with Mr. Versfeld, and he took us to Miss Vonterman's, who at the request of Madame Koopman, had been trying to meet with some old china for us; she had collected a few pieces for our approval, but they were all worthless except one dish, and that was badly broken, so we came away empty-handed. Another bad night, C.S. suffering very much from the heat.

26th. We breakfasted about 9. Dr. Hahn came to see us soon after breakfast. He is much disappointed that we cannot go and see the Welmoed Farm, near Lynedock Station, which he is going to manage for Miss Forster—but C.S. is much too weak to undertake the fatigue of any such expedition. We took a little drive about the town and neighbourhood with Mr. Versfeld and paid a visit to his mother, who was said to have a very good collection of china, but really it amounted to nothing; we also called at an old Dutch farmer's, named Mr. John Beyers, by Dr. Hahn's request. He wanted us to go and see a neighbouring farm of his, but this there was no time to do, even if C.S. had felt equal to it. This *détour* detained us past 12 o'clock, when it was said to be too late for us to go to see a china collection belonging to Mrs. Beyers, as it would then be her dinner-time, but by all accounts we were not quite the losers.

January 30th. All our preparations, packing, etc., made, we took leave of Wynberg and proceeded by train to Cape Town—here we saw Mr. Justice Dwyer, who volunteers the comfortable assurance that any ship travelling from the Cape to Lisbon was certain to be put into quarantine. [After an uncomfortable and depressing journey, Lady Charlotte and Mr. Schreiber reached Belem on February the 18th, and the next morning at daybreak made their way up the river to Lisbon.]

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About 10. o'clock we landed, our hearts full of gratefulness at being once more in Europe and within an appreciable distance of home. It rained as we went ashore. We had the usual long delay at the Custom House, and then drove to the Braganza, where we had bespoke rooms, and where I was pleased to find ourselves in the same pleasant apartments, looking south and west, and commanding a lovely view, which we had occupied nine years ago : our rooms do not lie so conveniently together as they did then—but that is a trifle. The Hotel is much improved since we were last here, and we are most comfortable. And now we have been here above a fortnight. The weather has been very variable—at first extremely cold, which was a great drawback—then we have had days of rain which prevented our going out—and altogether we are disappointed in the climate. People here say it is a most unusual and late season, and we hope for

better things. Meanwhile we have walked about a little, and taken one or two little drives, and when the sun shines we go into the garden opposite the house, where we can sit and read. One day our driver took us up to Ajuda and back by Belem; we looked at the view from the heights but did not stop at Belem, which we hope to go and see some other day. The Carnival was celebrated on the 24th to 25th, and was quite a nuisance while it lasted. Very few people, comparatively, took part in it, and it seems a mystery how any grown-up people can make such fools of themselves, but the gaping crowds were great and rather obstructive. We have been once or twice in the Rua Aurea and looked into the shops of the Rua Alegerin, but there does not seem the smallest thing worth carrying away. We have inquired for biscuit plaques, such as we found here in 1875, but they are not to be found anywhere.

AT LISBON

March 5th. Yesterday there was a great funeral ceremony at the Se, in honour of the King's sister, lately dead. We drove up to the Se, and went into it for a short time—it was beautifully draped in black and gold, and there was a grand catafalque in the nave, the music very fine; we found the Church very crowded, but luckily the service was nearly over when we reached it, so we had not to wait long. After, we came out before the procession formed for the return, a cortège of State—the King and Queen, Don Fernando, all the Ministers and Diplomats en gala, etc.—Feux de joie—troops—bands of music, etc. We spent most of the afternoon out of doors on the balcony, or in the garden. C.S. has chafed very much at not being in his place to vote on the Egyptian Question, but fortunately they got him a pair

with Mr. Glyn. The weather was lovely yesterday and it is fine and bright to-day, but the air still feels very cold. The first two days after our arrival here we were occupied by our letters.

We found awaiting us the letters of six weeks, many of which had to be attended to. The news from home was, that all the dear children were well—but there had been a dreadful fire at Canford—the staircase entirely destroyed—part of the hall damaged, and a great many fine things, tapestries, pictures, china lost—among other things the 2 Zurbarans, which nothing can replace. Buckner's picture of Sir John—the fine Worcester service which was in the cabinet at the head of the stairs is, of course, gone. The great mercy is, that the fire took place in the daytime (Sunday, Jan. 6th) while the service was going on, and there were numbers at hand to help—so, thank God, no lives were lost. I have had a good deal of writing up of Turkish accounts.

25th. We were disappointed by the return of the cold biting wind which kept us in the house all day. I filled up the time very profitably with my Turkish business; having just received from Liberty's a cheque of £110, to which I have to add some £45 from private sources, my financial statement accordingly, which I sent on to Mrs. Hanson, was a very satisfactory one.

28th. Again a bitterly cold day, and we have not been out at all. C.S. had rather a better night and I have thought him a little better to-day. Mrs. Brackenbury has got me an order for two dresses from Countess Edla, and I have found a new ally at this Hotel—an English lady—Mrs. Beerbohm, through whom I have already sold three sets of doyleys, with hopes of doing more. Countess Edla could not get the samples shown to the Queen, which I am sorry for, but perhaps another appointment may arise.

CONCLUDING NOTES

APRIL 1884 TO SEPTEMBER 1885

[On the 29th March, 1884, Mr. Charles Schreiber's long illness of eleven months ended in his death. For a while the body was laid to rest in the vaults of the English burying-place at Lisbon to await removal to England. The loss was an immense one to Lady Charlotte. At the end of her account of the laying of the coffin in the vault she says, "So ends my *life* on earth. It has been a very happy one, and I have much to be grateful for. Henceforth I have but to bow the head in patience, working and waiting till it shall please my Merciful Father to call me hence." Soon the return to London was made; but, as will be seen by the future pages of the diary, the joy of life had gone out of Lady Charlotte's long and happy days—the remaining years were merely working—and waiting in faith.]

LAST YEARS: LONDON

I ought not to omit that I have had an interview with Mr. Franks, at which Henry Layard was present. My desire has long been, that our valuable, I may say unique, collection of English China and Enamels should be the property of the Nation. I wish to offer it as a tribute to my dear husband's memory. It was a great comfort to me to find that Henry

entirely sympathised with my views on the subject. He advised me to call in our old and valued friend Mr. Franks in consultation. He came and entirely coincided with us.

May 3rd. Henry saw Sir P. C. Owen yesterday, and told him my wishes to place the collection in the South Kensington Museum, which, on consultation, appears to be the most appropriate locale. He acquiesces most warmly, and is to come and see me upon it on Friday next. The idea is not a new one with me. Indeed, years ago, C.S. used to say what a pleasure it would be to collect national objects for the benefit of our country. This plan has slumbered of late years. But the last thing I did last October, before leaving England, was to make a Will, leaving all the "English Collection," as far as I might have the power of leaving it, to the South Kensington Museum, under certain conditions as to its being kept in its integrity, and so forth.

Ivor returned from Branksome Dene on Tuesday and I have seen him much since. It is fixed that he and I should go down to Canford on Tuesday evening to be ready on the spot for any contingencies. Henry was at the Academy dinner last night. He and Enid have now gone out till evening, and I take the opportunity of writing these few words. To show that I am not neglectful of our poor Turkish Refugees, I have sent off large consignments to Countess Hoyos and Mrs. Heyward, within the last few days. I have been at Liberty's, and been in communication with them, and have seen Mrs. Petre to try to interest her in introducing the work at Lisbon. Also I have been in correspondence with Lord Granville, hoping he would allow the work (as before) to come to me through the Foreign Office, but he says he cannot grant me this.

4th. The afternoon was a good deal occupied with

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visitors. Mrs. Hutchins—and Ivor, and M. Waddington came, and I was very little alone. M. Waddington we had not seen since August last, just after he was appointed. He was C.S.'s earliest and best—I might say, his only friend. They were at Trinity together, rowed in the same boat, and were strongly attached all through life. I had a bad night after all this excitement, the worst I have had since my sorrow.

Monday, 5th. We were rather late at breakfast to-day. Brymer came to breakfast. On his way to me he had inquired at Norman's, and found that the *Cadiz* had arrived, bringing the body of my husband.

Friday, 9th. Sir Philip Owen came at 11, bringing with him Mr. Soden Smith (of the South Kensington Museum) and Mr. Church. Henry had told them of my wish that the English Collection should go to the Museum as *his gift* and mine—and they came, as it were, to return thanks. Mrs. Bloomfield Moore was here after luncheon, and later, I went with Cornelia for a drive in her open carriage—she took me to see the marble bust of her father at Boehm's studio. It is very good. I think I have been very foolish in buying a portfolio of fans, only a few of which are worth having, coming from Lord Gosford's sale. Haines brought them to me *at my request*, but I was too hasty in deciding.

JUNE 1884

Wednesday, 4th. Monty has let his house to my sister Mary for the season—so after all he is coming to stay with me. This has been proposed ever since I came back, because they all thought that I should be so lonely, and I have steadily resisted the plan—I knew that nobody, nothing could do me any good—that my health was marvellously good and that I should be always busy. Why, therefore, should I put him to



A WHITE ST. CLOUD GROUP, THE BOY WITH BIRD, THE GIRL WITH CAGE. IN THE ORIGINAL, THE PIECE APPEARS VERY DELICATE AND CHARMING
Lord Wimborne's Collection

the inconvenience of moving out of his own comfortable quarters? It is never pleasant to have two homes at one time. But now that he has a tenant for his place it is different—and will, doubtless, be the better for all parties. Mr. Read came to give me a few more hints about cataloguing, and now I feel bound to begin my catalogue in right earnest. I rather shrink from the task, which will be a very laborious one; but it is not the *labour* I dread—it is my own insufficiency to execute it as it should be done—as it would have been done if only my dear husband had been here to dictate the descriptions as I set them down.

Thursday, 5th. Brymer came to see me and to tell me that he had that morning received a letter from the Horse Guards offering him the command of the Artillery about to be sent to Egypt. He had been in doubt whether it would not be considered unsoldierlike for him to refuse it—but this, he found, would not be the case, which was a great relief to him. He well knows that his health would not stand another Egyptian Campaign, and that he would be of little use to the Service if he undertook it (he was very ill when he was there last time), and so, of course, he did not accept. It would have been very foolish, both on his own account, and that of the Service, had he done so. Monty spent part of the afternoon with me, and since my dinner I have had a visit from poor Mrs. Bloomfield Moore, who was in a state of desperation about a broken vase. Most of my time has been given up to the catalogue, which I have now commenced in good earnest.

7th. In the morning I walked to Mortlock's. I want him to take some Wedgwood, etc., now useless to me, and I want to have some ornamental pieces of his, which would add lustre to the collection—I am to see him again about it. Late in the afternoon I walked to Mrs. Moore's and sat some time

with her in her new house. When I got back I found Monty was installed here. I have been very busy with the catalogue and have finished the "Bow" Section, which I am surprised to find only comprises about some 145 pieces—a few more may come to be added.

Monday, 9th. It is a whole week since I wrote here, and so I remember very little about this Monday, but my impression is that the weather was bad and that I did not get out: of course, I worked—that is now the only thing that gives any relief to my sadness.

10th. Monty went down to Ascot. I spent most of the day, alone, at work. Late in the afternoon I walked down to Eaton Square to see Lady Camden, who is not well, and wanted to show me some of her things. She is now buying specimens of fruits of all descriptions of China and Ware. I had a visit from Mr. Edkins, who presented me with a Medallion of Bristol Biscuit, representing a vase, which is to accompany my collection to the South Kensington. In exchange he begged of me a tile, which I rather treasured, both for its own sake and for its associations. It was brought from the Alhambra in 1832 by a young Capt. Byram Martin, who, though only a casual acquaintance, gave it me because he found me so strongly interested about all that concerns the Moorish occupation of Spain. That was 52 years ago. To think that I have since had the happiness of seeing those enchanted regions!—but, Oh! what memories every action of my daily life recalls.

Wednesday, 11th. In the afternoon Mrs. Moore brought some American friends, Mr. and Mrs. Wales, and Mrs. Scott, to see the china—Mrs. Scott is also a friend of Arthur. Mr. Wales bought some Turkish work.

Thursday, 12th. Monty walked out with me this morning—we went to Liberty's and Mortlock's—the latter not in.

In the afternoon I went to Mr. Franks in Victoria Street, to look over and to discuss points relative to my catalogue. He thinks I should do well to have assistance with it—and proposed Mr. Harding, of Wareham's shop, who has done most of his cataloguing with him, and to whom he proposed to speak for me.

Friday, 13th. In my morning's walk I called at Mortlock's. He does not want my Wedgwood, so my plan of obtaining his fine pieces of Chelsea for the Museum falls through. Monty left town this afternoon and went to Bere Regis. A visit from my sister. Work all the evening at the catalogue. The Chelsea portion of it virtually finished.

Saturday, 14th. A very busy day—Richard Du Cane was with me two hours in the morning—on matters connected with the proving of C.S.'s will. Then came an artist about the re-varnishing of a Watteau picture belonging to Arthur. Then Mr. Harding called and we had some preliminary talk about the scheme of his coming to help me with the catalogue. Before he left me, Mr. and Mrs. Wales arrived to have another view of the china, and they stayed for tea. Later Kerridge came in, bringing me two nice little pieces of Salt Glaze. All these things, added to a good deal of letter-writing and the sending of my monetary report to Constantinople, filled up every moment till 8 o'clock, when I went to dine at Blanche's, meeting there only Constance and Charlie—I had nearly forgotten that, in addition to all this, I had a long visit from Lady Somers. To-day's post brings me news that Mrs. Arthur Hanson is on her way to England, so we shall have the opportunity of conferring, personally, about the Turkish work and its prospects.

Sunday, 15th. Some letter-writing, looking through papers, etc., filled up the morning. Edward called before luncheon and Mr. Harding came in afterwards and made

final arrangements for coming to help me with the catalogue, on which we are to begin to-morrow. The great excitement in the Art world now is this sale of the Fontaine Collection, which begins to-morrow, and which is said to comprise the finest ever seen in England. A syndicate is being formed to secure the best of them and to offer them to the Nation, which will, I hope, agree to take them. I remember, years ago, being taken over to Narford from Westacre by Mr. Hamond, and then being quite dazzled by what I saw—I should be much better able to appreciate the collection now.

16th. Arthur's friend, Mrs. Scott, came to luncheon with me and stayed part of the afternoon—she bought a good deal of the Turkish work which pleased me very much. When Mrs. Scott left me, I had a visit from Audrey Buller (with her sister, Lady E. St. Aubyn), renewing many memories of young cheerful days. Monty returned from Bere Regis in the afternoon. Brymer stayed to share my early dinner. At 8, Mr. Harding came and we commenced our work at the catalogue. We went on steadily till 11, but did not make any progress—we began with the Bow figures, and did about 15—not more. I hope we shall go on faster when we get into the way of it.

Tuesday, 17th. In the morning I was busy writing. In the afternoon I had a visit from Mrs. Haliburton, by appointment, in the midst of which Mrs. Morrison came to talk to me and give me hints about the Turkish work. It ended in her buying a good many pieces. Mr. Harding worked here with me from 8 to 11—we got on a little faster than the previous night and have now finished the Bow figures. But I still have to make fair copies of all we have done.

Wednesday, 18th. Letters, house books, etc. I walked a little, having to do commissions with Liberty and Lowe for mounting the work. Monty was at lunch; after it, I had a visit from Sir Philip Owen, whom I was anxious to see—he

quite enters into my feelings about the necessity of my "Conditions" being put into a Legal form—and said he should get the Board to ask Richard Du Cane to act for us both in drawing up the Document. He also proposed that the Board should assign a sum of £100 to be employed by me in obtaining any assistance I might require in drawing up the Catalogues. This is a very proper thing. The work will be a long and tedious one—I hardly think it will cost as much, but I am to pay Mr. Harding 2/6 an hour, and at our present pace it is impossible to say "whereunto this thing may grow." I went to Gray's Inn to report progress, but Richard Du Cane was out. Early dinner, and three hours with Mr. Harding afterwards.

Thursday, 19th. Having heard that Mrs. Arthur Hanson was to be in town to-day, I walked to her sister's house in Hertford Street and found her there, just arrived from Constantinople. Having arranged for a meeting on the morrow, I went on to Mrs. Moore's with whom I spent a short time before returning to luncheon. There is little else to record of this date, except Mr. Harding's visit in the evening.

Friday, 20th. Mrs. Hanson came very soon after my breakfast, and stayed with me talking over the affairs of our Turkish business, till nearly noon. Monty has left me for a visit to the country—he left yesterday and it is uncertain when he returns—so I am all alone again—but as I am always busy it does not make much difference in that respect—besides that he is very little at home, and I hardly see him except at breakfast. In the afternoon Mr. Peek came by appointment, to see the Turkish work again, and took away some on approval. Brownlow Layard called. He is going to try to sell some of the Turkish work for me and I went to see him about it. Mr. Harding did not come to-night—so I dined at 8, my usual time, and in the evening employed

myself in making fair copies of some of the notices we have drawn up for the catalogue. But I am very weary and did not get on very briskly.

Saturday, 21st. I employed the morning in sending off the Work to Mr. Norman, in writing, etc. Mr. Tuck came, bringing some pieces we turned out of the Collection, and had asked him to sell for us. These he found he could not dispose of—but he brought me £30, for some others he had got rid of. Being half-holiday, Mr. Harding had the afternoon at his disposal, so he came to me for three hours before dinner and again two hours after it. So the catalogue is moving onwards. This was rather a bad day with me. I felt very languid and supremely wretched. I am getting very lazy about keeping a Journal. There never seems anything worth the trouble of writing down—so now a few words only—to sum up a week.

On Sunday, 22nd, I had visits from Cornelia with some of her children and Mr. Clark. Ivor came later and spent some time with me—and also came the following day, Monday, to luncheon with me, which was a great treat. I had been at Gray's Inn in the morning to make necessary affidavits about C.S.'s Will—and on the following day, Tuesday, 24th, I went to Bircham's to see Mr. Groves about my own Will, which I wish now to have settled as soon as convenient. Before luncheon Katharine and Cecil arrived, having come to spend the week with me. Monty dined at home, so Mr. Harding was left to make his Catalogue alone.

Wednesday morning (25th) I walked out with them—took them to Liberty's and to some shops they wanted to see. Katharine and I dined alone.

26th. Walked with Cecil. He is looking out for a wedding present, and I tried to help him. He and Monty

dined out, but Brymer came in just at dinner time and stopped and dined with me and Katharine.

Friday, 27th. Cecil and Katharine went early in the morning to Winchester where their boy is at school, to see a cricket match and did not return till late at night—so I had a long quiet day and did some accounts, besides working at the catalogue.

28th. Anything but a quiet day to-day. Constance and two boys—and Edward Ponsonby came in at breakfast time—then came Mrs. Moore, who took Katharine to show her her new house. Mr. Harding, who has been at work here every night this week, came in the afternoon, and while he was here Mr. Franks called—I had asked him to come and see me, as I wanted to consult him about some of the clauses in the agreement for my “Schreiber Gift,” about which Richard is to see the authorities at the South Kensington on Tuesday. Katharine and Cecil left me about 6 o'clock, to return home, so I dined alone and then devoted the evening to Mr. Harding and the catalogue. Went, very tired, to bed at 11, after a busy day.

Sunday, 29th. Very quiet in the house and very busy. Monty lunched with me. Mr. Ford of Bristol called and I saw him. I am now going to Onslow Gardens to spend the evening with Constance. . . .

I am going to make another attempt at keeping a Journal. It is above two months since I have written a word—and it is scarcely possible to recall any of the incidents of that time. But, indeed, there is little to say. My life has gone on in the same quiet *sad* routine—and my principal interest has been my work at the catalogue. Mr. Harding came every evening, and some part of some days till the 6th of August, when he went for his holiday. All my people dispersed gradually and went to the country—Ivor and his party to Scotland—

Blanche to Ireland—Monty to Dorsetshire. Later on, Katharine came and spent a few days with me. I think she came with Cecil on the 15th of July. Then Cecil left on the 19th, and she stayed on till the 26th, being joined here for a couple of days by her son Monty from Winchester. In the meanwhile she had made excursions with Constance and found a house, for their autumn holiday, at Freshwater, where the Tennysons [early friends of Lady Charlotte] have lent Constance their house, Farringford—Maria and their party have since taken a house there too, so the three families are near together there, forming, as it were, a little colony. The 9th of August was Maria's Silver Wedding day—I sent her my pearl necklace as a present on the occasion. Before she went to the Isle of Wight, she came and spent a day with me—arriving in time for dinner on Friday, 25th. We occupied ourselves in the evening in looking over my lace, and on Saturday morning she put my collection of buttons in order for me. I wish everything to be as well arranged as possible during my life time, so as to leave as little as may be in confusion for those who come after me. Richard [Du Cane] dined with me on the Saturday, and took Maria back to Roehampton after dinner. Mr. Franks had been at work here during the afternoon, as well as Mr. Soden Smith, and he also stayed to dinner. He came again the following day (Sunday, 27th) and Mr. Soden Smith likewise. This is the fourth Sunday Mr. Franks has devoted to the work of my catalogue, and he has been here on other days besides. On the 14th he brought with him Mr. Griffiths, a son-in-law of Mr. Willett of Brighton, to settle some difficult points—and on the 26th and 28th Mr. Read accompanied him and began making transcripts of the Marks. Mr. Soden Smith has also been most kind—on the 26th and 29th busying himself with putting names to the different sorts of ware—I



LADY CHARLOTTE SCHREIBER AT ABOUT THE PERIOD OF HER SECOND MARRIAGE
From the drawing by G. F. Watts, R.A.

do not know what I should have done without all this assistance. Meanwhile I have bought several rather remarkable pieces to add to the collection—a noble raised anchor dish—and a large Bow dish—transfer printed, and with a border in relief, etc. etc.

August 30th. This morning I made an excursion as far as Partridge's, where I remembered a fine salt-glaze ware dish more than a year ago, and have secured it, together with a Chelsea-Derby toilet set. But at a price! However, for my husband's sake, I must make the collection as good as I can and as worthy to be given to the Nation as possible. Arthur has returned from America. His boy, Rhuvon, passed with distinction on the *Britannia*, and is now appointed to the *Agincourt* as midshipman—I have seen him and his sister more than once.

31st. This was altogether a wretched day. I occupied it as well as I could, and went to bed, very tired, at 11.

SEPTEMBER 1884

Sept. 1st. I employed the morning till luncheon in sorting some of the papers in the cabinet between the windows in C.S.'s sitting room. They mostly had reference to ceramic matters, and our happy rambles on the Continent. The task was inexpressibly painful—and knocked me up for all the day. In the afternoon Mr. Willett of Brighton called to look at some of the china and paid me a long visit. The pleasantest incident of the day was that young Norman brought me a substantial cheque for Turkish Work that his firm had sold for me—a good deal of it taken by the Princess of Wales. Mr. Harding has returned from his holiday, and is now busy writing the descriptions of the few remaining pieces of porcelain which I have unearthed from the cupboard. To-morrow he is to begin with

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the Salt Glaze Stoneware. I am terribly tired to-night, almost ill.

Tuesday, 2nd. This has been a busier day than usual. I have had no time to indulge in thinking I felt ill. The first thing was to sort out pieces of Plymouth and Bristol for the engraving, which took me till near midday, when I went out to walk. I called at Mortlock's to inquire about a small example of mine—lent him to copy—he was not in. While I waited a very violent storm came on and I had to stay in the shop until it was over then I looked in at Samuel's, and fearing more rain, returned home. Later I had a visit from Richard Du Cane, who came to tell me he had sold Exeter House. I think he is right, because it will be much more convenient for him and his large family to live in town. Thus another of the old links with the past is dissolved. Before he left me Mr. Read came to pursue his copying of marks, and I had not done dinner before Mr. Harding arrived. He has finished cataloguing what little china there remained to do, and now he is at work in the library on Salt Glaze.

Wednesday, 3rd. A long walk this morning. I wanted to see if anything worth having was to be found at any of the Oxford Street shops; so I called at Gale's, and Reynolds', Higham's, and Welch's, but returned without having met with a single piece. In the afternoon Mr. Soden Smith and Mr. Church came to look over the Ware. The former went very carefully over such part of the collection as he had not already examined, and stayed talking to me some time afterwards. Mr. Harding again in the evening.

Thursday, 4th. The chief event of to-day was that Mr. Read came to copy marks on the china for the catalogue in the afternoon. Mr. Harding at work in the evening.

Saturday, 6th. Mrs. Moore called in the morning



EARLY PLYMOUTH CHINA, SHOWING VARIOUS STYLES OF
DECORATION SUGGESTED BY FOREIGN EXAMPLES
The Schreiber Collection

having just returned from abroad. Mr. Harding was here at work most of the afternoon and evening—and I had a visit from Mr. Colvin (of the British Museum), whom I wished to consult about the best way of getting a copy made of heads in crayons by Watts. I mean to present these copies, if satisfactorily executed, to the South Kensington, to put with the collection. [These were the portraits of Lady Charlotte and her second husband, here reproduced.] I may here mention that I had the photographs of C.S. neatly framed, and have given one to each of the servants, who, I think, appreciate it. Mrs. Fortescue, who called the other day, also asked to have one. I was quite surprised to find that she did not like the idea of my sending the little Worcester vases, she had given me years ago, to the South Kensington with the collection—so I must keep them back—I do not understand the feeling. They would be so much safer there than here—and would remain quite as much mine.

Sunday, 7th. Dacre Du Cane with me most of the day, when not at church or out for a walk, and he dined and spent the evening with me, when I amused him as best I could, with showing my books of fans and cards. He is a very charming youth. In the afternoon I had a long visit from Mrs. Bloomfield Moore, who took away some of my Turkish work for presents. I found that Monty returned to town last night, and I was rather disappointed that he did not return to these quarters, but it is only a flying visit. He is hesitating about going to Norway this season for Elk shooting.

8th. He came this afternoon, and sat a long while with me—making the time pass very agreeably. Mr. Read came to do some of the marks. Since dinner Mr. Harding.

9th. This has been a very chequered day. Sometimes so wretched that I could hardly command myself to

go on with my work, and repress the tears which I *dare* not indulge in, lest my eyes should give way before I can spare them—at other times I have been cheered and cheerful. My dear Monty came in at luncheon time and stayed a good while with me, bringing me all his fan leaves to add to my collection—which is a very grateful gift—and touched me very sensibly—I am happy to say he has given up going to Norway for this season—and as he has promised his rooms to Enid for the winter I am not without hopes that he will take up his quarters here when he is in town for the autumn session, etc. In the afternoon I had a visit from Miss Reed, whom Mr. Colvin recommends to make the copies of our portraits by Watts—she is to send me some specimens of what she is capable of. After this Mrs. Beerbohm, whom I met at Lisbon, called—and I saw her and she sat some time—such were the events of the long, sad but busy day. Dacre and his young friend went away yesterday. He was very good and pleasant, I like him immensely—but I am better alone. The only person I could get on with permanently (just at present, till my self-command improves) would be Monty. He is so kind and sympathising and cheerful, with so much tact—not boisterous—but leading one out of oneself by genial subjects.

10th. Katharine came here about 2 o'clock, being on her way to Holdenby, where rejoicings were to take place on the morrow in honour of Lord Clifden's coming of age.

Thursday, 11th. In the afternoon a long visit from poor Mr. Harris Temple, who is nearly blind. While he was with me Mr. Read came—he finished making his marks for the catalogue.

12th. The first thing this morning was to send some specimens of Turkish work to Mr. Harding, who thought he could sell some for me. I had a busy morning, for Liberty's cheque had come in, and my weekly payment to the T.C. (Turkish



CHARLES SCHREIBER, ESQ., M.P., LADY CHARLOTTE'S SECOND HUSBAND
From the drawing by G. W. Watts, R.A.

Compassionate) Fund had to be based upon it. I am sending to Coutts' upwards of £120 to-night. These accounts and sundry letters filled up most of my day. Among other things, I had to give Mr. Franks an answer about a fine Enoch Wood plaque, of the Descent from the Cross, which has been offered to him, and which he makes over to me if I care to buy it. By the photograph it must be a fine thing—but the price is very high—£75. I have told Mr. Franks that I place myself entirely in his hands in the matter, and if he thinks the plaque so desirable and important I will buy it for the collection, "as I wish to make it as acceptable as possible." Monty came in at luncheon and stayed some time with me. Mr. Harding is now at work, as he has been every evening this week; he is very triumphant, and I am very pleased, at his having sold 6 guineas worth of my work for me to Miss Alice Rothschild.

Saturday, 13th. A long letter from Mr. Dugdale, with a statement of accounts that is perfectly unintelligible to me. I have sent it on to Ivor. I was not out again to-day; the morning devoted to the Turkish business, and letter to Mrs. Hanson. In the afternoon, as well as in the evening Mr. Harding came to work.

14th. Wrote in the morning, and finished copying all the Salt Glaze slips, which after all only number a little over 160. Then I went on sorting the slips, and at 7. o'clock I made a desperate effort and went to the Church opposite. I had not been there for years—not since happy days long, long ago. I tried to get a quiet corner near the door, but was persecuted by an officious pew-opener, who gave me no peace with her attentions—perhaps it was for the best, as it, a little, took off my thoughts from my misery. Nevertheless the experiment cost me so many tears, that I hardly think I shall venture upon it again for some time to come. I left as soon as the prayers were

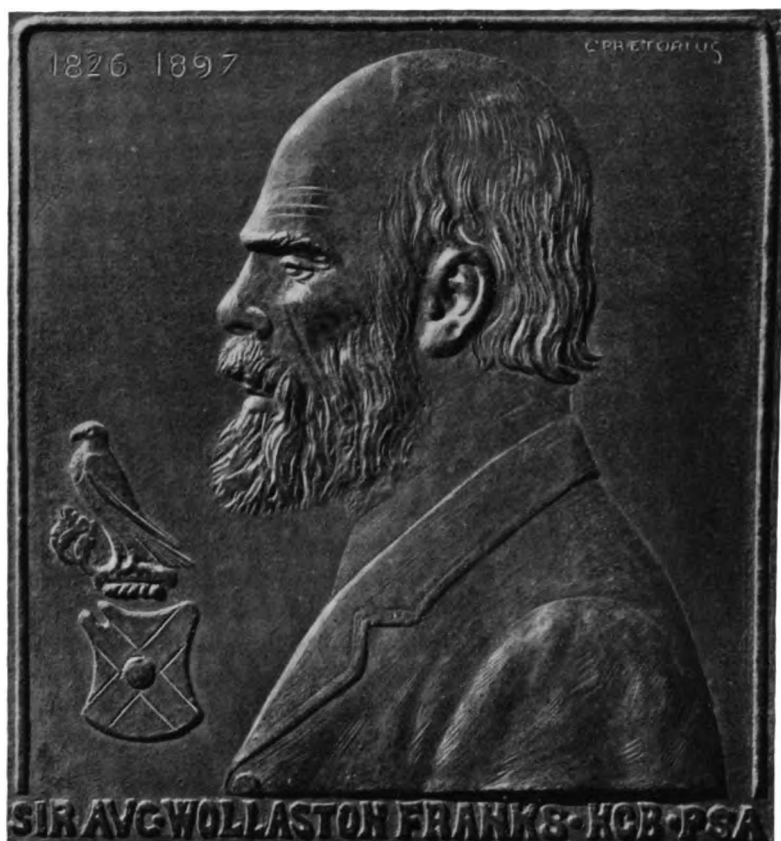
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over. Since dinner I have been numbering the Salt Glaze slips—and am very tired and wretched.

15th. I heard from Mr. Franks such a glowing account of the Enoch Wood plaque that I wrote to ask him to secure it for me. After a little hunting I found the old "Bow Books" which were supposed to be mislaid or lost. I have amused myself in looking over them to-day—but they do not seem to convey much information. Monty came before I left luncheon and stayed awhile. I tried to put the fans he gave me in the Book, but I find no space remains and I must have another book made. To-night I am weary and can hardly see. Mr. Harding has been cataloguing the Tassies—he is now putting the finishing strokes to the Salt Glaze, of which three pieces, including the fine statuette of Shakespeare, were overlooked on Saturday.

Tuesday, 16th. A long weary day—I have tried to busy myself with several small matters pertaining to the china—but it has been an effort to do anything. Mr. Soden Smith and Mr. King from the South Kensington came in the afternoon to speak about the catalogue. The latter undertakes to look after the printing of those things. He is now "on holiday", and has begged me to defer my work for the present, which, on the whole, I am not sorry to be thus obliged to do, as it will give time for Mr. Franks to return, who will see that it is done properly. Finished up the Tassies and various odds and ends to-night.

17th. Worked at one thing or another in the morning. Monty came and sat some time with me—and at 4. I had a visit from Mr. Godwin, who is engaged in decoration, both for the Costumes of Theatres and for the interior of houses. He came to see the work, with which he was much pleased—and I hope he may be able to get some of it used on the stage. After he left I made up a parcel of it to



LONG A PERSONAL FRIEND OF LADY CHARLOTTE. HE GREATLY ASSISTED HER IN REGARD TO THE COLLECTION SHE LEFT TO THE NATION. SIR WOLLASTON'S GIFTS TO THE MUSEUMS ARE ALSO AMONG THE MOST VALUABLE CERAMICS WE POSSESS

From a Bronze Plaque by C. Prætorius in the possession of Mr. John Lanc

be sent to him. Mr. Harding finished cataloguing the Wax, and commenced the Glass objects to-night.

18th. I came down very early and wrote before breakfast—after it I went out. Called at Liberty's for some of the pieces they have to sell for me, which I have since sent to Mr. Godwin to look at. He has already written me word that he means to use some of our work in the decoration of Oscar Wilde's house; so I hope some good may come of this chance shot of mine. But one can never tell—I may be doomed to disappointment. I prolonged my walk as far as Button's. He had nothing for me. The weather very hot. I made a point of coming in by 12. because Ivor's boy was to come to me to spend a couple of nights on his way to school, and Ivor said he would arrive about midday—However, he did not turn up till 5. o'clock. [This is Lord Wimborne's eldest son, the Paymaster-General, who has lately been created Baron of Ashby St. Ledgers; he was a great favourite of Lady Charlotte.] In the meanwhile Monty came to luncheon, having promised to take the boy out sight-seeing in the afternoon. Just at dusk Lady Burdett-Coutts called, and I had a long and interesting talk with her—she made suggestions about investing some of the T.C.F. Balance at Coutts', etc., and would not leave without buying a trifle. It was a useful talk, and I was much struck with her business-like manner of treating every subject. Young Ivor went to bed soon after dinner—tired—having travelled all night.

19th. This morning I came down soon after 6. to write—and before 11. was off with young Ivor to the British Museum. There I asked for Mr. Read, who very kindly devoted a couple of hours to showing us various objects of interest, with which the boy seemed greatly pleased. Monty came at luncheon time, and about 4. took Ivor out "for a stroll". They did not come back till past 7.—and I, with my

weak shattered nerves, became anxious—indeed frightened—but the cause of the delay was that Monty had taken him to see the Aquarium, from which he returned greatly delighted. Meanwhile, I had a visit from Mr. Michod who manages the account at Coutts's. We are going to invest some of our balance, T.C.F., which now amounts to above £1300. The catalogue goes on. I identified some likenesses at the Museum this morning.

20th. This morning's post brought me a letter from Constance to say she was obliged to come up to town (some matter she had to transact for Princess Frederica), and that she would be with me in the evening. Before luncheon I went to Liberty's about a small question to be adjusted, and took the occasion of asking them their opinion of some curious portraits which Monty had had offered him for sale. They confirmed my impression of their being specimens of Japanese workmanship. Monty came in at luncheon—and soon after young Ivor departed to catch a train by which he was to travel, with his master, to a new school. He is one of the most charming boys I ever knew—with all the gaiety of a child, he has the courtly manners of a high-bred gentleman—and very great intelligence. His visit has been a great gratification to me, though I confess that I now feel any charge of children a painful responsibility.

23rd. We are beginning the Enamels, but it is slow work. Haines, who often finds antiques for me, is here, but he had not brought me anything from the country. Monty came before 11., and we went out together to some shops—first to Aked's where I had the great good fortune to find one of the Lambeth Wine bottles (mentioned by Horace Walpole) marked "Claret". I already possessed the "Whit Wine" and "Sack"—so this

makes my set complete. We went to Willson's—then to Partridge's and then to Pollard's. It was a regular "chasse"—came back to luncheon. Katharine's youngest boy arrived while it proceeded—a little urchin of 4. who was so shy that we had to banish him to his nurse. In the afternoon I had a long visit from poor blind Harris Temple. Wrote to agree to the purchase of the Enoch Wood plaque, then with Haydn till 7. Dinner. Mr. Harding at 8.

24th. This was a tiring as well as a trying day. There were many letters—some from Constantinople requiring a little thought before being answered, as they had reference to a £25 order which Arthur got for us in America (for a lady's dress) which must be executed in the most satisfactory manner, both for her sake and the friend. I received from Ivor some drawings for the proposed carvings for the staircase at Canford to repair the damage of the fire—which said drawings had to be forwarded at once to Venice. In the afternoon too, there arrived parcels from Constantinople—and I sent off a large selection to Mrs. Martin for choice, dresses and chair backs. All this took time and thought. Mr. Harding sent me word that he was ill and could not come, so I have employed myself this evening in writing letters. A long one to Mrs. Hanson—and posting up the new invoices. She sends some table covers ordered by Lewis and Allenby last year, which I must take to them to-morrow, but I cannot expect them to receive them now, if they wish not to have them, as they have been so long coming. I have not copied any slips to-day, I had been too busy with other things, but must try and make up for it to-morrow. Kerridge brought me two or three very interesting pieces of ware this morning.

25th. Not up very early—read that gossiping book *For a Rainy Day*, which Pollard had lent me. [This is the

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amusing work by J. T. Smith, once of the British Museum, who wrote an ultra-candid and highly entertaining *Life of Nollekins*, that curious and well-known sculptor of the late eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries.] Very often lately, when I have waked early, say about 6. o'clock, I have come down in my dressing gown and written for a couple of hours before dressing, and several times have opened the shutters for myself, being in advance of the housemaids. A good many small matters to do about the Turkish work, besides the weekly house books this morning. Went out soon after 12. Lady Burdett-Coutts thought the Shoolbreds were building a house at the end of Dover Street and might help the fund by introducing some of our decorations. I got an interview accordingly with the head man of the establishment, but found he was only doing the furnishing there, probably under contract. So I fear we shall gain nothing from that quarter. He was, however, very polite, and said he would inquire if anything could be done. I then went on to Lewis and Allenby's, where I delivered to their Mr. Webb some table covers which were ordered a twelvemonth ago, and which I did not in the least think he would take, so I told him—especially as they had made a bad venture in buying our work which they had not succeeded in getting rid of this season. However, he acted very magnanimously and kept all I brought him, which was even more than had been ordered, various pieces having been sent to choose from. Finally I called at Liberty's on general business, and then home. Monty came in at luncheon, and was very bright and cheerful. Mrs. George Tryon paid me a little visit in the afternoon. Such is the history of my day. A little music before dinner, since which I have copied out all the slips there were to do. Mr. Harding too ill to come this evening.

26th. Writing in the morning and mooning over some of the slips, for which I tried to find the numbers in the old catalogue, but without much result. A clock which Arthur had ordered of Cortelazzo came here for him from Venice just as he left. I sent it to him, so that he got it before going from London. While I was yet at dinner they brought me in a mug which Kerridge had left for my approval—large—Salt glaze—with portrait—ships—cannon, etc., and inscription, “The British Glory revived by Admiral Vernon—he took Porto Bello—with six ships only. Nov. the 22, 1739.” A wonderful acquisition. Mr. Harding came early this evening and has been hard at work at the Enamels. Wrote to Lady Burdett-Coutts about my interview with Shoolbred and a quilt of our work which she had seen at Lewis and Allenby’s and was rather taken in with. We could make her a much prettier one if she really wished to invest in such a thing. Kerridge came and told me that the Vernon mug was not for me. It belonged to a gentleman from whom he could never hope to get it, and it was only brought for me to look at—Sic transit, etc. However, my morning was partly amused by the arrival of the Enoch Wood plaque. I made up my mind that it would be smashed in transit, but it arrived quite safely. It is very curious and very fine, and will certainly be a great addition to the Pottery portion of my collection. I think it was quite dear enough, but I should have been very sorry to have missed having it. So that matter is settled and off my mind—for I wrote and sent off my cheque for it the moment I had seen it unpacked and had looked it well over. Being Saturday, Mr. Harding came for part of the afternoon and again in the evening.

30th. All the best part of the morning employed in writing out the slips Mr. Harding had prepared last

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night. That and household matters have kept me busy. In the early part of the day there was a thick fog and I had to write by candlelight. The principal event was a short visit from Mr. Soden Smith, who approved of my Enoch Wood plaque, and of one or two other pieces of ware I have lately got—but he is almost as much tantalised as myself about the Vernon Mug. A good deal of Haydn to-day—not out.

OCTOBER 1884

Oct. 1st. Copying Mr. Harding's slips, with some alterations, in the morning. I did not go out but filled up the day as best I could with work. Monty came and dined with me and was very sociable, Mr. Harding having taken a holiday.

2nd. Street bands playing the lively air I used to hear at Ventnor this time last year. I had arranged with Monty to go to the British Museum, so I walked early to his rooms and we proceeded there together. Spent above two hours in the print room. I went through their collections of Boucher, Watteau, Chardin, Lancret, Cochin, in hopes of being able to put names to some of the little paintings on the Battersea Enamels. But was not very successful, though I got a few hints. Monty came back with me to luncheon, after which I showed him the Sternsee and Cordova Jewel and the others. Disposed of a parcel just received from Turkey, with a few other occupations. Then practised some Beethoven before dinner.

4th. I did not go out. Wrote or read all day till evening. Mr. Harding here cataloguing both afternoon and evening. He has got through the things in one of the Enamel Cases.

5th. Mr. Franks here, with Mr. Harding, from about

11. to 2. going through the slips of the Case of enamels which we have done.

6th. I was very busy with some writing in the morning and in sorting some of the Turkish work which I sent for Mr. Goodyer to look at, as they are proposing to have an exhibition of work at their shop one day next month. When he came he told me of a paragraph in the *Queen*, coupling my name with that of a Miss Fenn, who is selling Turkish work for our great opponent, Mrs. C. Hanson, who makes a trade of it on her own account, and is always underselling and thwarting us. It behoves me to try to counteract her. Mrs. Routh called. She also had some discouraging accounts of our being undersold at various shops, the truth of which I must investigate.

7th. Monty came at my request, to see me before going out of town, and I showed him a letter I proposed to send to the *Queen* disclaiming all connection with Miss Fenn. He approved of it and I sent it to Miss Low, who promises to put it in.

8th. I went out to-day. I had made an appointment to go and look at copies I am having done for Merthyr and Enid of their Father's picture by Phillips. I am also having a copy made for Mr. Clark. The name of the artist is Walton. I think he is doing them satisfactorily. Mr. Franks came with Mr. Harding in the evening, and looked over all the slips that I had copied out up to this time.

9th. A visit from Constance and her little Eddie in the afternoon. I have been touched by an incident respecting him. He heard me say on Sunday that I had a collection of birds, so he insisted in buying me a little bird, with his own little money, and sending it to me with a very pretty note which he dictated to his mother. He said he "thought it would make me happier," and so a child's affec-

tion and sympathy would—if anything could. But I feel I get more wretched every day. This dear thoughtful little creature is only six years old. Later in the afternoon Mrs. Hambro came and sat with me, helping to prepare some doyleys Lady Camden has written for, and making an hour less triste and solitary than it would otherwise have been.

10th. The principal distraction to-day was a visit from Arthur, bringing me a very interesting O. Brisset of Philip of Spain, signed; with Spanish Coat of Arms, which I am glad to add to my collection. I am not giving away these tortoise-shell or horn pieces, nor the fans, or the cards, so I shall have something to look for when the English ceramics are gone. But when will that be? The time drags on and yet the rough draft of the catalogue is not finished, nor will be, I fear, till the end of the month, though Mr. Harding comes and works steadily every evening. After this will come the printing, the washing, marking and identifying the objects, all which will be a matter of time and labour. Kerridge came in before dinner and told me he had succeeded in securing for me the Vernon Salt Glaze Mug. The gentleman had taken in exchange a pink Battersea étui, which I had thought not good enough to send to the Museum, and gave a sovereign into the bargain, which I desired Kerridge to keep, for having so well managed the business for me. Mr. Franks was to have come with Mr. Harding this evening, but was prevented.

11th. I am now going to try to get some of the Turkish work made up for an exhibition which is contemplating. Long letter to Mrs. Hanson with money sheet. This has been a bad month. So many people out of town, etc. Mr. Harding here both afternoon and evening. The weather has turned cold and wet. The winter seems to have set in.

12th. I wrote all the morning—Arthur came to luncheon, and selected some work that we are going to send to a friend of his in America, and before he left me Mr. Fagan called from the British Museum to try to help me in fixing the subjects on the Enamels. He could not tell me very much, but I think he will look up the subject, and his visits may lead to good. I had an hour with Beethoven, and wrote, etc., in the evening.

Tuesday, 13th. Miss Low came to see me in the afternoon, she has put my letter in the *Queen*, and is very friendly. She will do all she can for the work. Later in the day, Mr. Franks came. He stayed to dine with me and got through a great deal of work in looking over the slips.

14th. Mr. Stevens from Liberty's came to see me about some costumes—and also I saw Mr. Goodyer. They are half inclined to exhibit at Antwerp next year, and if they do so, we thought some of our things had better go with theirs. But now they say the expense for space would be so great that they do not feel inclined to do so, unless we will halve that expense with them. They will bear all the other charges, and keep an Agent of their own on the spot the whole time. The amount we should have to pay frightens me (£50) and I have said I could do nothing without consulting Mrs. Hanson. Mr. Harding is here as usual.

15th. Busy with letters, etc., in the morning, writing to Mrs. Hanson about the Antwerp scheme, etc. Went to the South Kensington where Soden Smith wished to show me a Chelsea vase which had been lent them for sale. It is characteristic, not fine, but the lady wants £40. for it, which I could in no wise give.

16th. Went out early and saw Lady Burdett-Coutts on the Antwerp scheme, and arranged with her

that I should see Liberty himself and find out if we could not make better terms for the exhibition, before committing ourselves. Then I proceeded to the South Kensington Museum, where I found that Mr. Soden Smith had bought the Chelsea-Derby vase for me at £20. I looked over all the books with theatrical prints in the Library there, but did not gain much information. On my way back called at Liberty's and saw him. He has to see the Commissioner again, and to reconsider the terms he has offered us.

17th. Went by appointment to Constance who took me to a little curiosity shop in her neighbourhood to look at some furniture with which she was rather tempted. I found there a very pretty little salt-glaze butter-boat. We walked on as far as Townshend's—and looked in at two or three other little shops, pawnbrokers', etc., but did not meet with anything else.

18th. Walked to Lambert and Rawling's about a little glass flagon which Arthur had brought me from their shop some months ago, and I thought there was some confusion about the paying for it. However, I found it was a present from him to me; and I am nothing loth to put it into the collection, for it is a nice little bit—dated 1783. Mr. Harding usually spends here all the Saturday afternoon. To-day he was late—when he came for his evening séance Mr. Franks came with him, and looked over all the slips done up to the present. In another week I reckon that the whole of the catalogue ought to be in MS.—and then, whatever happens to me, I hope it may not be difficult to have my intentions about the collection duly carried out. I have written a letter to Mr. Franks, to be given to him in case of my death, praying him to undertake the management of this for me.

20th. Went to Liberty's to take some work and

found they had been expecting an answer from me, to a letter I never received about the Antwerp Exhibition. They are not now inclined to give us such favourable terms as my interview of last Thursday with Mr. Liberty led me to hope. I walked on to Higham's and luckily found him—I thought he might be able to give me some particulars about former glass works, as I want to trace where some of the lovely facons (purple) that I am giving to the Museum, came from, but he does not seem to know much. Work in the afternoon and evening.

21st. I have not been out to-day, but have found occupation with the catalogue slips, etc., writing, reading and music. Since dinner copying slips, while Mr. Harding writes out fresh ones. He is now on the drawer with the printed Enamels; among them the snuff box with the "No. 45" and cap of Liberty, etc.—all recalling so many memories of past happy days. I was greatly shocked at poor Lady Hopetoun's death which I heard of last week. How little I thought when she came and sat so kindly with me just before she went to Scotland that I should never see her again.

23rd. I had a visit from Merthyr in the morning—and gave him a pair of curious gloves printed with hunting subjects and signed I. Bull & Co.—Janry 1791—which C.S. had bought two or three years ago for him on the Continent, but which had escaped our memory, till I happened to come upon them in the Cabinet a short time ago.

24th. This is what I call a tearing day. As soon as I had put things in order and done the necessary writing after breakfast I set out to walk to Hamilton House—very quick—found them both at home and gave Cornelia one of C.S.'s photographs for her book. When she went out I stayed with Ivor for the rest of the morning and went with him to

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Duveen's where he had to look at some tapestry. Called at Button's and at Liberty's on my way home after leaving Ivor. Monty came in at luncheon time—soon after which I went to see G. F. Watts, the famous artist, at his studio, taking with me the chalk drawing he did of me some thirty years ago. He is going to have this and C.S.'s portrait copied that I may send them with the collection to the South Kensington—but he will let his pupil begin one first that he may see how he succeeds. When I got back Mr. Harding was already here and at work at the catalogue having brought me a message from Mr. Franks to say he would come in the evening—so I made as hasty a dinner as I could and got done some copying of slips before he arrived.

25th. A letter from Mrs. Hanson. She is very much in favour of our acceding to Liberty's terms and joining them in the expense for space at the coming Antwerp Exhibition—so I went and saw Mr. Liberty and settled it with him. We are to pay half the space and he is to bear every other expense. I had a great deal of copying of slips throughout the day besides writing to Mrs. Hanson about Liberty, etc., and sending her the money sheet. Mr. Harding was here in the afternoon and again in the evening—and I got all the slips he had done copied for Mr. Frank's expected visit of to-morrow. I managed, however, to get a little time for Beethoven, which is the greatest repose I can have.

26th. Mr. Franks, Mr. Griffiths and Mr. Harding here from 11 A.M. We worked before and after luncheon, reviewing some decisions that had before been come to, on the subject of manufacture and to what section some of the pieces were to be assigned. After Mr. Griffiths left, Mr. Franks finished correcting the enamel slips. I have now only to go over these and put the corrections in ink—and then

nearly all the Manuscript of the Catalogue will be ready for the press.

27th. Edward called early and I walked out with him—we went together as far as Aked's, whence he proceeded to the Speaker's as usual—I was fortunate enough to find two Liverpool tiles with theatrical subjects which is exactly what I wanted to complete another frame for the collection—looked in at Pollard's and Button's—and called at Monty's (but just missed seeing him) on my way home. I have just sent off two Turkish cushions which I had promised Ivor. In the afternoon I had a long visit from poor Harris Temple, and Arthur called to see me just before my dinner and brought me a curious horn snuff box, made after the manner of the O. Brisset, but having the portrait of George IV.'s Queen Caroline. In the evening Mr. Harding came and finished cataloguing the collection—now that all is in manuscript we must try to hasten the Museum to put the slips in the printer's hands.

28th. Pollard came to look at the enamels, etc., and to see if he could give me any information about the subjects engraven on them, but he could not. Mr. Binns called and stayed some time with me in the afternoon looking over the collection. The greatest part of my day had been occupied in preparing a list of work which Arthur talks of sending on sale to America for me. I have had an hour with Beethoven since dinner—now to bed.

29th. It was a fine bright day. Arthur came and we settled all about sending the selection of work to his friend Mrs. Helyar in America.

30th. A very busy day. First of all I had my walk, and in the course of it called at Liberty's, where Mr. Goodyer told me that they had concluded arrangements with

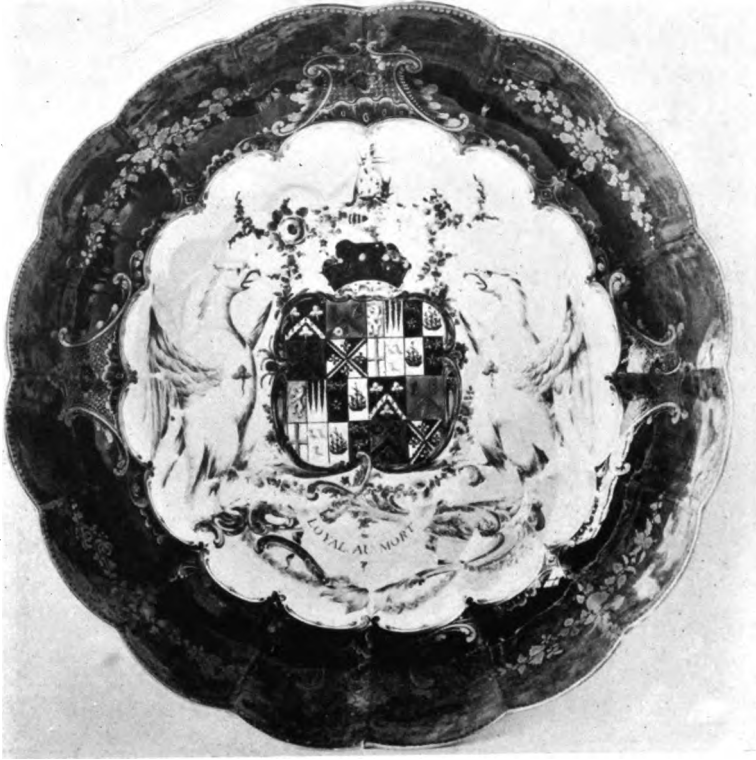
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the Antwerp Exhibition Commissioners for the required space in the best situation. It will be very expensive to us—but I hope it may answer as an advertisement. As soon as luncheon was over, Mr. Fawcett, a clever old man who deals in prints, came by appointment (on Mr. Franks' introduction) to look at my enamels, etc., and to see if he could help me to the authorship of some of the subjects engraven on them. After this I saw Haines, whom I had summoned on the subject of a sale which is to take place at Sotheby's and at which some cards are to be sold. Haines was followed by Kerridge bringing a Salt Glaze Teapot with portrait (and inscription) of Admiral Vernon—very *desirable*, very *ugly*, and very *dear*. He wants £5 for it, but of course I must have it. Last of all came Bee to accompany me with her violin—after I had given her tea, we played two of Beethoven's Sonatas together—and so ended the afternoon. In the evening I was busy copying some remaining slips and putting others in their proper places, etc.

30. Walked out, went to Mortlock's, etc., but he was not there—it is the third time I have called. Arranged to send off another parcel of goods to Mrs. Elder, a lady introduced by Mr. Stephen, who helped the work heretofore. Another parcel also arrived from Constantinople. No visitors or interruptions to-day—Kerridge has sent me another lovely teapot to look at—Agate Ware formed with a shell.

NOVEMBER 1884

Nov. 1st. I have been at home all day. Got off my parcel for Mrs. Elder and also one for Clemmy Camden, who has written for more doyleys and chair backs. It was also the day for my letter to Constantinople, so I had plenty of work till evening. I did not go out, and my only incident



WORCESTER BOWL, OF ABOUT 1766 TO 1769
THE PIECE BEARS THE SQUARE MARK AND IS ELABORATELY DECORATED IN COLOURS
AND GOLD ON A GROS BLEU GROUND. THE ARMS ARE OF LOFTUS, WITH THE EARL'S
CORONET AND THE MOTTO "LOYAL AU MORT." IT WAS DOUBTLESS MADE FOR
THE SECOND EARL OF ELY, OF THE FIRST CREATION, WHO DIED IN 1769
The Schreiber Collection

was that Button brought me a wonderfully fine Worcester deep dish or bowl—with the arms of the Elys upon it. I saw it at his shop on Monday morning and marked it for my own. It wanted some repairs, and therefore I left it with him to be readjusted—but it is a noble piece, and though I had to pay dear for it (£20) I am very glad to have it to add to the Collection. This has been a quiet and a busy day.

3rd. Sotheby's catalogues announced some packs of playing cards, which are to be sold there this week—so I went to look at them—having previously arranged that I should be let in before the public view—so I was there between 9 and 10 o'clock. Haines met me there. I don't think there is much I should care to have or that I am likely to get any of it. However I left my prices with him. It was a brisk bright morning—and I walked home very quickly, taking, however, Willson's, Aked's, Button's and Kerridge's on my way.

8th. Mr. Franks called by appointment—I had asked him to come and see me that I might ask him a few questions before the slips went to the printer. Mr. King has written to say they are now ready for them. Mr. Franks did not stay.

9th. Monty dined with me, which is always a pleasant incident. I gave him an autograph letter I possessed of the late Lord Beaconsfield. Old Bohn possessed a library chair which had once belonged to Burke, and knowing that Lord Beaconsfield was a great admirer of Burke's he desired to present it to him. He told me about it, made me the medium of communication, whence the fact of my having this letter of acknowledgment and thanks.

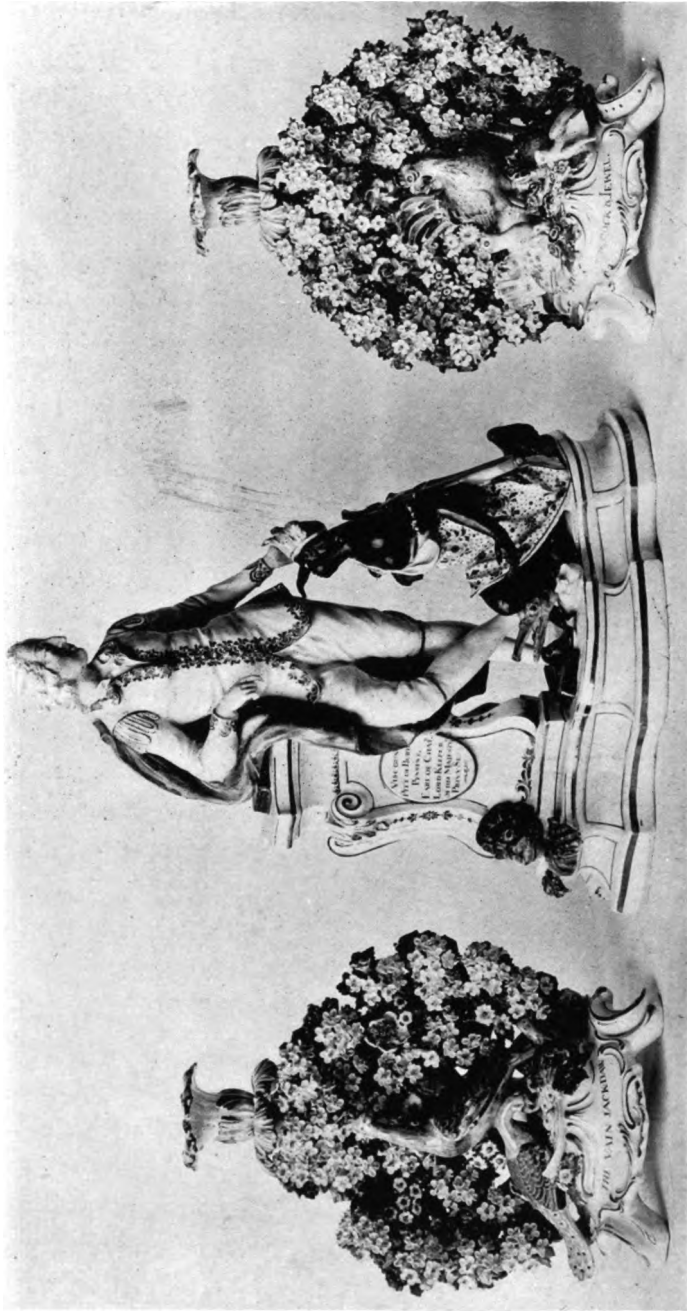
10th. Mr. Church came to see me, bringing me a copy of his new Ceramic Handbook—which he told me was the very first that had come from the press. He makes a very

graceful allusion to me in the preface. Spent the afternoon in arranging and tying up slips that are to go to the printer.

11th. I walked to Puttick's where there was to be a sale in which some cards were included. Nothing I cared for. Saw Fawcett there—went on to Pollard's and Aked's, and on my way met Monty who had been kept in Town for a Parliamentary division. At Pollard's I got for Ivor some prints of Blenheim which he wished to have. On my way back I looked in at Howell and James's to see an exhibition of Roumanian work which much resembles ours. Miss Brightwell came from Liberty's for some more work. They are going to have an exhibition of that and other things on Saturday next, and wish to make as good a show as they can.

12th. Mr. Watts had appointed this morning for me to see the copy his pupil had made of his crayon of me—so I went there by 12 o'clock and Monty accompanied me. He thought the copy wanted softness—so it is to be worked on again. I have left C.S.'s portrait also with Mr. Watts to have it also copied. Called at the Autotype Company's on our way back. In the evening sorted some of the catalogue slips with which I set off some after breakfast this (Thursday, 13th) morning. Deposited them with Mr. King in his room, where I also saw Mr. Soden Smith, Mr. Thomson and Mr. Armstrong. Left the two photographs to be copied on my way back from the Museum—with the Autotype people. In the evening arranged the enamel slips and now, for the present, my work is at a stand.

14th. Went to see Monty, for a moment, before going on to the South Kensington. He went to Sandringham in the afternoon. After depositing my slips I returned before luncheon—having, on my way, done one or two commissions and called at Liberty's about their exhibition of the



THE VAIN JACKDAW IS HERE SHOWN AGAINST A BOGAGE SURMOUNTED BY A CANDLE-HOLDER, A BRILLIANT AND EFFECTIVE PIECE

CHELSEA GROUPS
 WILLIAM PITT, EARL OF CHATHAM, IS SHOWN EXPRESSING HIS REGARD FOR AMERICA. IT IS NO DOUBT TYPICAL OF ENGLISH FEELING ABOUT 1766
The Schreiber Collection

THE COCK AND JEWEL, A COMPANION TO THE FIRST CANDLE-HOLDER IN THE SAME LIVELY COLOURS AND STYLE

morrow. I find the Jews again are underselling us fearfully. Mr. Armstrong called in the afternoon about the work. I also saw Norman and told him to go to Liberty's to-morrow. I had some music and all the evening I have been writing, making out the last month's accounts with Liberty—who have paid £84 for Oct.—not very bad. Now to bed—for I am very sleepy and stupid.

15th. I have had a very busy day. Liberty's Exhibition was to be to-day and I thought it was to open at ten—so, to avoid a crowd, I went there directly after I had breakfast. I was anxious to see how they had arranged our Turkish work, and how it looked when so set out. When I got to Liberty's, however, I found I had mistaken the time and that it was not to open till 2—so I walked on to Button's (where nothing remarkable)—then to the Printshops—Fawcett's and Pollard's and to Partridge's where I was dazzled with the sight of four most desirable Plaques in Enamel—one of them (King of Prussia) signed by Sadler—another of William Pitt with the curious inscription, Rt. Hon and Esq^{re}—a third the Anti-Gallican Badge, and the fourth a lovely subject in the Chinese taste, like one we have on a Liverpool tile. Of course Partridge knew their value and of course asked me accordingly, £20—and of course I gave it and brought them away in my hand. If I go on at this rate my morning's walks will become costly. Looking in at Kerridge's on my way, and falling in love with a Leeds Ware toy set of his, I did not get back till near 1 o'clock. After luncheon I went out again, and, as in duty bound, called again at Liberty's to see his display of our Turkish work, which was very satisfactory. Then I came back—wrote to Mrs. Hanson with money sheet, etc.—and had a visit from old Howard of the Dowlais Works. Some music before dinner. Have written slips for my new purchases to go to the South Ken-

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sington Museum, and have had altogether a stirring and not unprofitable day.

16th. I employed myself in the morning in making the room a little tidy. While the catalogue was going on I found it impossible to keep anything in its place. Now I have got all the books sorted—paper put away, etc. I went on with the tidying and had an hour's Haydn before dinner. Since dinner I have been writing—making some transcripts I had been asked for.

17th. A bright morning—rather cold—but without wind. Having disposed of small matters at home I went out early—taking Moody with me. My object was to get to the British Museum. I walked fast, but was not sufficiently circumspect—so I found myself at the "Foundling" instead—but after giving a glance at good old Coram (and telling Moody who he was) I soon made my way to the Museum. Found Mr. Read of whom I wanted to ask one or two questions. I showed him a cat I had picked up lately at Button's which he pronounced to be Lambeth (dated 1676) and which, hideous as it is, I suppose I shall have to buy for "the collection." In the afternoon Mr. Burton (to whom I had sent a curious epitaph for his collection, which I had found in a local paper) came to see me and to thank me for remembering him. A long visit from poor Harris Temple. Since dinner I have been mooning over some ceramic notes.

18th. Ivor returned to London to attend a Conservative Meeting summoned by Lord Salisbury to settle the new programme, invited by Gladstone's overtures of the previous night. [This meeting of the two parties in regard to the franchise proposals was suggested directly by Queen Victoria in a letter to Gladstone dated 31st October 1884.] I very much feared that the Tories would continue obstinate, but, by the papers I have since seen, it would

appear that there are hopes of their listening to reason. It is odd that I should care about this—but the love of the Old Country continues strong though I shall so soon leave it, when it would be all the same to me. How curious that love of country is! On my way I called in at Liberty's to learn how their Exhibition had prospered, and at Kerridge's where I fell in love with a large Worcester dessert basket of the old blue decoration—but so perfect and so characteristic. Really I must stop these morning rambles into curiosity shops—or I shall be ruined—another £5—but then it is all going to the South Kensington. Love of country again. After luncheon I set Moody to work in putting some fan leaves in the appropriate book—we had several interruptions. Music before dinner. A long morning—entered recent purchases in the catalogue books, etc.

19th. Out in the morning. Again Moody put in fan leaves. Button was here with an old leather tankard with good silver mount, too costly for me, being out of my "pays de connaissance"—I sent it on to Mr. Franks. My cat belonged, as I suspected, to Mr. Willett—I can only suppose he parts with it because he has two older and better specimens—viz., 1672 and 1674—but I think it a desirable addition to my collection. About 9, Mr. Franks called by appointment to give me some final hints about my catalogue, which he did not know I had already presented for printing at the Museum, and so the hours have passed and the day is done.

21st. I went out early this morning. Went to the printsellers Pollard and Partridge, to get some things I had promised to inquire about for Mr. Franks. In the afternoon M. Michod called about Turkish business—then Mr. Morrison, who paid me a nice long visit, and as usual was most agreeable.

22nd. I had a visit from Mr. Franks who came to

choose out some Concert Tickets, etc., which I had got from Pollard's and Partridge's for him to look at. Moody finished putting the fan leaves into the book and I am now going to set to work to make a proper catalogue. There are a goodly number of them. I dined with Monty at the new house, No. 1, Queen Anne Street. He has made it over to Henry and Enid, a fact of which they came to apprise me in the morning. They are delighted with their new acquisition—and no wonder. It is a charming house.

24th. Out in the morning—called at Partridge's and Button's (at the latter place took a fancy to a yellow ground open-work Worcester dish and some lettuce-shaped Chelsea dishes) on my way to the dentist. Pollard came after the engravings Mr. Franks had chosen and I paid him for them and for the Lancrets, etc., that Ivor bought through me.

25th. An unsettled morning. There seemed some misunderstanding with Partridge about the prints I had brought away from him—so I went there to reassure the poor man's mind that no advantage would be taken of his having made a mistake and a too low quotation.

26th. Applied myself to my fan leaf catalogue, and did the week's books; but it was not a very profitable day.

27th. Went out as far as the dentist's and on my way back looked in at Liberty's. They asked me to send them more chair backs—so I applied myself to that and other matters connected with the work on my return. Another parcel came from Turkey this morning. After dinner we looked over and arranged some of my lace.

28th. Monty dined with me, which is the pleasantest thing that could have occurred for me—and we sat up talking till midnight. I was out early. (I forgot that Mr. Franks had been with me late in the afternoon of the previous day (Friday) to look over some portfolios of



A PART OF THE LONG GALLERY AT LORD WIMBORNE'S SEAT, CANFORD, SHOWING A NUMBER OF FINE ORIENTAL PIECES OF PORCELAIN, SOME OF WHICH WERE FOUND FOR HER ELDEST SON BY LADY CHARLOTTE, WHO FREQUENTLY MENTIONS HAVING WRITTEN TO THE THEN SIR IVOR GUEST IN REGARD TO PURCHASES ABROAD

Partridge's in which he had hoped (vainly) to find some things interesting to him—and some interesting to me—but no. We discussed and settled various trifles and I was glad to be able to add to his collection of Concert Tickets, some of which I found, put away, the other day.) Saturday, 29th. To resume—Took back Partridge's portfolio. Called at Button's and made terms for some dishes I had seen with him on the 24th. On my return I wrote slips for the catalogue describing these and other recent acquisitions. Wrote also to Mrs. Hanson and then prepared to leave home.

29th. In the afternoon started for Canford.

DECEMBER 1884

Dec. 1st. The Aveland party went away early. Mr. Clark left on the Wednesday, and Henry and Enid the following day. There was great discussion while they were all here together about decorations in the Hall—and fittings for the staircase, which are being beautifully carved at Venice. All this outlay was occasioned by the sad havoc made by the fire in January last. While Enid was here she spent a good deal of time making a miniature drawing in water colours of one of the fine pictures in the drawing room, and whilst she drew I read to her out of those amusing gossiping letters of Horace Walpole's on my subjects, or on Ponsonby's history. I have all the Hogarth and all the Wedgwood books here—and found one or two interesting notices for the catalogue—besides that I have done very little except read some part of Croker's *Memoirs*—and I am now amusing myself with Froude's *Carlyle*. I have had a great deal of practising too. When every one else has been out I have gone to the piano. Since Enid has left (I played duets with her while she was here) I have been

playing with Cornelia—and on Friday and Saturday I have read aloud to her in her boudoir—Froude's *Luther* and *Grasmere*. I have only been out once since I have been here—I think it was on Tuesday. Last night Ivor sang in the evening. Cornelia has been very much excited this week by the departure of her brother Randolph for India. His ship encountered a storm and had to take refuge under the Isle of Wight. We had some fearful gales in the middle of the week and another yesterday (Saturday). She and Ivor will not believe that he is preparing to play the Radical game—and is much further advanced than Chamberlain and all that set. But I must not moralise. It is a lovely day-to-day (Sunday). Ivor and Cornelia have gone to church and I have made an effort to write these few words here. A poor little butterfly has been fluttering in the window as if anxious for his liberty—so I have just let him out and he flew away on lively wing—but I think he has made a mistake—he will find the difference before December closes on him. We are all winter butterflies—we never know what is best for us. I should have mentioned that Ivor's agent from Dowlais, Martin, son of our old Mr. Martin, was here on Tuesday, adding to the party. A few words of journal. After writing some letters, etc., I read to Cornelia and we went to church. A great deal of out of tune singing—and an extempore sermon—which doubtless pleased the congregation—though all unsuited for an educated audience. Still it was best as it was. Quiet evening.

8th. I spent most of the morning in the library turning over old volumes.

12th. I have not written for some days. There is but little to say. Clemmy and Felicia have both sent me money for the Turkish work—so I have had these accounts to make up, and the account to be handed



FOUR ELABORATE BATTERSEA ENAMEL CANDLESTICKS IN BRILLIANT COLOURS; EACH IS ONE OF A PAIR FOUND ABROAD IN
OUT OF THE WAY TOWNS VISITED BY LADY CHARLOTTE AND MR. SCHREIBER
The Schreiber Collection

over to Coutts—which has just been done. My occupations are reading Croker's *Memoirs*, Froude's *Carlyle*, and looking through all Horace Walpole for any notices that may bear upon my subject. Sometimes I play a little and do duets with Cornelia. I am never at a loss for occupation—but it is all very sad and cheerless. Early in the week Mr. Fox spent two days here. He is an intelligent man, and pleasant to talk to.

14th. I spent the morning with young Ivor (Ivor Bach as I may now call him), showing him a book of photographs of fine carvings, etc., in Italy. [Bach is, of course, the Welsh for little; the word belonged to the language in which Lady Charlotte had been so greatly interested in the early days of her marriage to Sir John Guest.] He is full of intelligence and it was very pleasant for us both. It was my last evening at Canford. Next morning (Monday) I prepared to leave, got up early that I might breakfast with Ivor, who was going out shooting with Mr. Marjoribanks. Ivor Bach lay on the sofa in his father's room and I got Danvilliers' *Spain* to amuse him. We talked over the prints in the book together and I could hardly have chosen a more melancholy occupation—so many memories of happy times were called up that it was almost more than I could bear. When luncheon was over I left Canford and went by train to Henstridge where Merthyr's carriage met me and brought me to Inwood by about 4 o'clock. Here I have been ever since. It is as quiet as possible here and I spend most of my time alone. I have not left the house, even when it was fine. This seclusion has given me time to get through a good deal of writing, making up accounts, etc., which I was glad of an opportunity to do. Luff came in while Lady Westminster and I were at luncheon together to-day. He is the only person except the four of

the family that I have seen. I have been going on reading Carlyle's Life. I don't care much about the book. Would it not have been better for his memory and his wife's if none of these Memoirs of them had been published? To-day I have been amusing myself with Miss Thackeray's sketches of Miss Edgeworth, Mrs. Barbauld and Mrs. Opie. I read a good deal of one kind or another—but forget it all as soon as read. Altogether, though I am well, my state is very unsatisfactory. I think it very likely I may not live to complete the transmission of our collection to the Museum. But it is a great thing to have got the catalogue into the printer's hands—and in case I should be no longer here, I have left a letter for Mr. Franks asking him to see our wishes *properly* fulfilled—which I have no doubt he will consent to do as he has already taken so much pains with the work.

21st. It was a bright morning, though cold. I summoned courage and went with Merthyr and Theodora to church. The walk is about a mile. We went briskly, and I think the air did me good. The church is very interesting. A fine old monument, early arches, etc. We had a missionary sermon. On our return we went through the hot-houses, where there is a fine Banana in flower and fruit—and, when the Post had gone and their five o'clock tea was over, Merthyr took me all round the house and showed me all his treasures of furniture, fittings, and sporting mementoes.

22nd. Up early. Breakfasted at 8 with Merthyr and Theodora, who have now gone off to hunt. A letter from Ivor telling me that there was a gale at Canford yesterday which blew down some fine trees. I am sorry. And now my family visits are at an end. I leave this in an hour to go back to my desolate home—and to my work. Thank God that I have been able to bring it on so far. I left Inwood. Had a good journey—

found plenty of work which kept me occupied till bedtime, and had a pleasant visit from Mrs. Petre. I am helping her for a bazaar at Lisbon to which I feel bound by melancholy ties.

23rd. I drove to the South Kensington, taking Mr. Soden Smith the books printed at Canford Press, which (at his request) Ivor had sent by me for the Museum. Had an interview with Mr. King and was home to luncheon.

24th. Went to Liberty's to learn how they were going on with our work. The frames have arrived for the copies of Phillips's picture—and Henry Layard came to look at them. After dinner, late in the evening, Brymer arrived to spend a couple of days with me.

Christmas Day, 25th. I cannot turn over the leaves of my journal to look back—it is too painful. On Tuesday I had a pleasant visit from Mr. Church, bringing me a photograph of some "Longton" vases he recently acquired.

28th. I did not go out. A long day, but full of various occupations. Long sad evening—busy—but I don't know how long I shall be permitted to work—my eyes are beginning to grow dim.

29th. Chance's man here all day arranging the pictures in their frames. I have been preparing a parcel of work to send (on inspection) to our neighbour Mrs. Norman. Then I got a good hour and a half with Beethoven before dinner and have been writing here, etc.

30th. This has been a long dull day. I am very weary and very sad, a bad night. Awake about two hours reading. I have finished Froude's *Carlyle*. The latter part of it is much the most interesting, dating from the time that Froude became intimate with him. I sympathise in his views of the opinions of Gladstone and of the French. To-day's *Times* has a letter about the dilapidated state of the Hyde

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Park Achilles. It is a subject on which C.S. felt very strongly, and he brought it more than once before Parliament. I have written to Monty giving him all the particulars and asking him to take it up. This, and the search I had to make for dates, etc., took up some time. Edward came in for a short time to look at the frames. I got his father's portrait sent off to Merthyr this afternoon. I hope it will come as a surprise and that he will be pleased with it. Read and wrote and had some Beethoven (which rests and refreshes me more than anything) before dinner.

JANUARY 1885

January 1, 1885. We had made a cake for Blanche's children which I took to them after breakfast and which Onie unpacked with great delight. A day for little household "New Year Gifts" which I am glad to have got over. It was cold—but I started off on foot at 11 and did not return till near 2. Went to the print shops on commissions for Ivor—to Pollard's, Fawcett's, Partridge's, etc., nothing very new or worthy of remark. I have done no satisfactory work to-day—I have felt helpless—and stupid—and *so* wretched. The great event of the day was getting off a gigantic doll which Moody got for Theodora and has been dressing for her to give her child. Such a monstrosity! but children like these things—there is no accounting for tastes. I had a kind letter from Monty saying he would take up the question of the Hyde Park Statue. It was so sad hearing the bells merrily ringing the New Year in after I was in bed.

2nd. Before 11 Katharine came in—she is staying at Hatfield and so was able to run up to town to pay me this little visit. I had a good long practice before dinner, since which I have been preparing my week's report

for Mrs. Hanson—writing here, etc. Mrs. Norman made a small purchase of work, so this, added to the amount of my wedding presents and one or two other small items, has enabled me to send a better financial statement than I expected. The accounts show more than £9000 to have gone through my books since I began with the work in May in 1880. My dear Monty has most kindly taken up the subject of the Hyde Park Achilles. There is a letter from him on the matter in this morning's *Times*. Very few people know that the Statue is from a Greek model (the Castor and Pollux at Rome) and that it was cast, at the expense of the ladies of England, of cannon which we took from the French in the war terminating with the Battle of Waterloo.

3rd. I had an enthusiastic letter from Merthyr acknowledging (with delight) his reception of his father's picture. This was altogether a very bad day with me. I felt altogether hopeless even of work.

5th. Went to the South Kensington to take the blocks for the catalogue marks. Saw Mr. King and Soden Smith. Called at Liberty's on my way back. The people are clearing out my two largest rooms that they may be ready for setting out the china—with the view of its being identified and compared with the catalogue of which I have now much more than half in type and waiting for correction. Mrs. Huth came in the afternoon bringing me a small sum for work sold.

8th. A quiet uneventful day—I have been writing some notes to the catalogue which are rather troublesome things to do—and do not please me when done.

9th. Went to the British Museum to Mr. Franks about various small matters connected with the catalogue and to take him some concert tickets. He complained of illness,

and I am afraid is really very ill—which I am truly very sorry for.

10th. Ivor came about 12 and we went out together to look for frames and prints. Made several calls at different shops. After parting with him I went to Liberty's to look out some more work which I am to send for Cornelia to see. The dress ordered by the American lady—gold and silver on black satin—has arrived, and is extremely beautiful. I have had Haylock's men in the house all day putting up tables in the dining room for me to lay out the Collection so that each piece may be identified by the catalogue. It will be a tedious and troublesome business.

13th. Again a very busy day setting out the China—a visit from Mrs. Hambro in the afternoon, she came to look at a beautiful dress (gold and silver on black satin) worked for an American lady and going out to her. I dined with Henry and Enid. Their china had arrived from Venice. Among it were some English Groups (very fine Chelsea-Derby) which they had got at Madrid and which I well remember there. It had arrived—but it had not been unpacked—so I undertook the task—and sat down on the floor of their drawing room to do it. Haylock's men finished preparing the long drawing room to-day for the reception of the collection.

14th. All the proofs for the catalogue have now reached me, and all my time has been much taken up in setting out the China in accordance with it. This task was completed, with exception of the enamels, on Saturday.

19th. Went to the British Museum to confer with Mr. Franks about some prints relating to the catalogue. Found him busy with a learned Japanese setting out the Japanese China he is giving to the Nation. Did not stay long.

21st. A very busy day finishing the setting out of the



TYPICAL EXAMPLES OF THE GRACEFUL ARTIFICIAL GROUPS OF THE LAST DAYS OF CHELSEA CHINA, WHEN IT WAS ALREADY CALLED CHELSEA-DERBY, AND ABOUT TO PASS INTO THE LIMBO THAT AWAITED THE FIRST ENGLISH EFFORTS TO PRODUCE PORCELAIN
The Schreiber Collection

enamels on the tables set up in the long drawing room. Lunched out. Returned before 3 and had a visit from Haines. He has promised to come and wash all the collection before it goes away, which is a great relief to my mind. He is a worthy creature and always grateful for little kindnesses which we have had it in our power to show him. It is always pleasant to meet with such return. Worked hard at correcting the catalogue, and went to dine with Blanche as she was again alone.

25th. I had just finished correcting the first part of the China (down to the end of the Porcelain), when Mr. Franks came by appointment, and we went through a good deal of it. He stayed for luncheon and remained some little time afterwards. When he went I was very tired, though it did not seem that I had had much of a morning's work. Late in the afternoon I had a visit by appointment from Mr. Ballantyne, who had written to me to make inquiries about prints by Hancock. It appears he has a collection of them. I showed him the specimens of China I have, printed and with his signature. Also that curious little book, *The Ladies' Amusement*, which has several sheets of engravings by him in it. I think I may gain some information from this new acquaintance.

27th. I waited all day for Sir Philip Owen, who appointed to come but never came. However, I had plenty to occupy me—and spent a busy day. Alice Du Cane came in the morning—and I finished arranging the glass cabinet which looks tolerably well. Also we began to set out some foreign enamels, duplicates, etc., in the corresponding cabinet. I gathered together my few remaining teapots for the "Columns" in the adjoining room—and put some plaques in frames on the walls. In the evening I corrected the Wedgwood portion of the catalogue.

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28th. A good large cheque from Arthur for Turkish work he sold in America in the spring. This gave me a good deal of writing to do in the morning. In the afternoon Sir Philip Owen came. He is going to ask Mr. Church to supply the notes for the headings to the various objects in my catalogue. I arranged with him also some small matters of detail. I showed him the specimens as they were set out. When he saw the three long tables in the drawing room he expressed great astonishment at the quantity of things, and said he had no idea we had so much (thinking that was all) so his surprise was doubled when he went into the dining room and saw three equally long tables there.

29th. I went out early and did a great deal of work. I went to Nosedá's and asked them to send me all their French prints in the "Art Decoratif" line, with the view of tracing the parentage of the subjects on my enamels. Thence called upon Mrs. Bloomfield Moore, who is in trouble about some Turkish curtains she bought of me—and which the upholsterer has spoiled.

FEBRUARY 1885

9th. Went on with the correction of the catalogue, comparing objects, etc. Mrs. Petre and Monty came to luncheon. She is very kindly interesting herself in the Turkish work for me, and is going to take some of it down into the country to show Lady Howard de Walden. [The mother of the present literary and sporting peer.] Haines was with me in the afternoon—and they came from the South Kensington about making frames for some of the tiles. I have to-day finished going over and correcting the type of the catalogue—a most tedious task. It is full of errors and will



ONE OF A PAIR OF MING VESSELS FORMED AS HEN WITH CHICKENS DECORATED IN
BRILLIANT YELLOW AND GREEN
Lord Wimborne's Collection

require a great deal of emendation in various ways before it can be in any shape at all. I see by the papers this evening that my poor friend Lady Hopetoun's collection is to be sold shortly at Christie's. This closes another chapter of past happy days. I should have mentioned that I last week got the letters "pour faire part" of the death of poor old Fetis, our Brussels acquaintance, the consequence of which is sure to be that his fine foreign Pottery will come into the market.

22nd. I have heard from Mr. King that all the necessary preliminaries have been gone through with the Authorities for our having Mr. Church's assistance in completing the catalogue—so I am afloat and at work again. Before going further I thought it prudent to see my kind friend and adviser, Mr. Franks—so, after breakfast (Wednesday, 25th) I went to the Museum. Found him immersed in work preparing for the arrangement of his new gift (his Oriental china) to the Nation, but he gave me a short conference and then took me to his "residence" and showed me his English Collection, which he has now brought there from Victoria Street and is beautifully arranged.

26th. I did not go out to-day. Mr. Church came before 12 and began to go through the items of the Catalogue with me—comparing the descriptions with the objects themselves. We got through all the China figures—and then, at 2 o'clock, he had an appointment and had to go away. His assistance in this way is everything for me. He is most kind, and I need not say how clever—and with his help I have every hope of the catalogue being properly brought out.

27th. I went early to go to see the things to be sold on Monday at Christie's. They belonged to poor Lady Hopetoun—and I expected to find among them a certain Longton

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Teapot, which we had discovered among her china on the occasion of one of our pleasant visits to her in Scotland. I should have been glad to add it to our collection for the Museum. I could not find it, however—but it may be there, for my visit was a very hurried one—I am sure I was not five minutes in the rooms. It was a great effort to me to go there at all—but I thought it right in the interest of the collection. Having gone so early, I hoped there would have been nobody there—but the place was beginning to fill, and I hurried away. I had time, however, to note two Longton plates—well marked—which I have since written to tell Mr. Franks about—I don't want them, as he gave me one like them in the summer.

MARCH 1885

6th. Walked to Hamilton House, had a long talk with Ivor, who went with me to Monty's rooms. There saw some very fine frames—part of the decorations of a house in the country in which Monty has invested—afterwards Ivor took me to see some Jacobean Carvings at a Fine Art Gallery in Cockspur Street. He is considering whether it might come in useful for him at Canford in the Hall. On my way back I bought a fan leaf with racing subject at Filmer's—of which Monty had told me. At the commencement of my walk I had looked in at Phillips' and indulged in a lovely little glass smelling bottle—which he sells me for French, but which I hope and believe will prove to be English. Mr. Powell, who is said to know a great deal about our productions in glass in the last century, called to see me just after I had gone out—which was unlucky—but I must hope to see him some other time.

12th. The Authorities of the South Kensington have



A GOURD-SHAPED BOTTLE OF XVIIITH CENTURY CONTINENTAL WARE, PROBABLY
DUTCH
The Countess of Bessborough's Collection

sent me copies of all their Handbooks. When they are going to take possession of the China, I know not. Mr. Church's illness sadly throws me back—then preparing for the parcels of work for Portugal and for the Antwerp Exhibition. On Wednesday I had a visit from a curious person—a Hindoo lady who is now Mrs. Heneer Oliver, and whose daughter (called an Indian Princess) is going to act in some charades, etc., at the Duke of Argyle's. She came to choose some Turkish work for this young lady's dress—sent by Mr. Godwin, the Costume Architect.

13th. I thought I might advance matters a little if I got the Enamels carefully cleaned, and accordingly I had Haines here all the day hard at work at it. I must be careful they do not get soiled again before they are moved away. For the present they can be well covered up.

16th. Mr. Church came in the afternoon, and we applied ourselves to the rearrangement of the Ware, all the entries for which have to be transposed in the catalogue. It is a long business. Mr. Franks has procured for me one of the Longton plates from the sale of poor Lady Hopetoun's things. It makes an excellent match to the one I have already in the collection.

18th. Mr. Church came and we went through most of the Salt Glaze. Henry Layard called. Ivor, whom I saw on Monday, suggested that it would be a good plan to have C.S.'s portrait and my own done in mosaics for the Museum as being more durable than the crayon drawings. I am consulting Henry about it. He is to get estimates and to show me specimens. I doubt if I shall like them. In a very large space they are magnificent, but I doubt whether the effect would be pleasing when brought so near the eye. *Nous verrons.*

24th. Worked at the catalogue again in the morning

—but now find that I must really get more advice before going further. I have written to Mr. Franks to come to the rescue, but he is so busy that I find I must go to the Museum instead. I was reading my Horace Walpole in the afternoon when Lady Ashburnham called—also Lady Eliz. Biddulph.

25th. After disposing of the ordinary routine business I took a cab and went to the British Museum, where I saw Mr. Franks for a short time. He cannot help me very much. I am afraid I must get somebody from a bookseller to be with me in arranging and checking the numbers in the catalogue. Perhaps Mr. Murray could (through Henry's influence) help me to some one, or I will try Mr. Quaritch. I was quite shocked to see how ill Mr. Franks is looking—ill and overworked. When I left the Museum I walked. Went into Maple's shop to see what was the kind of Oriental work they are advertising for sale. I thought they might be opposing us with modern Turkish work—but it is not so—they have none. Called at Chance's on my way back.

26th. I did not go out. Worked with Haines at some numbering of the catalogue, etc., in the morning—saw Henry and some of my children in the course of the day—and, late, Mr. Franks called. We discussed a few questions that are still in abeyance. I have exchanged with him a pair of my Bristol (William Cowles) cups and saucers for a pair of his Chelsea desert dishes, Japanese pattern.

28th. Capt. Wundt brought me an engraving of Watteau's *Fêtes Vénitiennes*. It is dear—but I consider it important for the collection.

30th. Wrote a great many letters. In the afternoon went to see Mr. Watts by appointment. His young

artist (Mr. Moore) had finished the copy of C.S.'s picture, which I brought back with me.

APRIL 1885

21st. Henry Layard went with me to the Burlington Fine Arts Club to see a Collection of Persian China, glass, etc.; very interesting.

24th. Wrote and worked in the evening. I have made, new, a list of the prints I am going to send with the collection.

25th. Henry came at 11, and we went together to the British Museum, where he wanted to see the Majolica for comparison with a plate of his own. Mr. Franks showed it all to us, after which we went to the Assyrian Gallery. On the way back called in at Partridge's, who had written me word he had acquired some fine Worcester that he wanted to show me.

26th. At home all day. Mr. Franks had appointed to come, and arrived about noon. He stayed till late in the afternoon, and completed his reference to the marks in the catalogue. Monty came to luncheon.

27th. I think all my corrections to the proofs of the catalogue are now completed—I hope so. Accordingly I took my proofs this morning to the South Kensington and gave them over to Mr. King. Mr. Church was fortunately there, and helped in my conference. I also spent a little time in Soden Smith's room, as I had one or two points to refer to him. All this took a long time. On my way back I called on the Duchess of Marlborough as she had pressed me very much to come some day to see her, but she was out. I walked back from there. Since luncheon I have had a call from

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Lady Vivian, who bought a dress—which is well—for I have done very little lately.

28th. I had received some pages of marks, which Mr. Franks had drawn to show me how they were to be printed—and so I thought best that I should take them myself to Mr. King. Accordingly I went to the South Kensington Museum and gave them into his charge. From the Museum I walked on to Onslow Gardens, where I found Otto Goldschmidt with Constance. My afternoon was spent between needlework and Horace Walpole—and I had agreeable visits from Lady Bristol, old Lady Smith and Mrs. Hambro. What they say of Gladstone's speech last night reminds me of the accounts one reads of Pitt's speeches before the unhappy American Catastrophe of the last Century. A hundred years does not seem to have made us much wiser. Shall we, ere long, lose India, and our South African possessions, and perhaps Canada—and subside into a second Holland? I shall be dead before that—but it is painful to think of what the dear old country may be coming to. They say the Duchess of Edinburgh told somebody the other day that she was very miserable—that there was one person more unhappy than herself, and that was her brother, the Czar. He hated the prospect of the future. But there was nothing for it.—War—or Revolution—no alternative.

MAY 1885

4th. I have been very anxious to get some information about the English Glass Manufactories of the last century, so as to throw light on the few specimens I am sending to the South Kensington. They told me that the Powells of the Whitefriars Glass Works might be able to help me—so I went there this morning. Young Mr. Powell

received me very politely and took me over all their own works—but I am afraid he knows very little about former times and former productions. He came to see me after luncheon and looked at my things. He has promised to try to find out what can be found out for me. In the meantime he is only able to tell me that Green's Works (Stangate) stood on the site of the present St. Thomas's Hospital—and that their own Works (Whitefriars) only came into the hands of his family in 1832—the earliest record of them being a notice in the *Tatler*—1710.

JUNE 1885

June 2nd. I went to look at some Watteaus at the British Museum, and to speak to Mr. Read about the catalogue.

16th. Very busy sending off a large assortment for Mrs. Hamilton Roe's Oriental Bazaar of next week. Went to Rathbone's to look at some very large Chelsea vases he had written to me about. I believe they are those that were lately sold at Christie's—and which I presented to Lord Stafford at Costessy, some years ago in the same manner that Walpole gave a Rubens Cabinet to Lord Exeter at Burghley. "It was his own—but it was in an attic, and he did not know of its existence."

18th. Mr. Church came to see me on Monday afternoon. His contributions to the catalogue are now corrected in type. My corrections are also made, and now nothing "manques" but Mr. Franks's arrangement of the marks. He promises me a visit early next week. There has been a man here from the South Kensington for many days past, washing the Figures and Ornamental Pieces—the "pieces for domestic use" were done by Haines some time ago—and, though well covered up, I fear they

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may become dirty again before all is ready for their final
move.

22nd. Mr. Franks had appointed to come and see me
to-day about arranging the references to the marks in the
catalogue. He arrived accordingly before noon and remained
the whole day, working incessantly and leaving me with sug-
gestions for alterations of sequences which bespoke many
hours' work.

JULY 1885

7th. I went to the South Kensington this morning, and
took with me the catalogue, which has undergone so many
corrections and about which I still feel discontented on
account of a great want of uniformity in the printing. Saw
Mr. Soden Smith and Mr. King there.

9th. To the British Museum to see Mr. Franks again
on the subject of the type to be used in some parts of
the catalogue—we did not come to any very exact conclusion.
On the whole he thinks I had better let it be proceeded with
in its proper form—and then make any small alterations that
may be required. I was in the print room for a few minutes
and am delighted to find that I may have photographs made
of any engravings I require for illustrating the catalogue.

23rd. Awake reading at 4 o'clock—but I got some
sleep later again. I am now going through Lady Mary
Wortley's *Letters from the East*—which rather amuse me.
But they will not do after Horace. This has been a very
dissipated day. I got Maria to go to some shops with me—
and have spent such a lot of money that I am quite surprised
at myself. First of all I bought a present of little silver
candlesticks for Mr. Read, who helped last year in making
the drawings of the marks for the catalogue. Then I went



THE FIRST OF FIVE GROUPS OF CHELSEA-DERBY IN THE COLLECTION OF LADY LAYARD,
SHOWING YOUTH AND MAIDEN DECORATING A TERMINAL FIGURE OF A FAUN
Lady Layard's Collection

to Phillips' and told him to prepare a sketch for an inkstand with Rams' Head handles as a suitable offering to my god-child Bertie Ponsonby. Then I looked in at Pyke's where early in the year I had seen a curious pack of cards, the Court cards of which are done in appliqué of silks, and the faces coloured. One of them resembles Louis XIV., and another wears the Fontange and may be meant for Madame de Maintenon. I hold them to be of about that date. The case they are in is very dainty. For this little bauble I have actually agreed to pay £15 (at the beginning of the season the man wanted £18 or £20 for them). Then in the afternoon Button came to me with a hexagonal English ware teapot, of the same shape as a curious Salt Glaze one I bought of Ker-ridge the other day. Finally I wrote and presented Louis Du Cane with an expensive volume of Kugler, which I heard he desired to have. He was a Godchild of C.S.—and I know he would be pleased at my encouraging any one he cared for in a taste for artistic objects and books. I spent an hour or two over the collection, and finished writing the numbers on the tickets—after which I had time for a little music before my solitary dinner.

25th. Two lines will record to-day. After 12 I had a short visit from Mrs. Petre about the Turkish work, of which having sold a good deal at Lisbon she has still had a good deal to return. It took me some time in the afternoon to go through this, with the lists.

26th. It was very hot and I did not go out. I don't know how I should have gone through the day had I not twice dropped asleep when trying to read. It all seems such a blank.

27th. I am beginning to think of the necessity of the Preface to the Catalogue, which troubles me. My heart is too full to write about it, even these few lines.

AUGUST 1885

4th. Went to Christie's, where I left a commission for a Chelsea Dovecot and Turks holding shells—but I suppose I did not get them as I have heard nothing of them since. In the afternoon the photographer, Mr. Fleming, called. I want one or two engravings that I cannot buy to be photographed for the South Kensington in illustration of some of the specimens in the collection. This he has arranged to do for me at the Studio of the British Museum.

5th. Went early with Alice to the British Museum, where we saw Mr. Franks for a moment, and then descended to the Print Room and deposited with Mr. Fagan the prints I want photographed. In the afternoon Mr. Clark called and I showed him my amended sketch of the Preface—which he approved—but I did not feel satisfied with it. At his suggestion I had left out my little paragraph with Mr. Sheepshanks' words (quoted to me by Sir Henry Cole) that "he felt like an anxious parent, grateful to see his children happily settled in his lifetime". It was much on my mind that this ought to be restored.

6th. Mr. Franks came late—and applied himself diligently to the supervision of the catalogue, which he has read through since I sent him a copy of it on Monday afternoon, but of which I had only gone through a small portion with the view to its correction. I showed him my proposed Preface to which I have added my little pet passage (notwithstanding Mr. Clark's criticism) and I am happy to say he entirely approves of it.

11th. Just after I had sent off the result of yesterday's day's labour to Mr. King, I received from him my wretched Preface in type. How could such a trifle have caused me



CHELSEA-DERBY GROUP OF MAIDENS BINDING CUPID AND ABOUT TO BREAK HIS BOW
Lady Layard's Collection

so much trouble? But I think with a little mending it may do very well.

13th. The morning busy with small matters but important ones. I got back the proofs of my preface from Mr. Franks—and just as I was sending it off to the South Kensington, I received proofs of the photographs which Mr. Fleming has done for me, so I was able to quote their titles—and now every possible thing is done till I get another proof (revise) of the whole catalogue.

16th. In the afternoon I had a visit from Lady Dorothy Nevill and her daughter. I did not know any of my acquaintances were left in town. She had come back from Canford, where it appears the meeting of last Wednesday was something wonderful. More than 36,000 were present according to the records kept at the entrance, and all went on so quietly and well. I am glad of this for Ivor's sake. But old Whig as I am I have no sympathy with Primrose Leagues, though I must confess that in the face of Caucus Combinations I think it quite fair that the Tories should retaliate and try to fortify themselves by such devices.

17th brought me a letter from Constance. She tells me that she did not sell one single piece of Turkish work at the Mount Edgecumbe bazaar, spite of all the trouble taken about it. Ivor's was his usual "Sunday" letter—but a more than ordinary long one—Monty's was from Norway—telling me of bad sport and saying he should probably go elk shooting and perhaps not return to England till after the elections were over. It may be pleasanter for him to do so. But I shall feel his long absence—seeing him is one of the greatest pleasures I can have now. Besides these letters I had one from Henry Layard (they are now away from Venice) reporting progress of the Mosaics which are being done for me to give to the South Kensington.

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21st. I went out this morning. Took a cab first to the British Museum, whither I took Lady Dorothy's mould for Mr. Franks's opinion. He pronounced it to have been for the making of butter (probably in honour of some Royal visits). He showed me what he has been doing in the arrangement of the Oriental collection, and then I went to his house to see his celebrated Bow Milk Jugs and his "New Canton" Inkstand, 1750. Then I hurried off to the South Kensington—and showed the mould to Soden Smith—who also held the opinion of the mould being an ancient butter mould—the portraits those of George II. and Queen Caroline. Saw Mr. King and urged him to get me revises of the catalogue immediately. This he promises—and I hope he may succeed. I am so very anxious to have them before Mr. Franks starts on his Continental holiday next week.

22nd. Kerridge came to see me. When he first started his shop, C.S., who thought well of him and wished to help him at his commencement, lent him £50—we have gone on making purchases of him since—but he honourably declined being paid for them—and begged they might be set against the debt. The few things I have bought of him lately have now brought the account a little over £50—and a small cheque I gave him this evening has closed the transaction. I am more pleased at this test of his honesty than at the recovery of the debt—which I thought might have long remained unpaid.

29th. My dearest Ivor's birthday—50 years ago—a day I always looked back to as the happiest of my happy life.

SEPTEMBER 1885

13th. In the afternoon I occupied myself with the catalogue, with which (till the South Kensington Museum

are ready for it) I am trying to make out the exact cost of each article contained in it. The job is rather a tedious one—but it may be of interest to me for future reference.

15th. About 1. o'clock a telegram came from Lady Camden asking me to call and see her as she was on her way through town. This I did, and was with her about 3 o'clock. She wanted to pay me some £8 which she has received for Turkish work—very acceptable. I was sorry to find her looking ill. She and her husband have pleasant pursuits in common. Their happiness always recalls to me what ours used to be. On my return from her I had a visit from our Cordova friend, Don Juan de Rutledge, recalling oh! how much of our happy past. He gave a fearful account of the cholera in Spain—and of the earthquake of last year.

22nd. Cornelia had telegraphed to me to say Ivor (the boy) would be in town about 11 o'clock. So at 11 he came. He had many places to go to, and could not stay long—but his visit was very charming and a great treat to me. He is one of the most genial delightful creatures I ever knew. Curious that there should be such loving sympathy between a boy of a little more than 12 years old and an old grandmother of 73—a difference of more than half a century. After his visit I went out. Lunched by Kerridge's shop where I saw a lovely pair of Ware candlesticks with the Rams' Heads. He was out or I think I should have invested. Then I went into Bond Street to look at some of the Terra Cotta Plaques after Thorwaldsen which had attracted my attention yesterday. I bought them—and think they will be a pretty decoration for Alice's house when she finds one and is married. Many letters written—no catalogue done to-day. Mrs. Dale has bought a few of the Turkish pieces she had in charge, which is refreshing in these bad times.

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23. I walked out to-day—bought the candlesticks at Mr. Kerridge's and went on to Phillips' to speak to him about them as I think they would be a charming model for silver—but I found his shop shut—so I lounged on—and went along Oxford Street—looking in at some of the shops.

OCTOBER 1885

12th. Went early to the South Kensington, and found that Mr. King had got the promised revise awaiting me. I stayed some time at the Museum, making references for the Index, was back by luncheon—and then set steadily to work about correcting this last revise. In the afternoon Chance's foreman came about mounting as a screen some last century hangings, with subjects printed in pink of George III. and his family—these my dear husband found in a small shop at Reading some years ago. They are curious, and too good to be lost or thrown away. I think this is the best mode of utilising (and so preserving) a portion, at least, of them. [These interesting screens are now in Lady Bessborough's collection—and in perfect preservation. The prints show the large and homely family of King George, on foot as he liked to be seen in the guise of a simple English gentleman, surrounded by his sons and daughters.]

17th. The object for which I have been so anxious is happily accomplished. I went to Richard Du Cane's the moment I had finished my breakfast. He remarked that there were no woodcut portraits in the fresh cut copies of the catalogue—so we adjourned back to my house where I was able to supply them from other copies—and there I executed the document making over to the Nation the collection which C.S. and I had so much happiness in making together. I hope it will seem worthy. Richard is to have



A ST. CLOUD GROUP SHOWING THE FAVOURITE SUBJECT
OF GIRL WITH HURDY-GURDY AND BOY WITH FLUTE
Lord Wimborne's Collection

the catalogue and the deed properly fixed together and will then forward them all to the Authorities. I am to keep one copy—all this was over before 11. Soon after 12 I went out for a walk—called in at Wareham's and Partridge's—and returned hurriedly for luncheon. Some letters in the afternoon—and the usual reading. I am most grateful to have been permitted to complete the work I have had so long in contemplation. Mr. King writes me word that I may expect the "storekeepers" from the Museum at $\frac{1}{2}$ past 10 on Monday to commence the removal of the specimens. I have had the parish Inspector here to-day about the altering of drains—this will be another tiresome and expensive job,—but now that I have got the load of the settlement of the collection off my mind, all else seems trifling.

NOVEMBER 1885

13th. My Monty came to luncheon—his cheerful society always does me good. Ivor and Cornelia called in the afternoon. The pleasure of their visit was interrupted by my being called away to speak to Mr. Milner—thinking it was a matter of some business, when it was only an ordinary call. In the meantime Mr. Franks called—whom I was very glad to see again and speak with on one or two points relating to the collection—lastly Charlie Eliot with his Eddie and Mr. Noel came in at teatime.

19th. Before 10 o'clock the storekeepers from the South Kensington came to commence their labours and worked all day. They have packed and carried away all the Bow—and have packed most of the Chelsea. I have been in all day—attending to the packers. The dear Chelsea Aviary is gone. I close this sad volume with my adieux to the collection. [At this point, although Lady Charlotte had at last housed her

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enormous collection of English wares in the safe keeping of the "Victoria and Albert," where they have lately been entirely rearranged in new and splendid galleries, she by no means gave up her work in connection with other branches of the antiques which had been an almost lifelong taste or passion with her. Not long after the last date of this part of the journals, Lady Charlotte's sight became considerably impaired, and she moved from Langham House to 17 Cavendish Square, where Lord and Lady Bessborough were about to settle. In the suite of apartments there arranged for her, she continued to work, with the aid of the late Mr. Alfred Whitman, of the British Museum, and to show that outward cheerfulness and interest in the affairs of the world which sometimes masked her regret for "days that were over, dreams that were done." She died in 1895.]

A typical story of the high and low fortune of such acute collectors as Lady Charlotte and Mr. Charles Schreiber is told in the following note :

THE ADVENTURES OF A BOTTLE

In the very cold February of 1873 it happened that C.S. went alone on an exploring expedition to Holland. He came home pretty well laden with objets d'art, and having but two hands of his own, and being without those of his wife to help him, he was fain to leave behind him two specimens which he had met with at Kryser's, Wagen Straat, Rotterdam, and which were both of them rather bulky. One of these was a large bowl and cover of Wedgwood ware, which had been partly decorated at Amsterdam in 1808, as an inscription implied; the other was a double gourd-shaped bottle, also of Wedgwood ware, but of a very different description and

painted with a landscape in a medallion inscribed with tulips and other flowers—all in bright colours. It was very pretty, and moreover, seemed to be something quite out of the common, and C.S. was very pleased with it. However, being unable to carry these objects away at the moment, he arranged with Kryser that they should be put aside for him until his next visit.

On the 9th of April following, C.S. and C.E.S. were together at Rotterdam, and called at once at Kryser's. He had forgotten all about them and the transaction of February, and took them for strangers, which was curious, as they had often dealt with him before. The bowl and the bottle were still on the floor of his upper shop, and regardless of having sold them to C.S. already, they were now offered to him again. Had, therefore, any other collector come in and fancied them, the bowl and bottle would have been C.S.'s no more! Well, on this occasion the two articles were secured—the bottle having cost the sum of one sovereign; and now the question was, what it could be. Was it Delft? Was it some other manufacture? Was it not, at all events, something good and rare? So thought C.S., so thought C.E.S. But Bisschop, the great Hague painter, well versed in these Delft products, declared it was only German, and not at all to be prized. So, what was to be done? Was it worth carrying all the way to England? It chanced shortly after being at Utrecht, it was seen by a dealer there of much taste who declared that he knew an amateur who would give any money for it. "Then, for goodness' sake let him have it," said C.S., who had been put thoroughly out of conceit with his purchase, and now only cared to be rid of it. So it was left with the Utrecht dealer to do the best with it. This was the Second Act of the Drama.

On the 13th of October in the same year C.S. and C.E.S.

again came to Utrecht. "Oh," said the dealer, "I sold your bottle to the great amateur for 100 florins—he took it home and was delighted with it, but in a few days he brought it back to me and would have nothing to say to it, for his friends had told him that it was only a piece of German ware and of no value whatever." So C.S. had the bottle returned to him, and was very sorry to have to carry about so despised a piece of goods; "I can never be at the trouble of conveying it all the way to England," said he, "what shall I do with it?" Going through Antwerp soon after, he heard that a sale was going to take place there, and thought this a good way of disposing of what had already given him so much annoyance. And so it proved. After the sale he got a letter to inform him that the troublesome bottle had been sold—this time sold outright, and had realised eighteen shillings. So he had embarrassed himself of it at a very little loss, and was content. So far so good.

But on the 13th of August, 1874, C.S. and C.E.S. were travelling in Normandy and stopping for a day or two at Rouen, where, as their manner was, in most of the towns they visited, they went into the Museum. Oh horror! Oh despair! what should meet their eyes, set on the most conspicuous shelf, in the very place of honour, but bottles exactly similar in style, shape, and decoration to that which they had once possessed and in an evil hour had sacrificed. Pottier's magnificent quartos were immediately sought for and consulted, and it was ascertained that there was nothing in Europe, or indeed in any other part of the world, so rare as these productions; said by Pottier to have been the work of one Denys Dorio, an Italian who made a few fine things at Rouen when on his way to Holland, where he introduced the same style in a few pieces. Jacquemart gives a somewhat different account of the origin of these precious bottles, but

all agree as to their extreme rarity, only about a dozen being hitherto known, two of them in the collection of M. Gouellain, and the others in the Rouen Museum. And now indeed there was wailing and gnashing of teeth! To have been unconsciously possessed of such a treasure, and to have been at such pains to have deprived oneself of it was almost more than amateur nature could endure! The incident threw a certain gloom over the rest of the tour, and the only thing to be done was to try and not let the mind dwell upon it.

C.S. and C.E.S. returned to England, sadder and wiser, they remained there a week, and then their restless dispositions prompted them to set out on their travels again. They came first to Brussels, and on the day after their arrival, made the tour of all the shops. They found very little in them to merit their attention, but they persevered with their usual diligence to examine everything, and in this way they succeeded in picking up one or two trifles. One shop of no great account, Polonet's in the Rue Grétry, was singularly deficient in objects of interest, and having well ransacked it without any result, they were on the point of leaving it and had reached the door, when C.E.S. happened to cast her eyes to a topmost shelf, on which a bright familiar object met her astonished and delighted gaze: "What is that I see above?" said she. "Oh, it is only an old bottle of German ware," said the dealer, and he reached it down. There was no mistaking it now. It was the long-lost, much-lamented bottle, which their better educated sense now showed them to be of the priceless Rouen fabric. C.S. was overjoyed at the recovery of the beloved object, and he instantly paid whatever he was asked without any demur. Luckily it was only 40 francs and he walked away with the bottle which, after such a series of adventures, had come again so happily into his hands. The dealer had bought it at the Antwerp sale some months before, and singu-

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larly enough it had not caught the attention of any of his clients, though there are many first-rate amateurs, especially of faience, at Brussels. Some of them, to whom C.S. showed it subsequently, instantly recognised its origin, and were not a little vexed that they themselves, being on the spot, had overlooked it in Polonet's shop. To C.S. and C.E.S. it was an exciting event in their ceramic career. The recovery of their treasure dates the 14th Oct. 1874.

Thus ends the Adventures of a Bottle.

Reference to dates in the Journal in regard to the Bottle:

April 8, 1873. Purchase of the Bottle.

Oct. 13, 1873. Bottle left with a dealer at Utrecht to be sold.

Aug. 13, 1874. Other bottles seen at Rouen Museum similar to *the* Bottle.

Oct. 14, 1874. Find the bottle again and repurchase it.

Oct. 18, 1875. Show Bottle to M. Gouellain at Rouen, and his delight.

THE END

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